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DANIEL WEBSTER.*

WHILE the following article was in the course of preparation, the great man whose works are our subject has ceased to live. Just five weeks before this event which has clothed a nation in mourning, the writer, for the first time, visited Marshfield, and enjoyed for a few days the hospitality of that refined and elegant abode. On the most beautiful day of the most beautiful month in the year, Saturday, Sept. 18, Mr. Webster drove his guest, attended by one of his men on horseback, over the estate. The air was soft and balmy, and seemed to bear healing on its wings. The great statesman was physically weak, having suffered long from his annual catarrh, and from another more obstinate complaint, which was slowly but surely undermining a constitution once gigantic in its strength. But the genial breath of heaven, and the sight of dear and familiar objects unvisited by him before since his return from Washington, soothed and revived him. His eye wandered over his extensive domain with a brightness undimmed by age or disease. Each point suggested some memory, pleasant or mournful, which he recalled with unfaltering precision, and related with that rare felicity of phrase which marked the most familiar conversation of Daniel Webster.

The history of the former owners of the soil, the circumstances under which he became its purchaser, the improvements he had made upon it, the trees he had planted, the cattle and sheep he had imported and introduced there, were dwelt upon with a clearness and interest which sank deep into the listener's heart. Some of the reminiscences these scenes and objects recalled moved the illustrious narrator to tears; for they brought before him the forms of beloved ones, associated with his earliest residence here, and now sleeping the long sleep of death, on the spot which his name has consecrated to the deathless memory of his countrymen and the world. His voice became tremulous and low, his hands quivered as he held the reins, and for a moment it seemed as if that mighty heart would break. But the sad vision passed away, and present objects and cheerful thoughts resumed their place. His flocks and herds were driven up to the carriage, and he spoke of them and commented on their several qualities, not only with the knowledge of a farmer, but with the feeling of one to whom every creature of God is dear. After having pointed out, at some length, the characteristics of the different breeds, he checked himself with a smile, and

* The Works of Daniel Webster: with a Biographical Memoir of the Public Life of Daniel Webster By Edward Everett. Boston: C. C. Little & James Brown. 1851. 6 vols. 8vo.

said, "How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough and that glorieth in the goad that driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labors, and whose talk is of bullocks?" After a few moments' pause, he added, "I do not believe that passage is in any of the canonic books; it does not sound canonical; it certainly is not canonical." Mr. Webster was right. The words occur in the thirty-eighth chapter of Ecclesiasticus, as the writer was amused to find on his return.

From time to time, on meeting his rural neighbors, he would stop to talk over with them the subjects of agriculture in which they had a common interest; and it was pleasant to witness the kindly and affectionate intercourse between him whose fame filled the world, and the homely neighbors and friends who,

"Along the cool, sequestered vale of life,
Had kept the noiseless tenor of their way."

To one who anxiously inquired after his health, he said, "I am not good for much. My strength is nearly gone. I am no match for you, now. I am scarcely a match for your grandson yonder." To the question, whether the love of Nature grew stronger in him with the progress of time, he answered, "Yes, undoubtedly. The man who has not abandoned himself to sensuality feels, as years advance and old age comes on, a greater love of mother Earth, a greater willingness, and even desire to return to her bosom, and mingle again with this universal frame of things from which he sprang." As he spoke these words, with slow and solemn tone, he seemed to look upon the face of nature, as upon the face of a living being, to whom he was bound by the ties of a conscious friendship and immortal love; and the soft wind, breathing with a warmth like summer through the unchanged leaves of the neighboring trees, whispered an audible answer to the voice and look of love of the dying statesman. He had drawn his health from these scenes and these pursuits; a constitution naturally feeble had grown into heroic proportions and gigantic strength, as he had walked and worked in the intervals of public business, beneath the open sky, and had "taken this heavenly bath, the air, without measure and without stint."

Stopping at the brow of the hill, where lies the old burying ground, occupied by the graves of the early Pilgrim fami-

lies of Marshfield, he gazed thoughtfully on the spot where his own tomb and the monuments of his deceased kindred stand, and remarked that "he disliked to have the grave surrounded by circumstances of melancholy: he wished a quiet spot, not likely to be disturbed by the noise and tumult of the world, with a few deciduous trees. Such a spot is this: the clatter of railroads and the bustle of business are not likely to break the silence here; and here I shall lie, when my time shall come, perhaps at no distant day." Descending from this sacred height, he drove across his fields, and entered the upper road that runs along the hills overlooking the estate and bounding it on the west. From this road the prospect is one of the softest and most varied beauty, and lies outspread, with all its points clearly in view, and as sharply outlined as a well-drawn picture. It has a bright and sunny aspect, being shielded from the keen and freezing northern winds by ranges of hills on the north and west, and tempered by the breezes of the sea into an oceanic climate. The surface of the soil is moulded into gentle undulations, whose sloping sides are covered with trees and orchards, or smooth and sweeping lawns. Nearly in the centre, on a knoll or upland of moderate height, and rounded on every side by gracefully curving surfaces and lines of beauty, stands the house—the ancient mansion of the Thomases, the first owners, with such additions as the tastes or wants of Mr. Webster have suggested, but all in keeping with the home-like and substantial character of the original structure. The chief of these additions is the elegant library room, designed by the skilful hand of his loved and lamented daughter Julia. The ground descends from the house, on the north to the shore of a miniature lake, on the opposite side of which runs a thick, semi-circular belt of trees planted wholly by Mr. Webster. Further up swells the highland, bare and bleak, where the Pilgrim sleepers lie, in the deep repose of Nature, unbroken save by the song of birds, the murmur of the winds, and the solemn voice of the neighboring ocean, speaking eternally from its mysterious depths. Looking towards the south, the eye dwells on other hills of various slopes, partly covered with trees, and a wooded headland, jutting into the sea. The low grounds, or marshes, come within a few rods of the house, and are frequently

overflowed by the tides; and over them gleams a distant view of the sea. Through these scenes of ever-changing beauty—scenes that by themselves would fill the heart with unspeakable emotion—and how is the feeling deepened by the thought that the wild charms of Nature have been unfolded and completed by the skill and taste of one whose genius and eloquence have surpassed all Greek and Roman fame, and made the spot on which he delighted to repose, from the toils of the forum, the senate, and the cabinet, as classical as the Tusculan villa of Cicero—through these scenes passed the great statesman and his guest, and then returned to the house, after a drive of three hours.

His conversation was deeply interesting throughout—mostly serious, earnest, sometimes pathetic, sometimes lightened with playful touches of humor, always full of kindness and gentleness. His serious thoughts naturally clothed themselves in sublime expressions, in language radiant with poetical but unaffected beauty, suggested by the surrounding objects, or by the themes that spontaneously sprang up in a conversation of three memorable hours. Moral, literary, religious topics were touched upon, but politics not at all. To the question what had been the studies by which his style was formed, he said, "When I was a young man, a student in college, I delivered a fourth of July oration. My friends thought so well of it that they requested a copy for the press. It was printed, and I have a copy of it now—the only copy in existence. (In this he was mistaken.) Joseph Dennie, a writer of great reputation at that time, wrote a review in a literary paper which he then edited. He praised parts of the oration as vigorous and eloquent; but other parts he criticised severely, and said they were mere *emptinesses*. I thought *his criticism was just*; and I resolved that whatever else should be said of my style, from that time forth there should be no *emptiness* in it. I read such English authors as fell in my way—particularly Addison—with great care. Besides, I remembered that I had my bread to earn by addressing the understanding of common men—by convincing juries—and that I must use language perfectly intelligible to them. You will therefore find, in my speeches to juries, no hard words, no Latin phrases, no *fieri facias*;

and that is the secret of my style, *if I have any*."

He spoke of Kossuth's eloquence, with admiration of its beauty and ingenuity. He thought "his genius wonderful, and his resources extraordinary, but that he was rather an enthusiast, possessed of the idea that he was born with a mission to fulfil, than a statesman; that his political ideas were not well defined, nor fixed, nor consistent; that he was doubtless a sincere lover of his country, but was a poet, rather than a sound reasoner on affairs of state and the condition of the world." He stopped at a farm-house near his estate, and calling the farmer to the door, said, "Well, Mr. A., you are engaged to work for Fletcher to-day, I hear." "Yes, sir." "That's right; now, do you come over to my house, take my gun, and go out and shoot some of the plovers I just saw alight in the pasture yonder, and Fletcher will pay you for the day's work, and I will pay you for the birds." Such pleasantries seasoned his salutations to all the rural neighbors whom he chanced to meet. In this case the man smiled, complied at once with the request, and the plovers appeared on the breakfast table the next morning.

At the close of the drive, Mr. Webster sat some time in the library. He had recently been studying the work of Cicero, *De Natura Deorum*; and taking the volume from the shelf, he read aloud two or three pages, in which one of the persons in the dialogue discourses most eloquently on the Divine Being, and in refutation of the Epicurean philosophy. The deep feeling and the earnest tone with which he read the harmonious Latin sentences of the great Roman, gave the fullest meaning to those immortal speculations; and recommending the passage to the careful study of his guest, he closed the volume and retired. In a subsequent conversation, Mr. Webster spoke of his love of science, and the attention he had bestowed upon it in the fragments of time snatched from his other and absorbing pursuits. He had watched the progress of physical science, and mastered the great results which have distinguished the investigation of the present age. His knowledge of Geology was extensive and exact. He had studied the principal works upon this science on journeys made for recreation through interesting geological regions; and many years before, he said, he had employed a learned geologist.

to make a collection of specimens, and to arrange them on shelves, in the order of the successive layers in the crust of the earth, that while he read at home he might see with his own eyes the order and arrangements of nature. He had given much attention to Physical Geography, and its relation to the history of man, and to the distribution of the vegetable and animal kingdoms over the face of the earth. Among the books which had occupied his thoughts during the last year of his life, Humboldt's *Cosmos* held a prominent place. He had read it through, and carefully meditated its contents. He quoted passages from it with expressions of admiration for their scientific precision and poetic beauty; and his general remarks upon the plan, substance, and details of the work showed that he understood it well, and fully appreciated its grandeur as an illustrious monument of a long and splendid scientific career. He mentioned with regret that he had so seldom enjoyed, for any length of time, the society of literary and scientific men. "I have kept very bad company," he exclaimed, with a merry laugh. "I have lived among lawyers, and judges, and jurymen, and politicians, when I should have lived with nature, and in the company of the students of nature." With Ichthyology he had not only a sporting, but a scientific acquaintance. His observation of the habits of the fishes in our streams and along our shores was wonderfully minute and accurate. One of the projected occupations of the leisure which he seemed about to enjoy, was to write a book embodying his personal observations on our fresh and salt-water fishes; and in the last conversation the present writer had the honor of holding with him, he commissioned him to propound certain questions to Professor Agassiz, whose classical work on fresh-water fishes he had recently examined, on some of the facts and phenomena of ichthyology that had fallen under his notice, and of which he desired to obtain a scientific explanation. Yet he seemed to have an inward consciousness that his days were drawing to their conclusion. In speaking of plans for the future he invariably added, "if my life is spared;" and once, when he was urged to dictate an autobiography, he replied, "My friends have in their possession all the facts of my life which will be of any consequence to the public to know; but perhaps, if God

spares my life three or four years longer, I may do it."

Days and weeks passed on amidst the dignified pursuits that graced the hours of suffering passed by the illustrious statesman of Marshfield. But the strength of that heroic form was undermined by protracted illness, and the political turmoil raging outside of that secluded spot passed unheeded by. The drives over the hills and along the loud-resounding sea, which he loved so much, entirely ceased. Solemn thoughts shut from his mind the inferior topics of the fleeting hour. The great and awful themes of the future, now visibly opening before him—themes on which he had always employed his profoundest meditations—filled the hours won from the lassitude of illness, or from the public duties which, so long as life remained, nothing could make him forget or neglect. Literature, which had been the consolation of his laborious days, shared his thoughts in illness with the sure testimony of the Word of God. The days went by, thus nobly occupied by the illustrious invalid. The body grew weaker, but the mind shone with undiminished splendor. The respectful sympathies of the country surrounded him in his hours of illness, and the prayers of good men went up to Heaven for his speedy restoration. It was, however, written in the inscrutable decrees of God that he should be recalled from the scene of his earthly labors before his work was completed,—but the work of such a man is never completed while life remains;—and that this heavy bereavement should fall upon the American people while hope and expectation were high that a few weeks of repose, and the invigorating breath of sea and land at Marshfield, would carry him safely through the annual attack under which he was supposed to be suffering, and send him back restored to health, his heart strengthened for another season of strenuous toil in the service of his country at Washington, ominous hints were suddenly dropped that the great Secretary was struggling in a doubtful conflict with an enemy to whom all men must, sooner or later, lay down their arms. From that moment, Marshfield became the centre of anxious thoughts and dark forebodings to an agitated public. Never did the people of a dying king watch with such solicitude for the daily bulletins of the condition of a beloved sovereign, or manifest

such distress at each day's disheartening news. The common subjects of eager contest lost their hold upon men's minds; the tumult of political strife died, for the time, away. There was a hush of dread expectation, a sad silence in the walks of men, a looking forward to the falling of the mighty column on which the temple of the American Constitution had so long appeared chiefly to rest. We felt that so long as Mr. Webster was among us, all would be well with the country. We knew that we could still trust in the powers of an intellect that never fell below the requirements of the most critical occasion, and a patriotism that never shrunk from any labor or any sacrifice which the supreme good of the country demanded; and it seemed impossible that he who had been our stay and our staff in troubled times should fail us now. We could ill spare Mr. Webster at any time; but at the present moment his luminous intellect and commanding statesmanship, and his influence, potent for his country's good throughout the world, were needed in no common measure; and we trusted that his life might be spared, not only to close the important negotiations still pending between our own government and foreign countries, but to shed upon us the light of his calm and comprehensive wisdom for many years to come. It was otherwise ordered; and the highest as well as the lowest must bow to the will of Heaven, and, leaving all earthly interests and breaking every mortal tie, obey the sovereign summons that calls him from this busy world. Early in the morning of the twenty-fourth of October, the boom of the minute gun broke upon the silence, and announced to an expecting but startled community that all that was mortal of Daniel Webster had ceased to exist. "The foremost man of all this world;" that superbly-gifted intellect; that great and magnanimous soul, had left us in bodily presence to ascend to the presence of his Creator. That mind of wondrous strength and peerless beauty, whose last thoughts and fervent affections, unchilled by age and disease, were divided between his friends, his family, his country, and his God, had passed in unclouded splendor from this earthly scene, amidst the solemn hush of nature and the sacred stillness of a Sabbath morn. The falling leaves of autumn had heralded the departure of his mighty spirit, that but yesterday guided the

councils of the country, and held in his hands the issues of peace and war. Among the cherished plans of his old age, had God spared his life a few years longer, he meditated a translation of Cicero on the Nature of the Gods, with a commentary, in which he would have embodied his own views on the immortality of the soul and the truth of the Christian religion. But the unfaltering vigor with which he kept up his customary trains of thought through a mortal disease; the solemn scenes of his dying hours; the great religious thoughts that filled his mind, and the words of consolation spoken to his family and friends as they stood weeping at his bedside; the earnest attention with which, among the last acts of conscious intelligence, he listened to that divine poem, Gray's *Elegy* in a Country Churchyard, and afterwards to some of the sublime psalms of David; the repeated declaration of a faith deeply fixed by the experiences of life and the study of God's Word, never intermitted in the din of the world, and the excitement of political strife; and above all, that prayer for pardon and acceptance through the Redeemer, offered at the moment when his spirit stood at the very gate of the Eternal World, are perhaps a stronger argument of the immortality of the soul, and the truth of the Christian religion, than even his gigantic intellect could have framed in the fullest vigor of his days. This was indeed an Euthanasia—a blessed death, leading into a more blessed life after life. *Felix, non vite tantum claritate sed etiam opportunitate mortis*; for he died at home, before the inevitable progress of disease in the delicate tissues of the brain had touched one of the powers of the mind; he died in the midst of his family, and surrounded by loving and reverent friends who treasured his dying words, and will bear them in their hearts for ever. He died in sight of cherished scenes of woodland, hill, vale and sea, from which in other days he had so often breathed in health and vigor, and knowing that he should lie down and sleep with the beloved dust of his kindred who had gone before him to the home appointed for all mankind. He died at an hour when life was hushed in the deepest repose, before the rising sun had lifted the pall of night from the face of the earth; when the moaning sea was singing a fitting requiem for him who was wont to gaze upon its multitudinous waves, and to listen to its "laughter innumerable" with a

spirit kindred to its beauties and its grandeurs. He passed away,

"While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced
neighboring ocean

[Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the
wail of the forest."

The scene changes. The evening before the day appointed for Mr. Webster's burial, a few friends, desirous to share in the sad rites, arrive in Marshfield. It is a night of singular beauty. The sky is clear; the stars look softly down upon the silent earth; the air is pure and warm. An evening stroll over the Marshfield farm is proposed, and eagerly acceded to. The friends, in quiet sadness, wend their way across the fields and over the uplands, conversing in low tones of the great departed; for they loved him in life, and they mourn him in death. They stand by the great weeping elm, a few weeks since weighed down with its leafy garniture, now spreading its bare and desolate arms against the sky, as if it had thrown aside its verdurous honors, because its lord could no longer enjoy their sheltering coolness. They listen to the sad whispers of the silver-leaved poplar, which alone breaks the death-like stillness of the night. They wander slowly towards the sea, and then ascend the mount of burial; they pause reverently before the tomb, the stone of which is already uncovered to receive the sacred treasure of the morrow. They retrace their steps slowly, noting each object under the light of the moon, which seems like a spiritual presence, and harmonizes into the softest beauty all the objects in the silver-veiled landscape. Round the mansion which death has entered and taken into his possession, reigns a solemn and majestic repose. The spirit of the dead tenant still seems to linger about it; it is still his; that form so majestic lies in yonder room, composed and stately in death, beneath the unutterable beauty of this midnight sky. The reverent company are permitted to enter, and behold once more those kingly lineaments, so soon to vanish from the sight of man. There he lies, "so like the king that was." "Such was the very armor he had on," when, in the Great Debate, he smote the foes of the country's laws. There he lies, with the habits he wore in life; with nothing of death, save its sacred and awful stillness;

his face thin, with thought, and age, and illness, but not the ghastliness of dissolution; his lip slightly retracted, as it had been seen a thousand times at the close of a memorable utterance, but it shall change no more, obedient to the movement of the mind; his arms folded upon his breast, as if he had fallen into a peaceful sleep, looking up to heaven. Around were the books he had studied; on the walls, at the side of the fire-place, in shadows thrown by the single wax-candle that lighted the room, the portraits of Mr. Webster and Lord Ashburton, painted in commemoration of the Treaty of Washington, that great work of Christian diplomacy, that withheld two mighty kindred nations from rushing into a fratricidal war. In that scene, and that hour, the portraits seem endowed with a strange mysterious life, and one can hardly believe the spirit is gone for ever from the noble form and features they look down upon. There he lies, just above the spot where he sat five weeks before, and read aloud the speculations of Cicero on the Immortality of the Soul. He has solved the question which exercised the mind of the great Roman. What if those cold and silent lips should open now, and say to the awe-struck visitor: "Yes! Cicero was right; there is no more doubt, no more perplexity." Ah! the revelations of Christianity settled that doubt many centuries since; and those lips, now so voiceless, a few days ago eloquently proclaimed the trust and consolation of the Christian Faith. There is no need of a voice from the dead.

Farewell, illustrious statesman. To-morrow, thousands will take their last look. Neighbors of many years will crowd these spaces, to gaze on the face of him whom they have so long known and venerated. From a distance will come hither they who have been his followers, companions, friends, counsellors, to follow him once more, and to take leave of him at the tomb, where counsel is no longer held, save with darkness and silence. Farewell then, here and now; in the presence of these familiar objects—pictures, busts, books; under this arched ceiling, traced by the hand of a daughter now resting in yonder churchyard,—here, where so much of intellectual toil has been achieved; where so much of genial converse has been enjoyed; where exuberant wit has played with the profoundest thought; where great authors of classical antiquity have fed

the eager mind of a greater than they; where high questions of diplomacy have been solved, and treaties have been made; where prayer has ascended to God from the great heart of the head of the household, surrounded by his family; where, more solemn still, he lies surrounded by all these memories, the last time, for ever! It is hard to say farewell; but of all words in human speech, it is the inevitable one. An inexorable doom is laid upon all of mortal birth to speak it, in anguish of heart. And the visitors pass out, musing mournfully on all they have seen, and felt, and thought, during that half hour in the august presence of the illustrious dead.

The funeral of Mr. Webster was in all respects according to his character and wishes. There was no pomp or parade of any kind. But the natural expression of the feelings of the people could not be restrained. Many persons had arrived the night before. At sunrise, a flag draped in mourning was raised on a staff set up many years ago by Mr. Abbott Lawrence, on a neighboring eminence, which overlooks the mansion and the estate. The sun rose, partially obscured by a cloud, as if in sympathy with the sad solemnities of the day; and so it continued. Yet there was something beautiful and touching in the softness and quiet of air and sky. On some of the clustering trees, the many-colored drapery of autumn still lingered; from others, every leaf had fallen. It seemed like an autumnal Sabbath morning. Soon the people began to assemble. From nine to twelve o'clock, the road that runs along the ridge of the hills on the west, and is visible from the house nearly a mile, was filled with an almost unbroken line of carriages, of every description, bringing from far and near the multitudes of citizens anxious to honor the memory of the great statesman, whom they should now behold for the last time in this world. Across the field came pouring other multitudes from the neighboring farms and villages; and up from the sea ascended those who had arrived by yacht or steamer; all tending towards the centre of interest, the silver-leaved poplar, under which lay all that was mortal of Daniel Webster. The lawn was covered by the gathering crowd, silently and respectfully passing by the spot, and gazing upon the features of their great countryman. Many had even climbed among the branches of the

elm and the poplar, and sat mournfully looking down upon the scene. The services, performed by the village clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Alden, were singularly appropriate. The selections from the Scriptures, the simple and touching address, the fervent prayer, were all in perfect harmony with the character of the man whom they commemorated. The oldest of Mr. Webster's rural neighbors were, with great propriety of feeling, chosen to lead the procession, and accompany the body to the burying place; and then, next to the relatives of the deceased, the people fell into order, and the vast procession followed down the avenue into the road, and entered the path leading to the burial place, made by Mr. Webster's order a few days only before his death. And with this solemn following, this immense multitude of loving and mourning countrymen, called thither only by their affection for his memory, the illustrious dust was borne over his domains, and up to that ancient pilgrim burying ground; and after one brief glance at those beloved features, as the body rested at the gate of the tomb, the multitude slowly scattered, wending their way across the fields and hills, along the roads, down to the seaside, and left the dwelling of the departed statesman silent and desolate.

"Such honors Ilion to her hero paid,
And peaceful slept the mighty Hector's shade."

From death let us return to his life. He "still lives;" his example and his works remain; an example of great and constant patriotism, and works of transcendent power and classic beauty, from which his spirit seems to say,

"Non omnis moriar, multaque pars mei
Vitabit Libitinam."

These volumes are a precious legacy to the American people. Among the most fortunate circumstances of Mr. Webster's life, is undoubtedly to be enumerated the friendship of Mr. Everett. This gentleman, whose acquaintance with Mr. Webster began in boyhood, nearly half a century ago, whose public life commenced and continued in the closest personal and political relation with him—a relation of kindness and affection never for an instant ruffled through all the vicissitudes of this long period of time—has given his precious hours, his fine talent,

his literary taste, to the work of editing the matchless speeches and diplomatic papers of his great leader. This pious duty has been most admirably performed: the trust reposed in Mr. Everett has been executed in a manner that leaves nothing to be desired. The speeches and discourses are carefully revised, and illustrated with explanatory notes, drawn from historical or other sources, so that nothing is wanting to their perfect comprehension. This was a work of the highest consequence; for Mr. Webster, with a prodigality of genius like that of Shakespeare, had taken little care of his literary fame, except to scatter broadcast over the land his splendid speeches and orations. Many years ago two volumes had been collected; and more recently one of his friends had published a selection of his diplomatic papers; but the larger portion of the materials that fill these beautiful volumes were dispersed in pamphlets and newspapers, and many of them could only be found by laborious search through old files and collections. The life of Mr. Webster, which occupies a part of the first volume, is drawn partly from preceding biographies, among which are a very elegant one written by Mr. Ticknor many years ago, and the lively sketches by Mr. Marsh; but we presume the greater portion of it is from Mr. Everett's personal knowledge and long acquaintance with Mr. Webster. The remarkable narrative is related with singular grace and beauty; the facts and incidents are selected with judgment and arranged with care. In writing the life of a living friend it is a problem of great difficulty and delicacy to strike the right line between the too much of eulogy on the one side, and the too much of caution on the other. It appears to us that Mr. Everett has solved this problem with entire success. The tone of the biography is temperate, and the style exquisitely chaste; and while the praise is liberal, it is wholly free from overstatement and extravagance. It is no more than a great man, already before his death become historical, is fairly entitled to receive, and the biographer may properly bestow. Of course, now that Mr. Webster is gone, a greater freedom may be exercised, since no praise "can charm the dull cold ear of death;" and there must be numerous materials of the highest biographical interest, which could not be used with propriety during his lifetime.

We have not space to repeat at much length the particulars of Mr. Webster's parentage and early life. His family was respectable, but not abounding in this world's goods. In childhood and early manhood he was disciplined in the hard school of poverty and labor, in the society of a noble-hearted father, and a mother of Roman virtues, both of whom he remembered with the warmest affection to his dying day. He never spoke of them without a softening of the voice and a filling of the eyes. To their virtues and affection, to the strong sense which marked their daily conduct, to the generous spirit of self-sacrifice, which led them to deny themselves the fruits of their labors that their son might enjoy the rich blessing of a liberal education, he recurred with a depth of emotion which showed how profoundly these manifestations of parental love had sunk into his heart. Ebenezer Webster, the father of Daniel, was a remarkable person. In a recently published letter, Mr. Webster describes him as the handsomest man he ever saw except his brother Ezekiel; and in his old age, as the most venerable figure he ever beheld. In person he was tall and commanding, his height being more than six feet. He had a complexion as dark as his son's, a Roman nose and a most piercing black eye. In the war of the Revolution he took an active part. He, with "all his kith and kin," responded to the resolution of the old Congress of 1776, and signed the pledge "to oppose the hostile proceedings of the British fleets and armies against the United American Colonies." In reference to this transaction, Mr. Webster beautifully and eloquently said, in the discourse before the New-York Historical Society, delivered last February:

"In the mountainous State of New-Hampshire, and among the highest of its mountains, then containing only a few scattered settlements, was the township of Salisbury. The Merrimac river, forming its eastern boundary, now so pleasant in scenery, and with so much richness and industry on its banks, was then a roaring and foaming stream, seeking its way amid immense forests on either side from the White Mountains to the sea. The settlers in this township were collected, and the promise or pledge proposed by the Continental Congress, of life and fortune, presented to them. 'All,' as the record says, 'freely signed except two.'

"In looking to this record, thus connected with the men of my own birth-place, I confess I was gratified to find who were the signers, and who were the dissenters. Among the former was he,

from whom I am immediately descended, with all his brothers, and his whole kith and kin. This is sufficient emblazonry for my arms, enough of heraldry for me."

But he did not rest contented with mere words. He raised a company, joined the American army, was personally engaged in many battles, and continued in active service through the war. At the conclusion of the peace, he returned to his farm in Salisbury. This long military experience had given him a martial bearing and a decisive manner. He had enjoyed but very slender opportunities for even a common-school education. But he was a man of strong natural sense, and even rich intellectual endowments. Under more favoring fortunes he would have been scarcely less distinguished than his son: as it was, his personal and intellectual qualities, and the sturdy honesty of his manly character, secured to him a commanding influence over the rural population of that part of the State; and his name was held in respect throughout that thinly populated region. It was a primitive condition of society, in those times, and in that remote part of the country. The people, living at considerable distances apart, rarely assembled except on Sunday, to hear the news and discuss the political questions of the day. Newspapers seldom or never penetrated into these border regions. It was the custom to assemble, in the intervals between the morning and evening service, and receive information from those who represented them in the General Court, on public affairs. Col. Webster had often been chosen representative from Salisbury; and when the State Convention was summoned to Exeter, to consider the question of adopting the Constitution of the United States, he was appointed a delegate. The people of the town, and Col. Webster with the rest, had some fear of the consequences of establishing a powerful central government; and in the simplicity of their way of life, thought themselves sufficiently well off without it. On hearing the subject discussed in the Convention at Exeter, his fears entirely vanished; and when the Convention adjourned, to meet again some months later at Concord, Col. Webster returned home, strongly in favor of the Constitution. Meeting the people between the services, on the next Sabbath after his return, he gathered them about him, and repeated the arguments he had heard for

and against it. He stated that he had come to the conclusion to vote for the Constitution; but as he supposed their inclinations tended rather the opposite way, he proposed to resign his seat and give them the opportunity of choosing another delegate. They said they would think the matter over for a week; and at the end of that time they informed him that they had made up their minds to rely on his judgment. Accordingly, when the Convention reassembled at Concord, he resumed his seat, and took an active part in the deliberations. The substance of a brief speech delivered by him in the course of the debates—the only speech of his recorded or remembered—has been very recently recovered from oblivion. It was as follows:

"GENTLEMEN: I have listened to the arguments for and against the Constitution. I am convinced such a government as that Constitution will establish if adopted—a government acting directly on the people of the States—is necessary for the common defense and the general welfare. It is the only government which will enable us to pay off the national debt—the debt which we owe for the Revolution, and which we are bound in honor fully and fairly to discharge. Besides, I have followed the lead of Washington through seven years of war, and I have never been misled. His name is subscribed to this Constitution: he will not mislead us now. I shall vote for its adoption."

This short speech not only shows an accurate appreciation of the necessity of the Constitution, but touches the key-note of that reverence for the name and character of Washington, which has so often been the animating theme of the eloquence of his son. Daniel Webster was not only the *defender of the Constitution*; he not only achieved this illustrious title by his own immortal deeds, but he might have claimed it by hereditary right. Col. Webster lived to witness the beneficial operation of the government he had helped to establish, and to share the honors which his native State was proud to bestow upon her heroic defenders. After having repeatedly filled the office of State Senator, he was appointed Judge of the Court of Common Pleas for Hillsborough county, in 1791, and held this office until his death in 1806, having had the satisfaction of listening, on the bench, to the first argument made by his son, some time in the preceding year.

The childhood of Daniel Webster, though manifesting no premature intellectual de-

velopments, was marked by solid qualities of character, that early gave promise of future greatness. New-Hampshire was a stern and rugged nurse of virtue. The homely life of the farmer had few indulgences wherewith to pamper the tastes or dwarf the energies of the boy. The daily bread was to be won from a hard soil, under a severe climate, in a mountainous region, by the strenuous toil of the hands. An austere nature, inclement skies, and stern penury, made him conscious of power, by the battles he was forced to wage with them. But he was born of wise and religious parents. Under their humble roof there was self-denying virtue, and the fear of God. Not much human learning was there; but there was rich experience of common life; there was knowledge of duty; there was high consciousness of citizenship, and understanding of the rights of man and the doctrines of republican freedom; and above all, there was the study of God's Word, and daily obedience to God's will. The beauty of holiness dwelt there. The domestic affections dwelt there. Mutual love and mutual helpfulness dwelt there. All the tender charities of life dwelt there in overflowing measure. It was a household where the manly heart found scope and exercise for love and devotion, for faith and hope. It was a household where the loveliness and strength of woman's nature displayed themselves, in their most beautiful as well as their loftiest exercises.

"Justice shines in the lowly cell;
In the homes of poverty, smoke-begrimed,
With the sober-minded she loves to dwell.
But she turns aside
From the rich man's home with averted eye,
The golden-fretted halls of pride
Where hands with lucre are foul, and the praise
Of counterfeited goodness sways;
And wisely she guides in the strong man's despite
All things to an issue of right."

In a letter written only six years ago, Mr. Webster gives the following affecting account of his father's determination to afford him the advantage, he had not himself enjoyed, of a liberal education:

"Of a hot day in July—it must have been one of the last years of Washington's administration—I was making hay with my father, just where I now see a remaining elm tree, about the middle of the afternoon. The Hon. Abiel Foster, M. C., who lived in Canterbury, six miles off, called at the house, and came into the field to see my father.

He was a worthy man, college learned, and had been a minister, but was not a person of any considerable natural powers. My father was his friend and supporter. He talked awhile in the field, and went on his way. When he was gone, my father called me to him, and we sat down beneath the elm, on a hay-cock. He said, 'My son, that is a worthy man; he is a member of Congress; he goes to Philadelphia and gets six dollars a day, while I toil here. It is because he had an education, which I never had. If I had had his early education, I should have been in Philadelphia in his place. I came near it as it was; but I missed it, and now I must work here.' 'My dear father,' said I, 'you shall not work; brother and I will work for you, and wear our hands out, and you shall rest;' and I remember to have cried, and I cry now at the recollection. 'My child,' said he, 'it is of no importance to me; I now live but for my children; I could not give your elder brother the advantages of knowledge, but I can do something for you. Exert yourself, improve your opportunities—*learn, learn*; and when I am gone, you will not need to go through the hardships which I have undergone, and which have made me an old man before my time.'

"The next May he took me to Exeter, to the Phillips Exeter Academy—placed me under the tuition of its excellent preceptor, Dr. Benjamin Abbott, still living.

"My father died in April, 1806. I neither left him nor forsook him. My opening an office at Boscaawen was that I might be near him. I closed his eyes in this very house. He died at sixty-seven years of age, after a life of exertion, toil, and exposure—a private soldier, an officer, a legislator, a judge—every thing that a man could be, to whom learning never had disclosed her 'ample page.'

"My first speech at the bar was made when he was on the bench; he never heard me a second time.

"He had in him what I recollect to have been the character of some of the old Puritans. He was deeply religious, but not sour; on the contrary, good humored, facetious, showing, even in his age, with a contagious laugh, teeth all as white as alabaster; gentle, soft, playful, and yet having a heart in him that he seemed to have borrowed from a lion. He could frown; a frown it was; but cheerfulness, good-humor, and smiles composed his most usual aspect."

The father was right and wise in this manly, paternal resolve. It was high wisdom, as well as affection, that led him to strain his slender means to the utmost, to encumber his farm with debt even, that his son might have the fair opportunities which had been denied to himself. And nobly was he repaid in his lifetime, and gloriously has his memory been enshrined since his death, by the genius which was cherished and unfolded by his generous and foreseeing love, by his strenuous efforts and self-denying devotion. The son, for whom these hardships were endured and these hopes were cherished, made a deep impres-

sion wherever he went. At school he was a model of industry, and his teachers never forgot the earnest scholar who excited their admiration and affection; nor did the earnest scholar, in the brightest days of his renown, forget the obligation he lay under to those who had been the guides of his childhood and youth. Master Tappan, the venerable Dr. Abbott of Exeter Academy—with what glowing enthusiasm and pride did they recall the days when Daniel Webster was their pupil. In college, the same qualities were displayed on a larger scale; not a duty was neglected, not an exercise left unperformed, or carelessly studied. His mind was exact, methodical, far-reaching, eager for knowledge, seeking truth and culture in every direction; and so, in college as well as at school, Daniel Webster left the footprints of his progress, left a name of honor and distinction which has been one of the chiefest glories of his Alma Mater. As she loved him, and predicted his future triumphs, so she loved her, and repaid her fostering care by vindicating her claims when the radicalism of the day threatened her with ruin. It is a proud recollection for Dartmouth that she trained up the eloquent lawyer who placed her, and through her all the universities of the country, on the vantage-ground of the law, impregnable and unassailable. Again, after finishing his college studies, and having commenced the study of the law, how beautiful was the proof of brotherly affection she gave, when he for a time abandoned his profession, and for three hundred and fifty dollars a year taught the town academy at Friburg, Maine, that his brother Ezekiel might be educated at college as he had been; and, that the whole of this scanty stipend might be saved for this sacred purpose, gave the evenings of his laborious days to the dull task of copying the records of the county. Little did the great-hearted youth imagine that the village school-house, in which he swayed the rod of power, was thenceforth consecrated in the memories of his countrymen; that pilgrims would in future times seek it out, and visit its humble precincts with irrepressible emotion; that the dry book of deeds his hand had transcribed would become instinct with life, that its leaves would be turned over by future generations with a love and enthusiasm such as are kindled in the soul when we stand before the shrines and memorials of the most

illustrious of the earth; that the school-house and the volume should become the boast and the chiefest honor of the rural neighborhood where that period of the life of Daniel Webster was passed. But so indeed it is. The consecrating presence of genius and virtue has transfigured the school-house and surrounded it with imperishable renown; the consecrating hand of genius and virtue, and home affections, has made that book a Scripture to all coming ages. The eminent men with whom his professional novitiate was passed had a like forecast of his future greatness, and lived to see the illustrious reality they had preconceived; and so, by all good influences attended, by all prophetic hopes surrounded, the auspicious youth entered upon the great career of his life. What American does not know that career by heart? The compeers and rivals with whom he contended at the bar, saw at once the power which had joined their company. The oldest and ablest felt they were dealing with their equal, even in his first essays, when he but tried, as it were, his armor. He stood at once in the foremost rank of the profession in his native State; and when, in 1813, he took his seat for the first time in the Congress of the United States, and came in contact with the distinguished men who were his political associates or rivals the rest of his life, unknown as he was in the Capitol, he made, by his maiden speech, an impression of power and statesmanship, never afterward forgotten. Through that exhausting and most important session Mr. Webster's labors were not more remarkable for their variety and extent, than for the broad national views which were disclosed by them. From the beginning he was a man of the country, not of a division of the country; he was a patriot, not a partisan. There was dignity and decorum in his manner, conciliation and wisdom in his speech, candor in his interpretation of others' motives, and fairness in his mode of dealing with others' opinions. Firm in the conscious integrity of his own heart, he never sought to impeach the honor of another. Clear in his own views, wielding a masterly logic in the statement of them, he admitted all the force there was in the arguments of his opponents, and made them even stronger in his own re-statement. "He manifested," says Mr. Everett, "upon his entrance into public life, that variety of knowledge, familiarity with the history and

traditions of the government, and self-possession on the floor, which in most cases are acquired by time and long experience. They gained for him the reputation indicated by the well-known remark of Mr. Lowndes, that 'the North had not his equal, nor the South his superior.' In the next Congress, to which Mr. Webster was reelected, he was called, by the conclusion of peace with Great Britain, to handle a different class of subjects from those to which the legislation he had hitherto taken part in had been devoted; but his course was alike conspicuous for dignity, ability, knowledge equal to the requirements of every occasion, and eloquence of massive strength, and a beauty superior to any of his contemporaries.

In 1816, Mr. Webster became a citizen of Boston. It is needless to say that he was welcomed to the society of that city where a portion of his professional studies had been pursued, and where he had been admitted to the Bar on the motion of that distinguished lawyer, Mr. Gore, with every demonstration of respect and friendship. The distinctions and honors he achieved in this new field are part of the history of the times. His labors in the Convention for revising the Constitution of Massachusetts, in 1821, were various and most important; but he resisted the importunity of friends and citizens to reënter the arena of national politics, until longer resistance was in vain. He was nominated as candidate for Congress in 1822, and the Committee, headed by Colonel Perkins, who waited upon him to inform him of the nomination, refused to listen to any objections on his part; and having simply and categorically performed their duty, withdrew. Neither they nor the public would take *no* for an answer, and so Mr. Webster was forced, by a friendly and admiring compulsion, to leave, in a measure, the professional labors to which he looked for the support of his family and for future independence, to engage in the concerns of the national government. He continued a member of the House of Representatives until 1826, when he was chosen Senator from Massachusetts, in the place of the Hon. Elijah Mills of Northampton, who had recently retired. In this position Mr. Webster continued through the remainder of Mr. Adams's term, and the administrations of President Jackson and President Van Buren. In 1841, the accession of General Harrison

to the Presidency took place, and Mr. Webster, having declined the Treasury, received the State Department, which he retained after the death of President Harrison, and until 1843, when, resigning his seat, he remained in private life until 1845. He returned to the Senate this year, and continued in it until the death of General Taylor brought Mr. Fillmore into the Presidency, and led to a re-construction of the government. Mr. Webster was again invited to become Secretary of State, and he continued the chief of Mr. Fillmore's administration until his death, on the 24th of October, the present year. This slight outline of Mr. Webster's public life is the framework inclosing the great and magnificent picture of his unexampled services to the country. The most brilliant periods of his life were those which embraced his senatorial career, and the two periods of office during which he held the seals of State. His first labors in Congress, in the House of Representatives, gave magnificent promise of what was to come. His speech on the Berlin and Milan decrees, on the Embargo, and on the Bank, established his reputation at a very early age, as a statesman and orator of commanding talent. In 1823, he delivered his speech on Greece, which rang like a clarion through the country, and placed his name among those of the most eloquent and enlightened defenders of national liberty and the rights of man. His speeches on the Tariff showed him to be a master of the science of political economy; and his very able but ineffectual speech on the Panama mission, maintained the doctrine of a close relation among the American commonwealths, as a counterpoise to European influence on this continent. It is a curious illustration of the mutability of democratic sentiment, that even this modified intervention in foreign affairs was severely denounced by the Democratic leaders, and was effectually put down by the self-same party who are now equally vehement in favor of fraternizing with every pretended republican movement throughout the world.

But the great occasions on which he put forth all the splendor of his power were the "Great Debate," in which he overthrew Col. Hayne, and scattered his eloquent sophistries into the air; the second great debate on Nullification, in which he discomfited the eminent South Carolina Senator, who, after having filled the Vice-President's chair

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quarrelled with the President, and resigning was returned to the Senate to restore the tottering fortunes of State Rights and Disunion doctrine, so rudely shaken by the Northern champion. This conflict was much more like a battle between equals than that with Hayne. Mr. Calhoun was a vastly abler man, and pressed his arguments with infinitely more of logical skill; but all in vain. The genius of Webster rose with the occasion, and the defeat of the great Nullifier was as signal and disastrous as had been that of his predecessor. Indeed, the whole doctrine on that occasion received its death-blow; and out of Carolina, and a very small fraction of Carolina, there has since been found none so poor to do it reverence.

We cannot forbear quoting a passage which will live as long as the English language:

"Mr. President, I have thus stated the reasons of my dissent to the doctrines which have been advanced and maintained. I am conscious of having detained you and the Senate much too long. I was drawn into the debate with no previous deliberation, such as is suited to the discussion of so grave and important a subject. But it is a subject of which my heart is full, and I have not been willing to suppress the utterance of its spontaneous sentiments. I cannot, even now, persuade myself to relinquish it, without expressing once more my deep conviction, that, since it respects nothing less than the Union of the States, it is of most vital and essential importance to the public happiness. I profess, Sir, in my career hitherto, to have kept steadily in view the prosperity and honor of the whole country, and the preservation of our Federal Union. It is to that Union we owe our safety at home, and our consideration and dignity abroad. It is to that Union that we are chiefly indebted for whatever makes us most proud of our country. That Union we reached only by the discipline of our virtues in the severe school of adversity. It had its origin in the necessities of disordered finance, prostrate commerce, and ruined credit. Under its benign influences, these great interests immediately awoke, as from the dead, and sprang forth with newness of life. Every year of its duration has teemed with fresh proofs of its utility and its blessings; and although our territory has stretched out wider and wider, and our population spread farther and farther, they have not outrun its protection or its benefits. It has been to us all a copious fountain of national, social, and personal happiness.

"I have not allowed myself, Sir, to look beyond the Union, to see what might lie hidden in the dark recess behind. I have not coolly weighed the chances of preserving liberty when the bonds that unite us together shall be broken asunder. I have not accustomed myself to hang over the precipice of disunion, to see whether, with my short sight, I can fathom the depth of the abyss below; nor could I regard him as a safe counsellor

in the affairs of this government, whose thoughts should be mainly bent on considering, not how the Union may be best preserved, but how tolerable might be the condition of the people when it should be broken up and destroyed. While the Union lasts, we have high, exciting, gratifying prospects spread out before us, for us and our children. Beyond that I seek not to penetrate the veil. God grant that in my day, at least, that curtain may not rise! God grant that on my vision never may be opened what lies behind! When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, in fraternal blood! Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as 'What is all this worth!' nor those other words of delusion and folly, 'Liberty first and Union afterwards;' but every where, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every true American heart,—Liberty and Union, now and for ever, one and inseparable!" (Vol. III. pp. 341-2.)

The debates on the renewal of the Charter of the United States Bank drew from Mr. Webster a series of speeches and arguments, displaying the most profound knowledge of currency and the business of the country, and the most cogent logic in the application of principles to the existing condition and wants of the people. But the iron will of President Jackson, and the irresistible influence of the Executive, were proof against knowledge, logic, political economy, and the clearest demonstrations ever addressed to the reason of men; and the interests of the country were sacrificed. As we read those masterly discussions now, we are amazed at their convincing power; and we find it difficult to understand how even party spirit, unyielding and unscrupulous as it is, could have resisted them. But at all events, there they stand, an instructive record of Mr. Webster's genius and profound acquaintance with the practical wants of the times. Perhaps, however, the ablest of all the efforts made by him at this period, was the refutation of the Executive pretensions to represent directly the popular sovereignty, and to administer the Constitution as he understood it; an idea that no President will be likely again to advance.

We recall Mr. Webster's views on this subject, as expressed in his speech at the National Republican Convention at Worcester, deeming them at all times fundamental and essential to the just administration of the Constitution and the laws:

"In that important document, Sir, upon which it seems to be his fate to stand or to fall before the American people, the veto message, he holds the following language: 'Each public officer who takes an oath to support the Constitution, swears that he will support it as he understands it, and not as it is understood by others.' Mr. President, the general adoption of the sentiments expressed in this sentence would dissolve our government. It would raise every man's private opinions into a standard for his own conduct; and there certainly is, there can be, no government where every man is to judge for himself of his own rights and his own obligations. Where every one is his own arbiter, force, and not law, is the governing power. He who may judge for himself, and decide for himself, must execute his own decisions; and this is the law of force. I confess, Sir, it strikes me with astonishment, that so wild, so disorganizing a sentiment should be uttered by a President of the United States. I should think it must have escaped from its author through want of reflection, or from the habit of little reflection on such subjects, if I could suppose it possible that, on a question exciting so much public attention, and of so much national importance, any such extraordinary doctrine could find its way, through inadvertence, into a formal and solemn public act. Standing as it does, it affirms a proposition which would effectually repeal all constitutional and all legal obligations. The Constitution declares, that every public officer in the State governments, as well as in the general government, shall take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States. This is all. Would it not have cast an air of ridicule on the whole provision, if the Constitution had gone on to add the words, 'as he understands it?' What could come nearer to a solemn farce than to bind a man by oath, and still leave him to be his own interpreter of his own obligation? Sir, those who are to execute the laws have no more a license to construe them for themselves than those whose only duty is to obey them. Public officers are bound to support the Constitution; private citizens are bound to obey it; and there is no more indulgence granted to the public officer to support the Constitution only as he understands it, than to a private citizen to obey it only as he understands it; and what is true of the Constitution, in this respect, is equally true of any law. Laws are to be executed, and to be obeyed, not as individuals may interpret them, but according to public authoritative interpretation and adjudication. The sentiment of the message would abrogate the obligation of the whole criminal code. If every man is to judge of the Constitution and the laws for himself, if he is to obey and support them only as he may say he understands them, a revolution, I think, would take place in the administration of justice; and discussions about the law of treason,

murder, and arson should be addressed, not to the judicial bench, but to those who might stand charged with such offenses. The object of discussion should be, if we run out this notion to its natural extent, to enlighten the culprit himself how he ought to understand the law.

"Mr. President, how is it possible that a sentiment so wild, and so dangerous, so encouraging to all who feel a desire to oppose the laws, and to impair the Constitution, should have been uttered by the President of the United States at this eventful and critical moment? Are we not threatened with dissolution of the Union? Are we not told that the laws of the government shall be openly and directly resisted? Is not the whole country looking, with the utmost anxiety, to what may be the result of these threatened courses? And at this very moment, so full of peril to the State, the chief magistrate puts forth opinions and sentiments, as truly subversive of all government, as absolutely in conflict with the authority of the Constitution, as the wildest theories of nullification. Mr. President, I have very little regard for the law or the logic of nullification. But there is not an individual in its ranks capable of putting two ideas together, who, if you will grant him the principles of the veto message, cannot defend all that nullification has ever threatened.

"To make this assertion good, Sir, let us see how the case stands. The Legislature of South Carolina, it is said, will nullify the late revenue or tariff law, because they say it is not warranted by the Constitution of the United States, as they understand the Constitution. They, as well as the President of the United States, have sworn to support the Constitution. Both he and they have taken the same oath, in the same words. Now, Sir, since he claims the right to interpret the Constitution as he pleases, how can he deny the same right to them? Is his oath less stringent than theirs? Has he a prerogative of dispensation which they do not possess? How can he answer them when they tell him that the revenue laws are unconstitutional, as they understand the Constitution, and that therefore they will nullify them? Will he reply to them, according to the doctrines of his annual message in 1830, that precedent has settled the question, if it was ever doubtful? They will answer him in his own words in the veto message that, in such a case, the precedent is not binding. Will he say to them that the revenue law is a law of Congress, which must be executed until it shall be declared void? They will answer him that, in other cases, he has himself refused to execute laws of Congress which had not been declared void, but which had been, on the contrary, declared valid. Will he urge the force of judicial decisions? They will answer, that he himself does not admit the binding obligation of such decisions. Sir, the President of the United States is of opinion, that an individual called on to execute a law, may himself judge of its constitutional validity. Does nullification teach any thing more revolutionary than that? The President is of opinion that judicial interpretations of the Constitution and the laws do not bind the consciences, and ought not to bind the conduct, of men. Is nullification at all more de-

organizing than that! The President is of opinion that every officer is bound to support the Constitution only according to what ought to be, in his private opinion, its construction. Has nullification, in its wildest flight, ever reached to an extravagance like that? No, Sir, never. The doctrine of nullification, in my judgment a most false, dangerous, and revolutionary doctrine, is this, that *the State, or a State*, may declare the extent of the obligations which its citizens are under to the United States; in other words, that a State, by State laws and State judicatures, may conclusively construe the Constitution for its own citizens. But that every individual may construe it for himself is a refinement on the theory of resistance to constitutional power, a sublimation of the right of being disloyal to the Union, a free charter for the elevation of private opinion above the authority of the fundamental law of the State, such as was never presented to the public view, and the public astonishment, even by nullification itself. Its first appearance is in the veto message. Melancholy, lamentable, indeed, Sir, is our condition, when, at a moment of serious danger and wide-spread alarm, such sentiments are found to proceed from the chief magistrate of the government. Sir, I cannot feel that the Constitution is safe in such hands. I cannot feel that the present administration is its fit and proper guardian." (Vol. I., pp. 270-73.)

We select a passage or two from the speech on the Presidential Protest:

"The first object of a free people is the preservation of their liberty; and liberty is only to be preserved by maintaining constitutional restraints and just divisions of political power. Nothing is more deceptive or more dangerous than the pretense of a desire to simplify government. The simplest governments are despotisms; the next simplest, limited monarchies; but all republics, all governments of law, must impose numerous limitations and qualifications of authority, and give many positive and many qualified rights. In other words, they must be subject to rule and regulation. This is the very essence of free political institutions. The spirit of liberty is, indeed, a bold and fearless spirit; but it is also a sharp-sighted spirit; it is a cautious, sagacious, discriminating, far-seeing intelligence; it is jealous of encroachment, jealous of power, jealous of man. It demands checks; it seeks for guards; it insists on securities; it intrenches itself behind strong defenses, and fortifies itself with all possible care against the assaults of ambition and passion. It does not trust the amiable weaknesses of human nature, and therefore it will not permit power to overstep its prescribed limits, though benevolence, good intent, and patriotic purpose come along with it. Neither does it satisfy itself with flashy and temporary resistance to illegal authority. Far otherwise. It seeks for duration and permanence. It looks before and after; and, building on the experience of ages which are past, it labors diligently for the benefit of ages to come. This is the nature of constitutional liberty; and this is *our* liberty, if we will rightly understand and preserve it. Every free government is necessarily complicated, because all

such governments establish restraints, as well on the power of government itself as on that of individuals. If we will abolish the distinction of branches, and have but one branch; if we will abolish jury trials, and leave all to the judge; if we will then ordain that the legislator shall himself be that judge; and if we will place the executive power in the same hands, we may readily simplify government. We may easily bring it to the simplest of all possible forms, a pure despotism. But a separation of departments, so far as practicable, and the preservation of clear lines of division between them, is the fundamental idea in the creation of all our constitutions; and, doubtless, the continuance of regulated liberty depends on maintaining these boundaries." (Vol. IV, p. 122.)

A few pages preceding the above extract, occurs one of the most celebrated passages of Mr. Webster's eloquence. The poetical image with which it concludes occurred to Mr. Webster, as we have heard him say, while he was one morning witnessing the parade at sunrise in Quebec. Mr. Edward Curtis, of New-York, was standing by his side, and when the drum-beat, Mr. Webster turned to him, and gave utterance to the idea which several years afterwards he clothed in the transcendently beautiful language that follows:

"We are not to wait till great public mischiefs come, till the government is overthrown, or liberty itself put into extreme jeopardy. We should not be worthy sons of our fathers were we so to regard great questions affecting the general freedom. Those fathers accomplished the Revolution on a strict question of principle. The Parliament of Great Britain asserted a right to tax the colonies in all cases whatsoever; and it was precisely on this question that they made the Revolution turn. The amount of taxation was trifling, but the claim itself was inconsistent with liberty; and that was, in their eyes, enough. It was against the recital of an act of Parliament, rather than against any suffering under its enactments, that they took up arms. They went to war against a preamble. They fought seven years against a declaration. They poured out their treasures and their blood like water, in a contest against an assertion which those less sagacious and not so well schooled in the principles of civil liberty would have regarded as barren phraseology, or mere parade of words. They saw in the claim of the British Parliament a seminal principle of mischief, the germ of unjust power; they detected it, dragged it forth from underneath its plausible disguises, struck at it; nor did it elude either their steady eye or their well-directed blow till they had extirpated and destroyed it, to the smallest fibre. On this question of principle, while actual suffering was yet afar off, they raised their flag against a power, to which, for purposes of foreign conquest and subjugation, Rome, in the height of her glory, is not to be compared; a power which has dotted over the surface of the whole globe with her pos-

sessions and military post, whose morning drum-beat, following the sun, and keeping company with the hours, circles the earth with one continuous and unbroken strain of the martial airs of England." (Vol. IV., pp. 109-10.)

One more brief extract from this speech :

"Mr. President, the contest, for ages, has been to rescue Liberty from the grasp of executive power. Whoever has engaged in her sacred cause, from the days of the downfall of those great aristocracies which had stood between the king and the people to the time of our own independence, has struggled for the accomplishment of that single object. On the long list of the champions of human freedom, there is not one name dimmed by the reproach of advocating the extension of executive authority; on the contrary, the uniform and steady purpose of all such champions has been to limit and restrain it. To this end the spirit of liberty, growing more and more enlightened and more and more vigorous from age to age, has been battering, for centuries, against the solid buttments of the feudal system. To this end, all that could be gained from the imprudence, snatched from the weakness, or wrung from the necessities of crowned heads, has been carefully gathered up, secured, and hoarded, as the rich treasures, the very jewels of liberty. To this end, popular and representative right has kept up its warfare against prerogative, with various success; sometimes writing the history of a whole age in blood, sometimes witnessing the martyrdom of Sidneys and Russells, often baffled and repulsed, but still gaining, on the whole, and holding what it gained with a grasp which nothing but the complete extinction of its own being could compel it to relinquish. At length, the great conquest over executive power, in the leading western states of Europe, has been accomplished. The feudal system, like other stupendous fabrics of past ages, is known only by the rubbish which it has left behind it. Crowned heads have been compelled to submit to the restraints of law, and the PEOPLE, with that intelligence and that spirit which make their voice resistless, have been able to say to prerogative, 'Thus far shalt thou come, and no farther.' I need hardly say, Sir, that into the full enjoyment of all which Europe has reached only through such slow and painful steps we sprang at once, by the Declaration of Independence, and by the establishment of free representative governments; governments borrowing more or less from the models of other free states, but strengthened, secured, improved in their symmetry, and deepened in their foundation, by those great men of our own country whose names will be as familiar to future times as if they were written on the arch of the sky.

"Through all this history of the contest for liberty, executive power has been regarded as a lion which must be caged. So far from being the object of enlightened popular trust, so far from being considered the natural protector of popular right, it has been dreaded, uniformly, always dreaded, as the great source of its danger.

"And now, Sir, who is he, so ignorant of the history of liberty, at home and abroad; who is he,

yet dwelling in his contemplations among the principles and dogmas of the Middle Ages; who is he, from whose bosom all original infusion of American spirit has become so entirely evaporated and exhaled, that he shall put into the mouth of the President of the United States the doctrine that the defense of liberty *naturally results* to executive power, and is its peculiar duty? Who is he, that, generous and confiding towards power where it is most dangerous, and jealous only of those who can restrain it; who is he, that, reversing the order of the state, and upheaving the base, would poise the pyramid of the political system upon its apex? Who is he, that, overlooking with contempt the guardianship of the representatives of the people, and with equal contempt the higher guardianship of the people themselves—who is he that declares to us, through the President's lips, that the security for freedom rests in executive authority? Who is he that belies the blood and libels the fame of his own ancestors, by declaring that *they*, with solemnity of form, and force of manner, have invoked the executive power to come to the protection of liberty? Who is he that thus charges them with the insanity, or the recklessness, of putting the lamb beneath the lion's paw? No, Sir. No, Sir. Our security is in our watchfulness of executive power. It was the constitution of this department which was infinitely the most difficult part in the great work of creating our present government. To give to the executive department such power as should make it useful, and yet not such as should render it dangerous; to make it efficient, independent, and strong, and yet to prevent it from sweeping away every thing by its union of military and civil authority, by the influence of patronage, and office, and favor,—this, indeed, was difficult. They who had the work to do saw the difficulty, and we see it; and if we would maintain our system, we shall act wisely to that end, by preserving every restraint and every guard which the Constitution has provided. And when we, and those who come after us, have done all that we can do, and all that they can do, it will be well for us and for them, if some popular executive, by the power of patronage and party, and the power, too, of that very popularity, shall not hereafter prove an overmatch for all other branches of the government." (Vol. IV., pp. 133-5.)

But, perhaps, the event in Mr. Webster's Senatorial career, which has had the most effect upon the public opinion, and has drawn upon him the most violent assaults, was the speech of the 7th of March, 1850, on the Constitution. The slavery agitation, as every one knows, had risen to a point which threatened the stability of the Union. There can hardly be a doubt that there was ground for serious apprehension, when the acquisition of such extensive territories from Mexico re-opened the question which had on a former occasion shaken the country to its centre, and of late years had alienated and exasperated the North and

South against each other. One of the strongest passions of our age—a passion that has reached a morbid development in some of the free States—is an absorbing devotion to the idea of human rights, and the universal brotherhood of the human family. The passion is a noble and generous one: God grant that the aspiration it breathes for universal liberty may, in His good time, become a reality all over the earth. No man has spoken more inspiring words, or done more noble deeds, to bring on that blessed day than Mr. Webster. But the profession of philanthropy is most dangerous not only to the end it aims to accomplish, but to the character of the philanthropist. Seeing its object clearly, conscious of the purity of its motives, and naturally running into excesses of overwrought feeling, it comes by degrees to overlook every consideration that should check its headlong action; to disregard every obstacle, however formidable and immovable, which lies in the way of the immediate accomplishment of its generous desires. By and by it comes to regard the suggestions of ordinary prudence as the calculations of selfish interest; it calls in question the motives of men, however pure their characters and irreproachable their lives, who are restrained by more deliberate judgment from coinciding with its measures or propositions. It becomes fierce and intolerant; it commits wrongs as violent as those it denounces; it grows frantic and fanatical, and ends with believing, or seeming to believe, that all the world, except itself, is a mass of corruption, baseness and iniquity. The wrongs of slavery are just of that description to move all these philanthropic passions into the intensest activity. It is no subject of wonder or reproach, that warm-hearted men and even parties have been driven almost to phrensy, as they have contemplated this dark spot on the otherwise bright picture of American liberty; and we must not judge them too harshly, if they chafe impatiently under the restraints the Constitution lays upon them, seeming to forbid their eager aspirations to right a theoretic wrong. Still, the constitutional restraints are real, and of binding force; and there is danger that sentiments, in themselves just and flowing from the deepest sources in the human heart, may overstep the bounds of constitutional action. The danger is great and threatening, that we may sophisticate our understandings,

and seek in fine-spun reasoning the means of evading or breaking the guarantees our fathers undoubtedly meant in good faith to establish. No fair-minded man can read the Constitution, together with the history of its formation, without being convinced that, although its framers hoped the time would come when slavery should no longer exist, and the word slavery does not occur in that immortal instrument, yet it was their intention to secure to the slaveholder, so long as the relation of slavery lasted, the means of retaking a fugitive escaping without the owner's consent into the free States. Another thing is equally clear, that negro slavery in the United States is not a feudal institution, to be dealt with by the feudal law, but is radically a different relation, wholly regulated by municipal law in the States where it exists, and by constitutional provisions and the legislation of the General Government, so far as the rights of the slaveholder are concerned, to reclaim what the institutions of his own State recognize as property. In one sense, slavery is sectional, to adopt a recently invented phrase; and in another and limited sense it is national. But if, as has so often been asserted, a man may recover his slave by a suit at common law, or by resorting to the ancient writs which died out with the disappearance of villeinage in England, then we have the Middle Ages back again, and slavery is absolutely and to all intents and purposes a national, and not a sectional institution. If the arguments recently and ably urged upon this subject are sound, this alarming conclusion inevitably follows: that slavery is not a municipal institution at all, is not limited to particular States at all, is not the creature of local legislation at all, is not hemmed in at all by the Constitution, but sweeps over the land coextensively with the domain of the Common Law, as universal as the Common Law. This is an extension of the area of slavery with a vengeance. God forbid that any such interpretation—leading to such a comprehensive and monstrous result—should ever be adopted by any powerful party in the United States. We should indeed despair of the abolition of slavery, under such a revival of antiquated barbarisms.

The opinion of Judge Story is full, precise and demonstrative on this point. The constitutional provision is positive and binding, that a certain thing shall be done,

without prescribing the *modus operandi*. Judge Story shows beyond all cavil, that it is the duty of the General Government to provide the means of executing this clause in the Constitution; and the free States have acquiesced in this decision, as an authoritative and binding exposition of the constitutional obligation; and some of them have passed laws prohibiting State officers from taking any part in the restoration of fugitives. If then the provisions of the Constitution are to be executed at all, they must be executed under a general law of the Central Government; and such a law was comprised in the series of enactments called the Compromise measures. We are not surprised that such a law excited vehement feeling, and earnest opposition. There is something revolting in the idea of sending a man back to slavery, when he has had the courage and fortune to make his escape; no man would do it, or assist in doing it, except under an overbearing sense of public duty. The abolitionists are consistent, at least, when they denounce the Constitution and seek to overthrow it; but they who acknowledge the authority of the Constitution, and bind themselves by their oath of office to obey it; they who admit that the fugitive slave must be restored, must be sent back to slavery, *by any process*, no matter what, common law or any other law, gratify their philanthropic feelings at the expense of their logic, consistency, and even their sworn duties, when, under cover of the pretense of shielding an important right, they seek to thwart and to make of no effect the intention of the Constitution, by rendering it, to all intents and purposes, impossible for the owner to recover the fugitive slave. The eloquent invectives against this law belong to the Constitution itself, and not to the practical mode devised by Congress for carrying out the Constitution; and it would be more honest and above-board to say so at once. The real difficulty lies back of the law, back even of the Constitution; it lies in the existence of slavery. The real question is, whether we will allow the Constitution to be effectively administered on this point, and trust to time, to the advance of civilization, to the slow influence of natural laws, for slavery to disappear; or, forgetting the wisdom of the parable of the wheat and the tares, risk the permanence of the Union, by rushing headlong and reck-

less to work out the redemption of the negro race over the ruins of the Constitution. They to whose consciences any toleration of the existence of slavery for a moment is the unpardonable sin, will pursue one course; they who believe that violent remedies are dangerous and fatal, and equally dangerous to the slave, will take the other course. There can be no doubt at the present moment, on which side the decision of a vast majority of the American people is made up with regard to this question.

That Mr. Webster's course was assailed, is no proper subject of complaint. It was a matter of public policy, on which honest differences of opinion might well exist. So far as the discussion was confined to argument, and criticism of his facts and arguments, however severe, all was fair and honorable. But when men began to impeach his motives and attack his character; when they left off reasoning and descended to vituperation and abuse; when they charged him with betraying the sacred cause of human freedom, for love of office; when they asserted that he was stirring up false alarms of danger to the Union, no danger existing; above all, when they engaged in the ignoble work of raking out from the cess-pool of forgotten calumnies the vilest slanders upon his personal character and habits, they disgraced the cause they professed to advocate, and under cover of philanthropic zeal, indulged in the lowest and most wicked passions of a malignant heart.

Whether Mr. Webster was right or wrong in judgment, may be a debatable question; but no fair-minded man will now deny that his course was guided by the purest and loftiest patriotism; and few such, at the present day, can doubt that the danger was urgent and imminent, at the time that Mr. Webster took the stand of conciliation and compromise, in his seventh of March speech. And it is as certain as any fact in history, that when that speech had been delivered, the danger passed by like a cloud; the storm ceased; the waves subsided, and day again broke upon the darkness and doubt which had gathered over our public affairs.

On reading that speech, at this distance of time, one finds it somewhat difficult to understand how it could have drawn down such an avalanche of abuse and indignation upon Mr. Webster's head. He had never dis-

guised his opinion of the dangerous tendency of the anti-slavery agitation. On all proper occasions he had, for many years, proclaimed his fears of the consequences to which it might lead. He had never hesitated to assert the necessity of fulfilling in good faith all the guarantees of the Constitution. These views had been reiterated again and again, with as much emphasis as his devotion to the cause of liberty and human rights. On the other hand, in the opening of the speech, he described in the strongest manner the anti-slavery sentiments of the Fathers—the men of the Revolution—and traced the causes of the great change that has undoubtedly taken place in the opinions of their descendants in the South. No Abolition or Free Soil orator has set both of these points in so clear a light, has used such forcible language, employed such perspicuous statements. All that has since been said, is only an amplification and repetition of what Mr. Webster said in that much vituperated speech. No one, however zealous in his opposition against slavery, however bitter in his denunciation of Mr. Webster, has handled these topics with half of his directness and vigor. To call that speech a *pro slavery speech*, in the jargon of the day, is a simple perversion of language. It is a great argumentative and conciliatory speech, setting the subject of slavery in its true light, historically and constitutionally. There is not a word in it, from beginning to end, that contains, directly or by implication, the slightest hint or admission in favor of slavery. The condition of the country at that moment—a condition which Mr. Webster had nothing to do with bringing about and the obligations it laid upon the government of the United States, are truly and strongly portrayed; and with a moral courage which has never hesitated to perform a duty, however painful and unpopular, the orator expressed his determination to fulfil in good faith every iota of the constitutional requirements. It is one of the noblest, as well as one of the severest duties of patriotism, to save the country from itself. The great statesman cannot venture to indulge in the luxury of philanthropic phrases and rhetorical commonplace, when the safety of the country is at stake. He must, if he is true to his position, resist sternly even generous impulses, when they tend to the overthrow of prescriptive rights; he must not shrink from personal sacrifices; he must not cower

before the clamors of fanaticism; he must not be frightened by invective or slander, nor by the imputation of base motives, nor by the charge of betraying the cause of humanity. In a perilous crisis, such accusations will come from those whose generous schemes have been thwarted or rebuked; a great ruler will be exposed to them, and he may fall under the blows of conflicting factions, when he steps between them to arrest their heady course, before they grapple in a struggle to the death. But the path of duty is clear before him, if he have the firmness to tread it. Justice may not be done him in his lifetime; but history will set him right with posterity. This view of Mr. Webster's course on the Compromise measures has been sanctioned by the approving voices of a vast majority of the people of the United States, whose verdict is not likely to be reversed so long as the Constitution itself shall endure.

The conclusion of this speech is in that high tone of patriotic eloquence, which rings in the memory for ever:

"And now, Mr. President, instead of speaking of the possibility or utility of secession, instead of dwelling in those caverns of darkness, instead of groping with those ideas so full of all that is horrid and horrible, let us come out into the light of day; let us enjoy the fresh air of Liberty and Union; let us cherish those hopes which belong to us; let us devote ourselves to those great objects that are fit for our consideration and our action; let us raise our conceptions to the magnitude and the importance of the duties that devolve upon us; let our comprehension be as broad as the country for which we act, our aspirations as high as its certain destiny; let us not be pigmies in a case that calls for men. Never did there devolve on any generation of men higher trusts than now devolve upon us, for the preservation of this Constitution, and the harmony and peace of all who are destined to live under it. Let us make our generation one of the strongest and brightest links in that golden chain which is destined, I fondly believe, to grapple the people of all the States to this Constitution for ages to come. We have a great, popular, constitutional government, guarded by law and by judicature, and defended by the affections of the whole people. No monarchical throne presses these States together, no iron chain of military power encircles them; they live and stand under a government popular in its form, representative in its character, founded upon principles of equality, and so constructed, we hope, as to last for ever. In all its history it has been beneficent; it has trodden down no man's liberty; it has crushed no State. Its daily respiration is liberty and patriotism; its yet youthful veins are full of enterprise, courage, and honorable love of glory and renown. Large before, the country has now, by recent events, become vastly larger. This republic now extends, with a vast breadth, across the whole

continent. The two great seas of the world wash the one and the other shore. We realize, on a mighty scale, the beautiful description of the ornamental border of the buckler of Achilles:

"Now the broad shield complete, the artist crowned
With his last hand, and poured the ocean round;
In living silver seemed the waves to roll,
And beat the buckler's verge, and bound the whole,"
(Vol. V., pp. 365-6.)

We have dwelt longer than we intended on this point, because we have ourselves been surprised, on reading the debates of the times, to see how clearly Mr. Webster stands acquitted of even an inconsistency. Fairly interpreted, there is not a sentence in the 7th of March speech, inconsistent with any other declaration made by him through his whole life. His disapprobation of the anti-slavery movements of the North had been expressed as strongly a hundred times before, and he had been supported in it by the written opinion of Dr. Channing; his sense of the obligation to execute every provision of the Constitution had been expressed as strongly a hundred times before; his devotion to the Union had been expressed as strongly a hundred times before. The only topic of the speech on which his sentiments had not been expressed as strongly before, was that in which he set forth the anti-slavery tendencies of the men of the Revolution.

We have hitherto spoken chiefly of Mr. Webster's parliamentary career. But there has not been in our day, combined in any one man, such a variety of the foremost distinctions in different fields of intellectual labor. His occasional orations are as excellent in their way as his Senatorial speeches. His genius never fell below the exigencies of the moment. His orations at Plymouth, and Bunker Hill, and Washington, are as imperishable models of eloquence as any thing in the language. How beautiful is the following picture of the Pilgrims:

"Standing in this relation to our ancestors and our posterity, we are assembled on this memorable spot to perform the duties which that relation and the present occasion impose upon us. We have come to this Rock, to record here our homage for our Pilgrim Fathers; our sympathy in their sufferings; our gratitude for their labors; our admiration of their virtues; our veneration for their piety; and our attachment to those principles of civil and religious liberty, which they encountered the dangers of the ocean, the storms of heaven, the violence of savages, disease, exile, and famine, to enjoy and to establish. And we would leave here, also, for the generations which are rising up rapidly to fill our places, some proof that we have endeavored to transmit the great inheritance un-

impaired; that in our estimate of public principles and private virtue, in our veneration of religion and piety, in our devotion to civil and religious liberty, in our regard for whatever advances human knowledge or improves human happiness, we are not altogether unworthy of our origin.

"There is a local feeling connected with this occasion too strong to be resisted; a sort of *genius of the place*, which inspires and awes us. We feel that we are on the spot where the first scene of our history was laid; where the hearths and altars of New-England were first placed; where Christianity, and civilization, and letters made their first lodgment, in a vast extent of country, covered with a wilderness, and peopled by roving barbarians. We are here, at the season of the year at which the event took place. The imagination irresistibly and rapidly draws around us the principal features and the leading characters in the original scene. We cast our eyes abroad on the ocean, and we see where the little bark, with the interesting group upon its deck, made its slow progress to the shore. We look around us, and behold the hills and promontories where the anxious eyes of our fathers first saw the places of habitation and of rest. We feel the cold which benumbed, and listen to the winds which pierced them. Beneath us is the rock, on which New-England received the feet of the Pilgrims. We seem even to behold them, as they struggle with the elements, and, with toilsome efforts, gain the shore. We listen to the chiefs in council; we see the unexampled exhibition of female fortitude and resignation; we hear the whisperings of youthful impatience, and we see, what a painter of our own has also represented by his pencil, chilled and shivering childhood, houseless but for a mother's arms, couchless but for a mother's breast, till our own blood almost freezes. The mild dignity of Carver and of Bradford; the decisive and soldierlike air and manner of Standish; the devout Brewster; the enterprising Allerton; the general firmness and thoughtfulness of the whole band; their conscious joy for dangers escaped; their deep solicitude about dangers to come; their trust in Heaven; their high religious faith, full of confidence and anticipation; all of these seem to belong to this place, and to be present upon this occasion, to fill us with reverence and admiration. (Vol. I., pp. 7, 8.)

His eulogy on Adams and Jefferson surpasses in majestic elegance of composition, and pathetic appeals to the deepest feelings of the heart, all the discourses delivered on similar commemorations, by the great master of Athenian eloquence. "I wrote the supposed speech of Adams," said Mr. Webster recently, "in a room in the third story of my house in Summer street; and when it was finished, the paper was drenched with my tears." These few words contain the secret of no small part of Mr. Webster's power. When he spoke on a moving theme or a great occasion, it was not the rhetorician that spoke; it was the man himself, pouring out the fullness of his heart. He moved

others by being profoundly moved himself. It was nature, and not artifice, that lent the secret charm to all he said. This is the explanation of what has been recently stated with regard to his forensic speeches: that he never excelled in managing a bad cause. He could not simulate a passion he did not feel: all was real with him, or it was nothing. We cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting the grand passage on the power of conscience, from the address to the jury, in the trial of the Knapps:

"The deed was executed with a degree of self-possession and steadiness equal to the wickedness with which it was planned. The circumstances now clearly in evidence spread out the whole scene before us. Deep sleep had fallen on the destined victim, and on all beneath his roof. A healthful old man, to whom sleep was sweet, the first sound slumbers of the night held him in their soft but strong embrace. The assassin enters, through the window already prepared, into an unoccupied apartment. With noiseless foot he paces the lonely hall, half lighted by the moon; he winds up the ascent of the stairs, and reaches the door of the chamber. Of this he moves the lock, by soft and continued pressure, till it turns on its hinges without noise; and he enters, and beholds his victim before him. The room is uncommonly open to the admission of light. The face of the innocent sleeper is turned from the murderer, and the beams of the moon, resting on the gray locks of his aged temple, show him where to strike. The fatal blow is given! and the victim passes, without a struggle or a motion, from the repose of sleep to the repose of death! It is the assassin's purpose to make sure work; and he plies the dagger, though it is obvious that life has been destroyed by the blow of the bludgeon. He even raises the aged arm, that he may not fail in his aim at the heart, and replaces it again over the wounds of the poniard! To finish the picture, he explores the wrist for the pulse! He feels for it, and ascertains that it beats no longer! It is accomplished. The deed is done. He retreats, retraces his steps to the window, passes out through it as he came in, and escapes. He has done the murder. No eye has seen him, no ear has heard him. The secret is his own, and it is safe!

"Ah! gentlemen, that was a dreadful mistake. Such a secret can be safe no where. The whole creation of God has neither nook nor corner where the guilty can bestow it, and say it is safe. Not to speak of that eye which pierces through all disguises, and beholds every thing as in the splendor of noon, such secrets of guilt are never safe from detection, even by men. True it is, generally speaking, that 'murder will out.' True it is, that Providence hath so ordained, and doth so govern things, that those who break the great law of Heaven by shedding man's blood, seldom succeed in avoiding discovery. Especially in a case exciting so much attention as this, discovery must come, and will come, sooner or later. A thousand eyes turn at once to explore every man, every thing, every circumstance connected with the time and

place; a thousand ears catch every whisper; a thousand excited minds intensely dwell on the scene, shedding all their light, and ready to kindle the slightest circumstance into a blaze of discovery. Meantime, the guilty soul cannot keep its own secret. It is false to itself; or rather it feels an irresistible impulse of conscience to be true to itself. It labors under its guilty possession, and knows not what to do with it. The human heart was not made for the residence of such an inhabitant. It finds itself preyed on by a torment which it dares not acknowledge to God or man. A vulture is devouring it, and it can ask no sympathy or assistance, either from heaven or earth. The secret which the murderer possesses soon comes to possess him; and, like the evil spirits of which we read, it overcomes him, and leads him whithersoever it will. He feels it beating at his heart, rising to his throat, and demanding disclosure. He thinks the whole world sees it in his face, reads it in his eyes, and almost hears its workings in the very silence of his thoughts. It has become his master. It betrays his discretion, it breaks down his courage, it conquers his prudence. When suspicions from without begin to embarrass him, and the net of circumstance to entangle him, the fatal secret struggles with still greater violence to burst forth. It must be confessed, it will be confessed; there is no refuge from confession but suicide, and suicide is confession." (Vol. VI., pp. 53-4.)

In a pleasant passage of Mr. Webster's last speech in Faneuil Hall to his neighbors and friends in Boston, Mr. Webster disclaimed the credit of being a man of letters in the literary sense of the term—"though," added he playfully, "I sometimes write a letter." It is true enough that the calls of public and professional life withdrew him from the systematic cultivation of literature; and he was accustomed to lament that the pressure of business had limited his studies to fragmentary portions of time. Technically and professionally speaking, Mr. Webster was not a scholar or a man of science: but where was there a scholar superior to him in all that makes the character of scholarship respectable and dignified? Not much of his life was spent "in the still air of delightful studies:" but, like Demostheres and Cicero, though his most strenuous labors were in the struggles of the Forum and Senate and Courts of Law, or under the heavy cares of diplomacy and the discussions of the Cabinet, yet in his leisure moments, snatched from these exhausting toils—*horis subsecivis*—he gathered the richest treasures of the best literature of the world; and his comprehensive mind was never alienated from the genial pursuits of science and letters. He was no stranger to the walks of ancient learning. His Historical Discourse showed how well he appreciated the great masters in that de-

partment of literature. With the Greek authors he was familiar chiefly in translations; but no man better understood the substance of their writings. The ethical and political wisdom of Aristotle and Cicero he had deeply studied. Cicero was one of the masters of eloquence and philosophy, over whose pages he delighted to linger, to the end of his life. He was very familiar with the subject-matter of the poems of Homer and the histories of Herodotus, Thucydides and Polybius; but, in a more special manner, the great Romans, Cicero, Virgil, Horace, Livy, Sallust and Tacitus, were his frequent companions, and constituted the solace and delight of his retirement, and of his leisure from official employment. He read their works not only with a profound understanding of their aim and scope, but with a delicate discrimination of their manner and style. With the best writers in English literature, his acquaintance was scholarly and critical. Shakspeare, Milton and Gray were household words: those who have heard his magnificent reading, and shared in his conversations upon them afterwards, will never forget how deeply he entered into the spirit of those illustrious authors, and with what rare felicity of judgment and exquisite delicacy of taste he discriminated the minutest shades of beauty, in the structure of their sentences, and the choice and arrangement of their words. This fine literary taste, the result of natural gifts disciplined by study, is seen in the freshness, vigor and incomparable beauty of his own style, in his published works; and what scholar, devoted to letters for life, ever wielded a more perfect and admirable style? and what author has made so many immortal contributions to our American Literature?

It has been asserted that Mr. Webster knew nothing of science. This only shows how rashly such assertions are hazarded, by persons who assume a proposition without evidence, and draw conclusions without logic. In a lecture delivered many years since before the Mechanics' Institute, in Boston, Mr. Webster exhibited a profound acquaintance with the laws of mechanical science. Whenever he was engaged in a law case that turned upon facts or principles of science, he never failed to master them. In his printed works, there are innumerable evidences that he had kept pace with the progress of modern discovery and invention. We have before stated, and now repeat, that he was familiar with the details and the results of

geology and physical geography. His tastes as a sportsman had led him to observe carefully the habits of the fishes of our streams and coasts: his knowledge of them, however, was not merely a sporting acquaintance, but had the minuteness and precision of scientific ichthyology. He had formed several literary plans, which he would have executed had he lived a few years longer: these we have already alluded to. The scholar who conversed with Mr. Webster, found him master of the highest results of scholarship, and keenly alive to literary beauty; a critic of unerring taste upon the language, structure and spirit both of poetry and prose; thoroughly furnished, if not with the minute details, yet with those comprehensive views and far-reaching ideas which belong to the highest order of minds in letters. The scientific man who conversed with Mr. Webster found that the broadest generalizations were familiar to him; and that his thoroughly trained mind saw and comprehended, with astonishing rapidity, all that he could communicate upon his own special topic of study. Mr. Webster's mind, indeed, grasped all truth, all knowledge; and his memory, unimpaired till death, kept with tenacious hold whatever had been laid up there. The rapid intuition by which he reached remote results and embraced the most comprehensive generalization, in any branch of learning, was astonishing. The keenness of his glance, the precision of his observation, the extraordinary manner in which he combined details with the broadest views, the fond affection of conscious and personal friendship with which he looked upon Nature, had the fortunes of his life directed him to the paths of science, would have made the study of nature a sphere of intellectual toil congenial to the vast scope of his mighty mind. He would have been the Cuvier or the Humboldt of America.

What was the secret of Mr. Webster's wonderful achievements? Doubtless, without rich natural endowments to begin with, they would never have been accomplished. There has not been in our day a mind of such compass, proportion, and strength. In physical constitution, Mr. Webster was, in a like degree, the favorite of Nature. The colossal grandeur of his head; the symmetry and vigor of his stalwart frame; the overpowering brilliancy of his eye; the depth and power of his voice; the natural majesty of his bearing, excited admiration and awe

wherever he appeared. He trod the earth like a god. His frown was terrible; but his smile was winning as the opening of a summer morning. His familiar conversation was rich, entertaining, and instructive, beyond that of any other man of his time. He told a story with inimitable dramatic effect, yet never lost his imposing dignity. No vulgar word, no ambiguous allusion, no scandalous anecdote, no sarcasm upon the absent, no cutting speech upon his bitterest enemies, ever broke the charm that held the listener a spell-bound thrall to the fascination of his talk.

But with all natural graces and endowments, these great achievements could never have been accomplished, without unshaken perseverance and unwearied industry. Mr. Webster wasted no fragments of time. To him the smallest particle was precious as golden sands and diamonds. He drew instruction, he disciplined his mind, from every source, and at every moment; from books, from experience, from life: the lore of sorrow and bereavement had touched and trained his heart—"knowledge by suffering entereth." Conversation with men, and communion with nature; the study of human wisdom, and the study of God's wisdom in the written Word, constantly strengthened his understanding, and chastened his affections. Born and brought up in the health-giving scenes of the country, he never forgot his rural tastes in the city throng, in the political strife, in the diplomatic circle. How racy and redolent of the soil are his letters to that "true man," John Taylor, who had charge of his Franklin farm! Like the giant of old, ever and anon he recruited his exhausted energies, by resting on the bosom of mother Earth. Agriculture, hunting, fishing, and the studies of nature which they induced, were the delights to which he retired in the intervals of public business; and these pleasures and pursuits kept alive the habits of manly activity in which his early life was passed. He was always an early riser, until his last illness made him a reluctant prisoner to his bed. Even in the crowded city, or at the Capitol,

"The breezy call of incense-breathing morn"

found him up and ready for the work of the day; and by the time other men were astir, he had done more than the day's work of a common man.

In this way, Mr. Webster made the most of life, and in three or four distinct pursuits

did more than many distinguished men have done in any one of them. He was conservative in his ideas and tendencies—but only conservative of good. He kept his mind open for the frank reception of new views, and all the real progress of the age. He had no fear of change and reform, provided change and reform were needed by the altered circumstances of the times. He was in mind, heart, and soul, thoroughly American, while fully sensible to the charms of European civilization; in every aspiration of his heart he was republican, while in lofty bearing he was more than equal to the crowned monarch. The haughtiest nobles of England did him reverence, when he visited that country.

Mr. Webster fulfilled the precept of Solon, "Grow old learning," *γῆραςκε διδασκόμενος*. In old age his mind had all the strength of his early manhood, with greater richness of accumulated knowledge, and more equable splendor. Retaining the habit which he formed at the commencement of his career of directly dealing with the realities of things, in his later compositions he clothed his conceptions with more of ideal beauty. His genius held, in the evening of his days, the fresh vigor of its morning prime. His capacity for labor, for mastering the complicated details of a great question, arranging them in lucid order, and applying to them the force of a logic more resistless than that of the schools, was still undiminished when, a few months ago, he argued an important case in the Supreme Court of New-Jersey. His style, always chaste and sometimes poetical, in his recent speeches and writings had acquired greater affluence and a more placid beauty. The ideal aspect of human life seemed to open more clearly to his serener vision, and the turmoil and dust of the worldly scene gradually withdrew, and lessened in the vanishing distances of the past. There was a rhythm, a golden poetical coloring, of which his earlier productions gave the prophecy but not the completion. His varied and constantly increasing acquirements, nothing of which was ever lost or forgotten, had been harmonized into forms of solid strength and classical beauty. It was the rich fruit of autumn embosomed in the glowing, many-colored foliage of the ripened year. It was the old story of Homer over again: the Iliad, the sun at his meridian height; the Odyssey, the same sun in the imperial splendors of his setting.

If we compare Mr. Webster with the great statesmen of antiquity, we shall find many points in common between him and Cicero and Demosthenes. He had, however, more force and originality than the former, and more varied culture than the latter. To our apprehension, he more resembled Demosthenes than any other modern orator. Demosthenes began his career in narrow circumstances; he nevertheless had the liberal education of a gentleman, but he had to earn his bread by addressing the understandings of common men—the Dicasts of the Athenian courts. He overcame the physical weakness of his youth by healthy exercises. He was profoundly versed in the law, and prepared himself by arguing civil cases for his great career as an orator and a statesman. One of his earliest triumphs was a *Defense of Vested Rights*, strikingly parallel to the Dartmouth College case. On more than one occasion he saved his countrymen, by his wisdom and eloquence, from a foreign war; he pronounced a eulogy upon those who had died in the service of their country. But the most splendid exhibitions of his genius were the great orations he delivered on *The Union of the Greeks*, in the conflicts with Philip, and his defense of his policy in the oration on the Crown, which Mr. Everett justly compares to the Reply to Hayne. He traversed the Grecian States, every where addressing admiring multitudes, and *Union, Union!* was the burthen of his majestic discourse. But enemies rallied against him. His private life was calumniated; he was charged with sensuality and licentiousness, with wasteful extravagance, with corruption and bribery, with having been bought by *Eastern gold*. But he answered his antagonists, and they vanished from the political stage. His days were sad-

dened by the death of a beloved daughter, but he forgot his private woes in the service of his country. At one moment, an inflamed public opinion banished him from the Bema, the scene of his fame; and, retiring to the sea-shore of the neighboring *Ægina*, he consoled himself by gazing over the blue waters. But his return was a triumph such as never had fallen to the lot of any man before. The whole population poured out to welcome him back, "not so much as a magistrate or priest staying behind." He died soon after, *having never been Archon of Athens*, though he had controlled its foreign policy for many years. Statues were raised to his memory; his character was vindicated from the aspersions of his enemies, who live in history only because the immortality of him they slandered has saved their names from oblivion. The purity of his conduct in the administration of public affairs, the ardor of his patriotism, the splendor of his genius, have been only the more conspicuous the more his life and works have been studied; for every word he ever spoke breathed a single-hearted devotion to the interests and glory of his country, and showed him to be a friend of virtue, of honor, and of public decency. His language was grand, yet simple, rich, solemn; not disdaining ornament, but never seeking it at the sacrifice of sense; sweet and stately, as well as forcible. His arrangement of topics was skilful, but natural, and the array of his arguments, in solid phalanx, was irresistible. It is one of the chiefest glories of republican Athens that her institutions produced such a man; it is a blot on the history of disunited Greece that she listened to his words, but forgot to act upon his counsels. May the parallel stop short of this crowning circumstance of ruin and disaster!

EDITORIAL NOTE.

We depart from our usual custom in mentioning the name of the author of the foregoing article. The circumstances of its preparation, however, warrant this deviation from Review etiquette.

Early in June of last summer, we wrote to Mr. Webster as follows:

"DEAR SIR:—We have been happy to receive the complete edition of your works and speeches, recently issued by Messrs. LITTLE & BROWN, under the supervision of Hon. EDWARD EVERETT. We are desirous of publishing such a review of these volumes in our Journal, as shall do justice to their author and themselves, and we would be much obliged to you, if you would name some individual to whom the preparation of the article may be intrusted.

"We hope to receive an answer as early as is consistent with your official labors, and with the correspondence upon which you may have to enter; and till then, we have the honor to remain,

"Yours with sincere respect,
"HON. DANIEL WEBSTER, U. S. Sec. of State, Washington.

The Editors of the American Whig Review.

"CHAMPION BISSELL, Publisher.

To this letter we received the following answer:

"WASHINGTON, June 15th, 1852.

"CHAMPION BISSELL, Esq., New-York:

"MY DEAR SIR:—I have received your note respecting the preparing of an article for the Review, and desiring me to name some individual, to whom application should be made on your note.

"I feel quite obliged to you for your civility, and I would propose the name of Professor FELTON of Cambridge, who, I am confident, would be pleased to undertake the work, and would perform it acceptably.

"Yours very truly,

DANIEL WEBSTER."

Professor Felton, it will be seen, re-arranged the article after Mr. Webster's death. Its completeness gives it additional value.

THE FOREIGN POLICY OF THE INCOMING ADMINISTRATION.

It appears that Presidents are no longer elected by the people for their personal merits and executive talent, but because they are supposed to represent a certain body of principles. Or rather, in the present instance, because they are supposed to represent nothing in particular, but will easily give way to the prevailing impulse. Senator Pierce has been elected by the people; he was selected by the Baltimore Convention: it was consequently the Convention which received the vote of the people—the Convention, and not the candidate. We have elected a *dernier ressort*. It is an epoch—a political revolution. From Washington to Pierce, less and less of the man, and more of the office, in regular gradation. Let us always bear this in mind.

We ought to know, if possible, what principles are to govern the action of the incoming administration: unfortunately we do not know; we are reduced to a conjecture; we are in the situation of the President elect.

It is reasonable, however, to suppose that the nominating, will also be the guiding and controlling influence; that if the people have elected the Convention, they have elected their principles and purposes. The Convention was a composite body; it consisted of three factions, each more or less antagonizing the other two; united by a very vague and unsettled resolution of the common interest; their principle of union not correctly known even to themselves, and yet sufficiently efficacious.

Of the three powers which compose the Convention, we perceive one, emanating from the South, into which the two others flowed, and with which they are blended; and this is the expansive power of the slaveholding interest, from which arises the Democratic policy of the United States.

The two antagonizing principles are not indeed less expansive in their character, but they are impelled by less ardent motives, and are consequently absorbed and directed by the influence of the propagandists of the South. We conjecture that the policy of the incoming Executive will be in a line formed by the resolution of these three powers; the impetus and momentum of its policy coming

from the South, and the influence of the Northern powers felt only after a lapse of time, when Southern aims have begun to be accomplished.

When we speak of the two Northern branches of the Democratic party, the reader will understand us to mean the foreign, or emigrant influence, which is least of the three, and the Western, represented at present by General Cass. For the present, let us name only one characteristic of each of these two branches, namely: the spirit of internal improvement which actuates the Western Democratic party, and for which they have our sympathy and respect, and the readiness to interfere in foreign affairs, which, more or less, infects our newly naturalized citizens, and their immediate descendants, for which we have at all times manifested a very partial and guarded enthusiasm; giving all praise to the good intention and patriotic desire, and to nothing more.

If we can fairly estimate the intentions of the enemy, who have now the advantage of position, and have gained a rising ground, our own movements in opposition will, of necessity, follow theirs; we can only observe their motions, and follow them as we may, with time and patience to be our friends. Knowing their principles, we should be able to predict their policy; it will doubtless be a modification of the policy which, by a reaction in the popular mind, enabled us to elect General Taylor. It is proved that military popularity alone, even when united with the highest civil and diplomatic qualities, will not elect a President. We have made our very last experiment in that line; henceforth we shall be compelled to rely upon our principles, and see what they will do for us. Consequently it appears, the election of General Taylor was an affair of principle, and not the fruit of military reputation; that election was the result of a reaction against the policy of the Democratic party, at that period emanating exclusively from the South. The expansive power of the slave propagandists, a body entirely distinct from the conservative slaveholders of the South, elected Polk and Dallas, and the result was the forcible annexation of Texas, and the war

with Mexico. Toward the close of the war a reaction began in the North and South simultaneously. The effects of this reaction were felt first in the efforts to terminate the war, in the extreme popularity and power suddenly awarded to its opponents, and the general officers who brought it to a conclusion; finally by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, which abrogated the principle of conquest, and indemnified Mexico to some extent for the loss of her territory. A continuance of the same reaction elected General Taylor to the Presidency, and gave the Free-soil party of the North a certain doubtful and limited influence in his cabinet. While this influence continued, holding itself strictly within the bounds of the Constitution, and eschewing all violations of State rights, the administration was supported by a vast majority of the people. The death of General Taylor suddenly reversed the policy of the administration, and the popular tide began again to turn.

The great victory achieved by the measures of compromise, by which the State of California was admitted to the Union, with a protest against the extension of slavery, and by which the rights of the South were on all sides limited, and at the same time protected and established within their proper limits, may be regarded as the concluding stage and last scene of the reaction. The compromise measures were carried by the votes and influence, for the most part, of Northern men and Whigs; and the great leader and representative of the Whig party was the originator and principal defender. His death, and that of Mr. Webster, seems to be the conclusion of a cycle. Democracy commences anew with its peculiar expansive policy; the Whigs are again thrown into opposition; a new war has begun. It will pass in all probability through a series of changes, alternating victory and defeat, and terminating again, as heretofore, in the election of a President, whose executive policy will antagonize the expansive energy of the Northern and Southern aggressionists and interventionists.

The most significant fact in connection with the late political revolution, is the one to which we have already alluded, that Presidents are no longer elected by the people for their personal merit and executive talent, but for a contrary reason, that they are supposed to have no fixed opinions, and will constitute themselves the mere executive of

the popular will. The head of the nation is to be an official, not a leader; a sort of head clerk and constable, to sign papers and execute orders. We ought to know, if possible, why this revolution in regard to men has taken place. The people have laid aside all the acquired reputations, both civil and military. Mr. Webster, Mr. Clay, Calhoun, Scott, Cass, Buchanan, Van Buren, and others of equal merit and ability, these names have not been rejected by the people because of any supposed deficiency of talent in the main; nor was it for want of an extended knowledge of the candidates, their names being known in every part of the Union, and their acts a theme of comment for the last twenty years. The respectability, the dignity and authority of these gray-haired veterans; their civil, as well as their military and diplomatic talent, is justly ascribed to each, and the opinion truly entertained and generally expressed among the people that any one of them would have made an excellent President. Men of far inferior ability to General Cass and General Scott, though some were better tacticians, and others better orators, have filled the office of President.

To know why it is that two thirds of the American people have appointed a gentleman whom they do not know, and who has held hitherto only a respectable position as a lawyer and political strategist, to fill the executive office of the empire, it is necessary to make a general review of the state of parties previous to the election. From this review we may also perhaps gather an approximate opinion of the course that will be taken by the people and by politicians during the coming four years. The election of Senator Pierce has been attributed by some to the machinations of a powerful combination of office seekers. Had General Scott or General Cass been elected in his place, or any one of the distinguished leaders of either party, the charge might have been made with some appearance of reason to sustain it; but when it is recollected that the name of Senator Pierce was sprung upon the Convention, three or four men holding influence in New-Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Virginia, having contrived the rejection of the other candidates and the substitution of their own, the idea of a general combination of office-seekers in favor of a particular name falls quite to the ground.

In searching for the causes of the late

political revolution, we are happily relieved from the disagreeable necessity of classing among them the personal weaknesses and defects of popular candidates. It certainly was not a want of respect for the character of Henry Clay or of Mr. Cass which prevented their election. Enemies they had in abundance, but none who did not respect their abilities; nor were the personal peculiarities of our military leaders the cause of their rejection by convention managers, at first, or by the people afterwards. Generals Scott and Taylor had each their personal peculiarities, which endeared them to some, as much as they impaired their influence with others. We may congratulate ourselves that we are relieved from the necessity of invidious comparison and recrimination. The same men who rejected General Scott as a candidate for the Presidency stand ready to confer the highest honors upon him as a representative of the military glory of the country.

Finding then at last that the office of President is no longer the reward of merit, is it not a waste of time to expend ourselves in expressions of regret and discontent? The revolution has taken place; perhaps we are to blame for failing to anticipate it; but we should be much more to blame if we suffered ourselves to be disheartened and overcome by it. New circumstances and necessities require new modes of action; new and more philosophical principles of organization; a more vigorous and independent opposition. As we are no longer in power, we are able to indulge ourselves more freely, and use with less timidity the means of popularity and persuasion. We can appeal with perfect safety to principles and motives in the popular mind which men in power dare not trust themselves to sympathize with. The late revolution in our political system has not only thrown out of power and into opposition the supporters of the American system, as it is called, of Mr. Clay, it has brought into power the antagonists of that system, whose general policy, both foreign and domestic, is in the highest degree dangerous to human liberty and adverse to the future glory and prosperity of republics. The extension of negro slavery over all the southern and southwestern territories of the Republic, and over Mexico, may be regarded as the leading measure of the party elect. To these they add the an-

nexation of Cuba to the United States either by purchase or by force of arms, they care not which.

We have the whole of this to oppose; all that it is, and all that it promises to be, as well for the sake of the Southern upholders of the American system as for those of the North. We must accomplish the limitation of slavery according to the original intention of Washington and Jefferson, and the people whom they represented. We must return to the first principles of the Declaration and the Constitution. If we cannot accomplish this great purpose by the popularity of one man, let us achieve it by our own intelligence and vigor. We are the young men; all that is to be done for the future is to be done by us, and through our energy and confidence. We must organize ourselves upon principles as liberal and all-embracing as the air of heaven; trusting no longer to reputations or the influence of individuals.

When we say these things, we intimate that they have not been said until now. We make it our boast that we are the first to say them. We are rather encouraged than disgusted with our apparent defeat, which, though seemingly a retrogression and a failure, will by and by appear to be a movement forward to victory.

While searching for the causes of defeat, we are at the same time pointing out the steps toward success: while examining the causes of our present disorganization, we discover the means of future and more powerful organization; we discover principles lying under the surface of the recent political movements which convince us that our overthrow is but a friendly warning.

The nation will not be used by old men nor by young ones; it will not give way to enthusiasts, and very readily laughs at the timid and the overwise. Like the Jews, we are a peculiar people; very practical, rather youthful than aged; inclining much more strongly to enterprise, and resting more upon hope and the promises of a glorious future, than the wise heads of the world are able to conceive of us. An American who is not a sovereign in his own thoughts is nothing. Save the One Teacher of men, the Son of God, it is impossible for him to entertain the idea of a legitimate superior. Advice he prizes at its just value; and in his development there is more of pride and will than

of veneration. He conceives himself to be the heir of all the future; not only of its wealth, but of its power and its glory. At the same time he confides in his institutions, and reposes much upon the good faith and the activity of those whom he appoints to manage for the nonce—his agency government, his Republic.

Critically considered, he is too confident in them and in himself; and when they fail to execute his will, the numbers that represent his respect for them drop down to a very low figure. In the language of the market, great men are at a discount.

We have to charge another fault upon the American, that he gazes in a somewhat owlish fashion, as if he were a countryman, brought up on the prairies, upon the acts and figurations of the foreign powers; conscious of his own irresistible strength, he reposes upon it until he is positively in danger: he is too proud to anticipate defeat or danger, hence he is frequently in difficulty, and to put things to rights he is obliged to shake himself so violently, and make so huge a commotion in rectifying the errors of the past, mischiefs are accomplished which fully revenge the unwarrantable delay. He has suffered his American system to be run down, demoralized, and made unpopular, by the influence of foreigners; he has neglected to associate this system with other political issues, such as the limitation of slavery within its constitutional bounds, and the lines drawn around it by the inviolable compromises, issues which belong to it and arise out of the same doctrine; so that now he finds himself paralyzed by the operation of intermediate factions, who seize one or other of the great system of measures, and carry it so far beyond the bounds of law and of propriety, as to make themselves and their doctrines a stumbling-block instead of an aid and promoter. This neglect has been followed by its proper fruits—the defeat of the American party; and worse than defeat, its disorganization. The extreme factions have demoralized the entire body of his policy.

But we are continually departing from the first object of our inquiry, which was to learn why the old party of the so-called Conservative Whigs has suffered a defeat amounting to a revolution. Is it because, through their extreme anxiety to deserve the favor of the masses, they have done more and sworn

to more than was expected of them? Was it absolutely necessary for Whigs to sink the entire system of their principles, and rely for popularity on the military reputation of a man whose life has represented the honor and the military skill, but by no means the political wisdom of the American party? Was it necessary for them to promise and even to swear by their gray hairs that they would no longer oppose themselves to aggrandizement, because of that extreme and virtuous love of peace, and that horror of the irregularities and immoralities of party, which they have been so eager to display? Did caution without force, and legitimacy without favor, ever make a great man President of a Republic? Was it necessary to be more timid in '52 than in '47? Has the imperial usurpation of Louis Napoleon struck a damp into the heart of American, as well as into that of European Republicans?

Has the reader begun to anticipate from these hints and inuendoes what we intend by a policy of reorganization? Let us suppose that the young men, the supporters of the American system of Henry Clay, and of all that belongs to it, and those who understood and appreciated the spirited foreign policy and diplomacy of Gen. Taylor and his Cabinet, were to set down once for all, and with united minds, a firm foot against the annexation of Cuba; not because they do not favor the extension of Republican institutions, but because they are resolved that the inviolable compromises which have struck a true balance of power between the North and South, shall not be made a step towards the destruction of the true balance of power, and of the industry and independence of both sections. We confess an eager curiosity to learn in what spirit they will receive this our intimation of what seems to us to be necessary towards a reorganization of the American party, and a maintenance of the just influence of each section. Not many years have passed since the party formerly called Whig and Conservative, showed an unbroken front against the annexation of Texas and the conquest and subjugation of Mexico. At the conclusion of the war they found themselves not only victorious in the Senate, and the general field of the elections; a series of victories, called the compromises, followed after these. The conquest principle, cherished by the Democracy of the South, as the fundamental law of Southern policy, was ab-

rogated by the treaty of Guadalupe Hidalgo, which remunerated Mexico for her losses during the war. The purchase of California and New-Mexico, from a nation conquered and almost subjugated, was a full and perfect defense of Republicanism and the rights of nations. California came into the Union a free State, protesting against the introduction of slaves. Oregon and New-Mexico protested, and their protest was allowed: the principles of the Constitution triumphed in the compromises, and the balance of power was suddenly restored.

Historical studies are profitable only when we are able to glean from them a principle of conduct for the present and the future.

It was necessary to concede to the South the right of reclaiming their fugitive slaves; while the present Constitution of the Union stands, they will enjoy that right and must be protected in it.

It does not follow, however, that a powerful slaveholding State, like Cuba, should be unconditionally admitted as one of the sovereignties. We have not bargained for that. While the leaders of the Whig party have been engaged in carrying out the spirit and letter of the compromises, and especially of the Fugitive Slave law, their popularity in the North has declined. No opportunity has been afforded them of evincing their attachment to the American system. The people have forgotten that they are the legitimate defenders of that system: they have cultivated peace and union to their own cost: at home they have rendered eminent service to the nation, while they have made their own re-election impossible; for it is not by defending sectional interests as such, or by temporizing with Birmingham and Manchester, that Northern leaders of the American party might hope to secure the election of their candidate.

Notwithstanding all the protestations of the friends of General Scott, and of the Whig leaders in general, that their intentions toward the Constitution were perfectly honorable, the party betrayed an unmistakable disposition to defeat itself long before the coming on of the election. There seemed to be no reason why the Whigs should not be continued in power; and yet the majority of them seemed to have no expectation of any thing half so fortunate. It is certain that a considerable number of voters who had previously ranked them-

selves with the American party of Mr Clay, cast their suffrages for Pierce and King. They declared that, however firm their own attachment might be to the American system of internal improvements, they were dissatisfied with their own party; they hardly knew why. Various reasons were assigned by the disaffected for taking this course; some, because they feared, I know not what intentions on the part of General Scott and his supporters, to violate the compromises; but the number of these was few. Others, because the Whig party had busied itself too much in favor of the Fugitive Slave Law; and strange to say, great numbers of these also voted for the Democratic candidates—one a Southern slaveholder, the other an avowed supporter of the compromises and of the slave system in general. Others were led astray by the absurd Galphin cry, and fancied corruption in the Cabinet. No person's honesty seems to have been suspected; but Whig leaders are required to be fortunate as well as to be immaculate; which is the cruel necessity of gods and heroes alone. The Americus letter, so called, and attributed to General Scott, threw off the entire foreign vote. These are a few only of a series of accidents, misfortunes and mistakes which have destroyed the popularity of the Whig leaders, and for which they have only the consolation of saying that they could not help it. Above all, the disaffection of the friends of Mr. Webster may be counted as a circumstance which threw a damp over the entire party, from Maine to Florida. Mr. Webster was formerly a Free-soiler, so called; that is to say, he defended the principle, if not the practice, of the Wilmot Proviso, and was opposed in general to the extension of slavery. His subsequent conduct seems to have been dictated by a desire to recover the position which belonged to him in the South. He gave a practical value and efficacy, by his decisions and speeches, to the Fugitive Slave Law: in doing this, notwithstanding all that has been said against him by the Boston Abolitionists, he did no more than was politic and right, not only for himself, but for the country; and if his conduct achieved for him a Southern reputation, let it be so; there is neither wrong in his behavior nor mischief in its results, but on all sides the highest benefit. The victory of American liberalism is not to be

achieved by violations of the compromises, or of the Constitution, or of State sovereignty. Our rights and duties do not extend to the modification or the destruction of slavery; the business of each of the States is to legislate for its own people, and not for its neighbor States. Let us adhere always to the principle of democratic equality, not only among citizens where we have the power to enforce it, but among States where it is enforced by the Constitution.

It is useless to deny, however, that other causes have operated unfavorably for the popularity of the Whig leaders. The Americans, though they are a peaceable, are at the same time, a jealous and sensitive people. The Administration have been reduced to the painful alternative either of assuming a hostile attitude toward Spain and England, in regard to Mexico and Nicaragua, and the Northern Fisheries, to please the more irritable part of the Northern population, or to sacrifice their own popularity by adhering to a policy of conciliation. Many thousands of irascible citizens cast their vote for the Democratic candidate, because they imagined that Mr. Pierce and his friends will assume a high republican attitude toward England and Spain. We expect them to be grievously disappointed in that particular. Southern Democracy would sooner put out its right eye, or throw its purse into the sea, than to open armed negotiations with Great Britain, under any pretext whatever. The annexation of Cuba is not to be accomplished by arms; and if Cuba is to be conceded to us by England, there will be a bargain and a sacrifice somewhere. The liberal party in America will of course set their faces against all bargains and sacrifices of whatever kind: they are no longer in power; it is not necessary for them to suppress their principles, or their opinions; they have nothing to fear; but they have much to hope. They may grieve over the inauspicious circumstances of the party during the last two years, but they will not withdraw their confidence from their own leaders because they have been in straits and have suffered an unmerited defeat.

One generation of public men having passed away, power and office must fall into the hands of a younger generation. The young men of the nation will effect a reorganization of the liberal party, with new issues and new arguments to sustain the old ones. The de-

mise of two powerful leaders representing the Southern and Eastern divisions of the Party, has destroyed the prestige of that powerful organization which for twenty-five years successfully opposed the encroachments of Southern Locofocoism. Notwithstanding the natural regret at our defeat, we do not regret that we have been taught that it is our duty and our safety much more to represent principles than candidates. Our two great orators are dead. Henry Clay, just previous to his death, reestablished the confidence of the people in their own nationality. It was the function of the venerable statesman to perform the service of a peacemaker and pacificator. The glory that belongs to such an act attends him through all time; but the act itself is accomplished: the compromises and the Union are reestablished. The liberties of every State are confirmed upon the ancient basis. There let them stand. The men of this generation and of the next will revere and protect them. The last acts of the life of Mr. Webster were not less meritorious and conducive to the preservation of the Union. He too obtained the name of a peacemaker, and retains it, after his death, with full honors.

The nominee of a convention may suffer defeat; principles and measures remain unchanged. As for ourselves, we continue, as heretofore, to maintain what we think the best side and the best idea. We base our prosperity in the approbation of our friends, and not in the success or failure of temporary measures or political ruses.

Upon the whole, we see no reason to lose our temper or fall out of humor with ourselves or our friends. There is a time for every thing, and the present period seems to be an excellent opportunity for meditation. We are not called upon to exercise any vehement passions, and have a valuable leisure given to us to refresh our memories with the fortunes of the past. Out of these and a careful review of the field, we shall doubtless find abundant motives for confidence in ourselves and in the future. Every separate error and misadventure, the united force of which have occasioned the defeat of the party, have been regularly and fully predicted and set forth at large in this journal. In conclusion, we may remark that we have never witnessed a political defeat which seemed to give less satisfaction to the defeaters and less uneasiness to the defeated. If it is true, as some intelligent persons have

asserted, that not less than 50,000 Whig voters cast their suffrages for Pierce and King, it will be a dear-bought and transient victory for the Democrats, and they will find themselves stopped in mid career if they attempt to carry out to its full extent the anti-American policy which they threaten to inflict upon the country.

MORMONISM IN ILLINOIS.

THE Anti-Mormons had supposed that all difficulty with their adversaries would necessarily cease with the death of their prophet and dictator. They believed that Smith was the soul of their organization, and that after he should perish the fanatics would be compelled to disband their forces, and find a refuge in some locality where their religion would be viewed with less suspicion, and where they would be less annoyed with persecution. In this conclusion the Anti-Mormons were altogether mistaken. True, there was a short and rather fierce struggle between the various factions in Nauvoo, headed by Brigham Young and Sidney Rigdon, in which, however, the brutal energy of Brigham triumphed over the more acute and intellectual resources of Rigdon, who was compelled to fly from the city of the saints to avoid the vengeance of his triumphant rival.

Brigham coolly seated himself on the throne of the prophet, and by his vigorous rule crushed all disaffections; for a year the voice of discord was hushed, and all inquiry into the official acts of the dictator was stifled. At the end of that period, in the autumn of 1845, a blow was struck at Mormonism in Illinois more disastrous and terrible than any which had previously been inflicted, and which involved in its consequences the final and complete banishment of fanaticism from the State. The Mormons had established in the surrounding country a number of flourishing settlements. These were attacked by the Anti-Mormons; houses were burned and farms desolated. So sudden were the movements of the insurgents, that near one hundred houses were destroyed before resistance could be organized. The sheriff of the county, a zealous friend of the Mormons, eventually marched a strong Mormon force from Nauvoo into the infected district, and

dispersed the rioters. He discharged his duty with the most unjustifiable violence. Several lives were lost in his conflicts with the Anti-Mormons, who, in their turn, appealed to the Governor for protection. Upon their application a force was raised under the proclamation of the Executive, numbering near one thousand men, which was placed under the command of General Hardin, who subsequently perished so gloriously at Buena Vista. This force was immediately marched to Nauvoo. Through the mediation and influence of General Hardin, the belligerent parties were brought to terms of accommodation; a treaty was agreed upon, by which the Mormons obligated themselves to remove from the State of Illinois early the following spring. It was agreed by the Anti-Mormons that they should cease from their hostile movements, and in all lawful ways assist the Mormons in the sale of their property. This agreement was ratified by the whole Mormon population, assembled "en masse" for that purpose, who resolved that the Church should march into the wilds of California, beyond the limits and jurisdiction of the United States.

The year of "forty-six" witnessed a scene at Nauvoo as novel and curious as has ever been exhibited in modern times. It witnessed the desertion of home, of civilization, and the protection of the law, by the Mormons, for the peaceful enjoyment of a false and licentious creed. Early in the spring of that year, they commenced in good earnest their preparations for their long and toilsome march to the far West. The bulk of their real estate had already been bartered away to the huckstering gentiles, in exchange for cattle and wagons, which were to carry them to the land of promise. The residue of their lands and houses which were yet unsold were still in the market at reduced prices, and their owners, intent on emigration,

were leaving no expedient untried to effect an exchange for an available outfit for the wilderness. The public houses of the city were crowded with a multitude of visitors from all portions of the West, attracted to the spot by the cheapness of the property now offered for sale. The sharp and wary dealer in real estate, weighing well his chances before he made an investment in "Mormon lots;" the dealer in dry goods, with a meagre and unsalable collection of the fragments of what had once no doubt been a respectable stock in trade; the professional gambler, with his pack of marked cards his only capital, awaiting with commendable patience his opportunity to pluck some unguarded countrymen, were all congregated together in some close bar-room, insufferable from the fumes of whiskey and tobacco, or were bustling through the streets, striving for the attainment of the various objects of their pursuit.

The Mormon authorities had already shifted the scene of their impostures to the wilderness west of Iowa. There the impostor Brigham had planted his standard, around which had already clustered more than five thousand tried and true friends, who with him had escaped from the fiery persecution of the vindictive gentiles, to breathe the free air of the wild prairie, and enjoy without restraint the unlicensed indulgence of their debasing faith. There on the silent bosom of the wilderness, which had not yet submitted to the conquering march of American enterprise and civilization, did the fanatic pause in his endless journey.

It was indeed necessary that every effort should be made to hasten their departure from Nauvoo. The Anti-Mormons had construed their treaty to read that the Mormons were bound by their contract to leave the State by the first of May at all hazards, and that unless the whole of them should be removed against that time, they should be removed by force of arms. Although the Mormons objected strenuously to this construction of their contract, they abated none of their effort to make good their retreat beyond the reach of their enemies.

The first of May was now approaching; and the Governor, under the belief that the Mormons were quietly carrying out the stipulations of their treaty, and that the Anti-Mormons, well satisfied with their efforts,

had no disposition to create any further disturbances, caused the withdrawal and disbanding of the volunteer company stationed at Nauvoo. The Anti-Mormons, however, were far from being satisfied. They had been so often deceived by the false representations and pretenses of the proscribed sect, and had so long looked upon all their acts with suspicion and mistrust, that it was impossible now to satisfy their jealous watchfulness. If it were true, as they were informed from time to time, that the Mormons were leaving Nauvoo in such vast numbers, they were apt to inquire why it was that the population was so little reduced. They were led to believe that the intention of the Mormons to emigrate was not so general as had been represented. Brigham had informed the masses, in the name of the Lord, that the saints should never again have seed-time or harvest in the land of the gentiles; yet despite of this prophetic mandate, and amid all the hurry of preparation and departure, the Anti-Mormons were able to perceive that quite a number of the Mormons were engaged in planting crops which would not mature until long after the stipulated time for their departure. Another phase of deception now developed itself amongst the Mormons. Many of those who had emigrated to Nauvoo and purchased property apparently in good faith, on inquiry were ascertained to be Mormons, and were equally obnoxious with the original residents to the wary and ever vigilant Anti-Mormons. In fact, they began to conclude that a large part of the population which had purchased in Nauvoo were the followers of the prophet in disguise, and that a new population of Mormons was to be forced upon them in spite of all their caution.

The Governor, immediately after the "Quincy Riflemen" were disbanded, authorized Major Warren to retain ten men, not so much however to quell the insurrectionary movements in the country, as to act as a committee of vigilance, and report through the newspapers the progress the Mormons were making in effecting their removal.

These reports were made from time to time, and apparently produced a pacific effect. It gave many in the surrounding country confidence in the good faith of the Mormons, in consequence of which emigration commenced flowing into Nauvoo, and every thing tended to a state of permanent peace.

In the mean time, about the first of June, a general mass meeting of the Anti-Mormons was called at Carthage, for the purpose of making arrangements for the celebration of the ensuing fourth of July. In this meeting it was urged that they could not consistently celebrate a day which presupposed their independence as long as the Mormons remained as a foil on their liberty; that the preliminary step to be taken was to expel the Mormons, whose strength, now much reduced by emigration, would readily yield to a comparatively small force. This idea was caught up with avidity; and a few days witnessed the assemblage of an army, regularly appointed and officered, at Golden's Point, in the neighborhood of Nauvoo. The more reckless of the Anti-Mormons, anxious for the conflict, poured into the encampment with such arms and equipments as they could readily lay their hands upon.

The Mormons were well informed of these hostile demonstrations. Many of them hastened their preparation for their departure; others precipitately abandoned their homes without preparation—destitute of provisions and all the necessary comforts of a long and perilous journey. Others, less terrified and more determined, resolved to defend themselves. The new citizens who had settled in Nauvoo, by the invitation of Mormons and Anti-Mormons, regarded themselves as no party to their quarrels. Their true policy was to remain neutral by a refusal to participate in these lawless proceedings, the merits of which it was impossible for them to understand. This policy the Mormons determined they should not adopt, and to change their resolution, representations were made to them that the crusade against Mormonism was nothing less than a destructive blow aimed at Nauvoo; that the intention of the Anti-Mormons was to desolate the city. The massive Temple, which was now completed, and which was reared by such a vast expenditure of labor and money—an original model of a new and magnificent order of architecture—the only ornament and attraction of the city, was to be undermined and blown to atoms by the Goths and Vandals now assembled in force. The city itself, which had changed hands and was now the property of the new citizens, was to be reduced to ashes by the incendiary band of mobbers.

The new settlers, believing these representations to be true, were scarcely less alarmed

than the Mormons, and many of them were equally resolved to resist the contemplated invasion of their property. But, notwithstanding their prejudices had been excited by the Mormons against the expedition which was now encamped at Point Golden, they thought it prudent to consult with the Anti-Mormons themselves, relative to their intentions with regard to Nauvoo. Accordingly, at a general mass meeting, which was composed exclusively of new citizens, or rather which was intended to be so, a delegation was appointed to confer with the hostile force, and, if possible, by peaceful measures adjust their increasing difficulties. But in the selection of the delegation, they were as usual imposed upon by the specious cunning of the Mormons; at least two of the delegation of five were at the time Mormons. One of them, William Pickett, who had lately removed from Alabama, a broken-down lawyer, who had found it unsafe to remain longer in the South, had united his destiny with Mormonism, and pursued its opponents with the blind and revengeful fury characteristic of the North American savage. Although baptized in the faith, he had not openly acknowledged his connection with it. No one of the new citizens had even the slightest intimation of his religious faith, and in fact it was on account of his supposed opposition to the fanatics that he was appointed a delegate. Israel Clap, the other Mormon delegate, had recently removed from Iowa, and his Mormonism was a secret to all but the faithful.

These delegates immediately after their appointment visited the Anti-Mormon force encamped at Point Golden. They found this army, to the number of three or four hundred, safely lying in a thicket, through which a sluggish and filthy stream struggled in vain to find an outlet for its stagnant waters. This stream had never before been used for any purpose of practical utility, unless by the swine of the neighborhood which had occasionally regaled themselves with a refreshing wallow in its turbid waters. The patriotic army had taken possession of this stream and the "slashes" around it, and placed their sentinels and planted their cannon to guard against surprise. The encampment was surrounded on all sides by a thicket of undergrowth so dense and impenetrable, that their whole force was rendered invisible to the eyes of their vigilant enemies.

The Nauvoo delegates were courteously received by the Anti-Mormon Generals, Colonels and Majors, (the whole force appeared to possess exalted rank,) and as new citizens opposed to Mormonism were welcomed to their head-quarters. There was necessarily no difficulty between the Anti-Mormon encampment and the new citizen delegates. It was the interest of both parties that the Mormons should remove. The delegates however believed and represented that the fanatics, now reduced to a mere fragment of their original force, had ceased to be formidable; that the few who remained did so from their inability to procure the necessary outfit for their journey; that in spite of their destitution they were leaving Nauvoo as fast as the ferry boats could carry them away; that hundreds had already left without means, and their families were now encamped in the open prairies, without a common tent cloth for a covering, awaiting their opportunity to exchange their real estate for available funds for their journey. This was thought by the delegates to be sufficient to satisfy the most zealous and uncompromising Anti-Mormon. The Anti-Mormons expressed their willingness to disband their forces if they could have a satisfactory assurance that the Mormons would still continue their preparation for their departure; and to fully assure themselves that such was the fact, they proposed that one of their number should be stationed at Nauvoo, who should be protected by the new citizens, and who should daily report the movements of the Mormons—their preparations and the number of the departures and arrivals. To this the new citizen delegates made no objection. There was a disposition on the part of each of the contracting powers to avoid any rupture, and if possible by mutual concessions to form a friendly alliance. In this spirit speeches were made by the representatives of each, expressive of a desire to harmonize whatever causes of disagreement might exist between them. The parties manifested the utmost good feeling towards each other, and separated with mutual pledges of fidelity.

In the mean time the utmost terror and excitement reigned in Nauvoo. The citizens had contrived to inform themselves of the designs, the force and equipments of the Anti-Mormon encampment, by means of spies who daily and almost hourly visited it. The Mormons were now without a

leader to direct their movements in the threatening crisis. The twelve apostles, their high council, and every person high in authority, were now clustered around the standard of Brigham, and the saints were left like sheep without a shepherd. They were destitute of a leader. No one could be found on whom the consecrating hands of the deceased prophet had been laid, or who had been set apart to lead the hosts of Israel to battle. And when was fanaticism like theirs ever decided, unwavering, or successful, unless its devotees were controlled by the authoritative dictation of some master-spirit, to whom the blind submissive masses had conceded the unquestioned right to command? Destitute as they were of such a leader, deprived of the supernatural endowments of an inspired priesthood, in which they so implicitly and blindly trusted, indecision and fearful apprehension marked all their councils. A general panic communicated itself to all classes. The wretched, spiritless and terrified Mormons abandoned homes and property, and fled in confusion from the doomed city, without subsistence for a single day. But fortunately, on the very day on which the new citizens had dispatched their delegates to confer with their enemies, Sheriff Backenstos, the tried friend, the sworn clansman of the fanatics, arrived at the city of the saints. His presence at once dissipated their despondency, and fired their hearts with hope and courage.

The first act of this official was to issue an authoritative and pompous proclamation, commanding every able-bodied man to rally under his law-and-order banner, and denouncing the Anti-Mormons as lawless banditti, assembled for the purpose of plundering the weak and defenseless. This proclamation was without any delay widely circulated; and wherever it was read it diffused enthusiasm and courage among the Mormons. The retreating fugitives, who in the hour of panic had precipitately fled the State, no sooner learned that Backenstos had arrived than they recrossed the river, to march under his leadership to attack the enemy. The streets were crowded by the Mormons, who were preparing their arms for the anticipated battle.

All hesitation and every indication of cowardice had vanished from the wavering fanatics. When the delegates returned from Point Golden, the streets were enlivened by

crowds of armed men hastening to some point in the city, where their enthusiasm was to be still further aroused by the stirring eloquence of the martial sheriff and the no less martial priesthood. All ages and classes appeared animated and infuriated by an unappeased desire for vengeance. There might be seen the aged saint of threescore years and ten, with tottering and decrepit footsteps, hastening to the point of concentration, his eye grown dim with age now flashing with the fires of intense malignity, his lips compressed with determined resolution to die for his religion, and his feeble and attenuated body trembling under the weight of arms and years. By his side might be seen the white-haired urchin, the mere child, with all his boyish enthusiasm aroused by the stirring occasion, mingling with his excited seniors with as lofty a heroism as the bravest. And there too might have been seen a "true knight of the new temple," mounted, it's true, on a rather jaded and indifferent war-horse, which had been taken from the plough-tail for the occasion; but badly as he may have been mounted, he was none the less a hero and knight. He bore about his person arms and equipments enough to have well nigh furnished a company of the military with approved weapons. A heavy sword dangled conspicuously on his left side. On his other side was suspended a huge bowie knife which would have wearied Hercules to wield. His waist was encircled by a belt crowded with revolvers, and two enormous rifle-barrelled pistols protruded from his holsters. The fatal rifle was strapped across the hero's shoulders. As he surveys his manifold weapons, in the pride of his exultation he applies the spur to the flank of his worn and jaded charger, and shouts the battle cry of all the saints. The startling cry was taken up by his comrades and communicated to all the stragglers in the streets, until one wild universal shout of maddening fury arose from every part of the city. The fierce knight, still more excited by the answering shouts of his partisans, urged his war-horse into something like a half gallop, and disappeared in the direction of "the field of Mars."

The place to which the Mormons were hastening was a large plat of unimproved ground, in front of a little rough stone building, designated by the saints as the arsenal. This same little building has been degraded by the more peacefully inclined gentiles into

a blacksmith shop, in which humble capacity it has done good service for the last three years. A promiscuous assemblage of near a thousand persons was collected in the open space; some on horseback others on foot, all armed to the teeth and highly excited. The whole crowd appeared to rave with insane fury. Shout after shout arose from the multitude, and was reëchoed by the distant hills. Prayers for divine vengeance were invoked by the fanatical priesthood on the heads of their enemies, and their devotions were mingled with threats, imprecations, oaths and blasphemies.

After the saints had shouted, prayed, and cursed until they grew hoarse, it was announced that the "Bull of Bashan" would address the saints then present. It must not, however, be supposed that a genuine *bona fide* "Durham" was to claim the attention of the saintly auditory. On the contrary, the worthy introduced under the singular and somewhat startling title was a Mormon priest of high standing, and still claiming affinity with humanity. It must be understood that the Mormons applied to each other, and particularly to their superiors, mystic appellations significant of the virtues and mental qualities for which they were distinguished. One, who had been unusually successful in the propagation of their religion, was designated the "Fruitful Vine." One, whose course had been peaceful and conciliatory amid their persecutions, was known as the "Olive Branch;" and another, an impulsive, reckless genius, and withal refractory to the authority of his immediate superior, rejoiced in the cognomen of the "Wild Ram of the Mountain." The orator of the evening was so called for his supposed fierce courage and savage brutality. The Rev. Bull of Bashan stood before his auditory confessedly the very counterpart of an enraged and noisy bull. He was over six feet high, heavily proportioned, and inclined to corpulency, so much as to induce the belief that he had been stall-fed. The lower part of the Rev. Mr. Bashan's countenance was ornamented with a heavy growth of red beard, which, from its tangled and disorderly appearance, had never been visited by combs or razors. But despite of the coarse and vulgar appearance of this "high priest of the latter days," there was an energy about his fierce denunciation of the gentiles, which amounted to sublimity, and

called forth loud shouts of applause from the assembled saints. To have heard the oaths and threats made against the Anti-Mormon encampment, one would naturally have been inclined to the belief that their enemies would have been cut to pieces before morning; but nothing of the kind appeared seriously contemplated. After shouting themselves hoarse, the saints dispersed for their homes, and, no doubt, many of them slept soundly from exhaustion.

In the mean time, the new citizens, startled and terrified by the warlike demonstrations of the Mormons, but still determined to make another effort to conciliate the parties and prevent a hostile conflict, in which they must severely suffer, met in general meeting, to hear the report of the delegates who had returned from Point Golden. This meeting was held in the lower part of the city, known as the Seventy's Hall. It was intended to be strictly a meeting of the new citizens, in which the Mormons should not be allowed to participate. But, contrary to the expectations of every one, the fanatics were present in much larger numbers than the friends of peace, and were zealously laboring to excite discord amongst the new citizens, and, if possible, induce them to become a party to their quarrel. The delegates reported the arrangement which the Anti-Mormons were willing to make. There is no doubt that the new citizens were willing to make any reasonable concession to the Anti-Mormons for the sake of peace. But the measures proposed, especially the one providing for the maintenance of what they were pleased to term a spy in their midst, to report their progress in their contemplated removal, aroused the indignation of the Mormons to the most extravagant height. The same scenes of violence, the same insane fury which had characterized the Mormon meeting just dispersed, burst forth in the same noisy and exciting demonstration. Captain Picket, who was one of the delegates, and who was actually a Mormon, made a genuine "blood and thunder" speech, in which he charged the assemblage of Anti-Mormons with a desire to enrich themselves by the plunder of the holy city. He advised immediate attack on the encampment, and indiscriminate and merciless slaughter on all their enemies. This speech, the more sanguinary portions of it especially, were received with wild shouts of applause.

It was in vain for the peacefully disposed to stem this torrent of passion. A mild policy was advised by the prudent; but the advocates of peace had their voices drowned in hisses, shouts, and execrations, which burst from the uncontrollable Mormons. Only such as were known to be in the interest of the fanatics were suffered to give any expression of their views. The contract which had been agreed to between the Anti-Mormons and the delegates of the new citizens was proposed in the meeting for ratification, and rejected by an overwhelming majority. It was then proposed by the Mormons that the city be immediately put in a state of defense, to meet the invasion of the gentle rabble which was menacing it. This proposition was received by deafening thunders of applause. The meeting adjourned about midnight; but even then, so great was the excitement, no one took any thought of repose. The streets were still crowded with the bustling, excited, and vindictive Mormons. Shout after shout arose upon the night air. Guns were continually fired at all hours of the night, and it was considered treasonable to be without arms to defend the city.

In the mean time the Anti-Mormon encampment received intelligence of the return of the sheriff, and of the courage and enthusiasm inspired by his presence. In taking up their position at Point Golden, they had mistaken the force of the energy and their own. They had supposed their call for reinforcements would be promptly answered by the nine counties confederate with Hancock for the removal of the Mormons; and that a force could be immediately collected, sufficiently powerful to capture Nauvoo, and expel the Mormons without striking a blow. In this, however, they were mistaken. Although deputations had visited all the various counties, soliciting "material aid," they were received coldly and with but little approbation. Scarcely a man could be found who was willing to abandon the cultivation of his crops for the sake of active "intervention" against the Mormons. The consequence was, that instead of two thousand well-armed and appointed troops, which had been pledged to them by the neighboring counties, whenever it should be signified that their presence was needed, they had only some three or four hundred collected out of their own county.

and they in a great measure destitute of arms and ammunition. From the best information which they could procure, the number of the Mormons exceeded them two to one, were well armed, and had abundant supplies of ammunition. It was therefore considered highly impolitic to think of making a stand against them. The expedition was accordingly disbanded; and whilst the Mormons were concocting their plans of vengeance, and shouting in their desperation, the soldiers of Camp Golden, under the cover of night, were making the best of their way homeward, satisfied that but little glory was to be won at present on the tented field.

The assemblage at Point Golden unquestionably proved highly disastrous to both parties. By its sudden and unexpected termination, the Mormons were induced to believe that their enemies could never raise a sufficient force to dislodge them from Nauvoo. A great portion of them, who had always looked with but little enthusiasm on their Western pilgrimage, now expressed their determination to remain at Nauvoo, regardless of any attempts which might be made for their removal. They now ridiculed the pretensions of the Anti-Mormons to soldiery. Their newspaper published at Nauvoo manifested the highest exultation over the result of the campaign. High encomiums were pronounced on the character of the meetings which had been held at Nauvoo. All of the warlike demonstrations, the general arming for the battle, were attributed to the new citizens, who were represented by the Mormon organ as altogether hostile to the Anti-Mormons, and friendly to the persecuted sectaries. The Anti-Mormons, deeply mortified by the result of their expedition, were highly incensed by the insolent bravado and sneers of the Mormons. They began to view the new citizens with a great deal of mistrust. The Nauvoo paper represented them as wholly devoted to Mormon interests; and they had already found that many of them were secret professors of Mormonism. Notwithstanding various causes of complaint were continually arising between the belligerents, there was now a period of several weeks of comparative quiet. The Anti-Mormons were engaged in harvesting their crops; and although mutterings of discontent and threats of invasion were continually borne to Nauvoo, they were treated with contempt by the Mormons, who fancied

that their gentile neighbors were effectually discouraged by their untimely retreat from Point Golden.

In the latter part of July, a Mormon residing in Nauvoo, who owned a large farm eight miles north, in a strong Anti-Mormon neighborhood, found it necessary to employ and send to his farm eight laborers, all of whom, with a single exception, were Mormons. To guard themselves against attack, these laborers all armed themselves with rifles, which was a source of no inconsiderable annoyance and alarm to their neighbors, none of whom could look with any degree of favor on the intruders. Nor did these laborers conduct themselves with strict propriety. Instead of attending to their labors as directed, it is alleged that they spent their time scouring the country, shouting, firing their guns, and denouncing and cursing as mobbers every person who might happen to cross their path. Several days passed without any hostility between the parties. The Mormon laborers formed the conclusion that there was no danger of an encounter with their enemies. It was, therefore, with surprise as well as alarm, that they witnessed an Anti-Mormon party, numbering at least ten times their force, well armed and mounted, advancing towards them, evidently with the most hostile intention. This threatening party rode to an adjacent skirt of timber, where they dismounted, and held a consultation in low and hurried tones, relative to their course of procedure. Their conclusions were soon formed; and no sooner were their deliberations ended than they surrounded the astonished and terrified Mormons, took possession of their arms, and marched them into the skirt of timber where they had just consulted together. Arriving at that point, they deliberately cut from the impending boughs a large number of heavy goads, and peremptorily ordered their prisoners to lie down on their faces, and receive at their hands the punishment which they merited, and which, in solemn council, they had resolved upon inflicting. Against this violent course of procedure the Mormons ventured to remonstrate, insisting that if they had in any way disturbed the peace of the neighborhood, they were liable to be prosecuted and punished in a legal way; and pledging their honor, that if suffered to escape, they would hasten to Nauvoo, and not again disturb the Anti-Mormons by their

presence. This reasonable proposition was received by the indignant Anti-Mormons with contemptuous indifference. The only response it elicited was a still more decided command to prostrate themselves, accompanied by a dangerous menace of fire-arms, and sullen threats of the most fatal vengeance. Resistance was absolutely out of the question; and the Mormons submitted to their fate, receiving at the hands of their enemies a most severe and inhuman lynching. As we have already intimated, one of the company which received this lawless flagellation was not a member of the Mormon fraternity. When it came to his turn to receive his portion of the penalty prescribed by his self-constituted judges, he informed his executioners that he had no connection with the fanatics, that he had but lately removed to Nauvoo, and, as he supposed that the castigation about to be inflicted was intended solely for the benefit of the Mormons, he therefore politely begged leave to decline the unmerited honor. In reply, he was with some show of courtesy informed, that as he had chosen to associate with Mormons, he was entitled to the same treatment and equal honors with them. He was further informed, that his judges, after a careful reference and examination of the precedents in such cases, had come to the conclusion that the one relating to poor Tray was precisely in point; and if in future he wished to avoid "catching thunder," he must avoid entirely the society of Mormons. He was, accordingly, out of compliment to his superior merits and Anti-Mormon pretensions, treated to double the number of lashes which had been administered to his Mormon colleagues. After the flagellation had been duly administered, to the very great satisfaction of the grim disciples of Judge Lynch, and much to the chagrin and mortification of those receiving it, the Mormons were ordered "to take themselves off to the holy city," and advised never again to make their appearance out of the corporation limits, unless they wished to incur the most deadly vengeance. Their arms were restored to them, with the exception of one gun, which was claimed to be the property of Samuel McBratney, who had perished by Mormon violence a year before. This gun was retained by the Anti-Mormons as a kind of relic of one who had suffered martyrdom in their cause, as well as an evidence of the thieving propensities of their enemies.

In the mean time the Mormons, with their undressed wounds open, and bleeding profusely, hastened back to Nauvoo, and related the story of their wrongs, without omitting any circumstance which might in any way tend to inflame the public mind. As might have been expected, the relation of an outrage so cruel, and inflicted on such small cause of provocation, created the most unbounded and passionate excitement. A public meeting was instantly called, in which, as usual, small demagogues, who lived by stirring and irritating the passions of the people, harangued in bold terms about the enormity of the crimes which had been perpetrated. It was resolved by the assembled Mormons, that they would take ample vengeance on their enemies; but as they had always been more successful by a resort to cunning than force, it was determined to prostrate justice and the law to the purpose of gratifying their revenge. It was consequently determined to take out writs for the persons implicated, charging them with an unlawful assault and riot. One serious difficulty, however, occurred in taking out the writs. The persons on whom the outrage had been perpetrated, and who were about to subscribe the necessary affidavits, were unacquainted with the names of the persons implicated, with the exception of one McAuley, a justice of the peace in that neighborhood, who, they averred, was the leader of the rioters. The affidavit was accordingly drawn, distinctly charging John McAuley with the offense, after which succeeded a long blank, in which it was intended to insert the names of all persons who might hereafter be implicated in the transaction. The warrant was drawn in the same loose irregular manner. A special officer was selected and sworn in, charged with its execution, who was instructed to insert the names of all persons who should hereafter be identified as being connected with the riots. This officer immediately proceeded to summon every man in Nauvoo, as a posse, to effect the arrest of all rioters, and persons disposed to break the peace. This summons was obeyed with the utmost alacrity on the part of the Mormons. Against nine o'clock of the same evening, he was ready to march with near a hundred men into the infected district. He immediately directed his course to McAuley's, who resided nine miles from Nauvoo. The

posse arrived at his residence about midnight, when they succeeded in effecting his arrest without resistance or opposition. The premises were searched, and an Anti-Mormon by the name of Brattle, a resident of Carthage, who had not in any way participated in the lynching of the Mormons, was taken into custody. The gun which had been taken from the Mormons was also found and secured. These prisoners were immediately brought to Nauvoo, where the officer and his posse arrived about sunrise.

The prisoners demanded an immediate trial, which undoubted right, on the most trivial pretexs, was denied them. Instead of being brought before a justice of the peace for a legal examination of the charges for which they had been restrained of their liberty, they were remanded into custody to await the convenience of their captors. To render escape impossible, they were placed in the third story of a large waste building known as the Masonic Hall, whilst a guard of malicious and uncompromising Mormons surrounded the building. All communication with their friends was prevented, and any interference in their behalf was rendered impracticable by the jealous vigilance of their jailors.

The Mormons were not yet satisfied with the glory of this achievement, nor was their vengeance fully gratified. Consequently another expedition was instantly planned; a renewed call for volunteers was made, the power of the county was again invoked, and a new and more formidable posse was organized, for the purpose of following up their success, and bringing to justice all persons in the late lawless demonstration. This body was instantly called into active service. A new judicial officer, an avowed and most daring and reckless Mormon, known as Captain Anderson, was sworn in and received the warrants for execution. It was supposed that the great portion of the rioters resided in the village of Pontoosac, an unimportant place on the Mississippi river, twelve miles above Nauvoo. To this place the officer now directed his march. His force amounted to near one hundred men. They were all well mounted, and armed in a manner known only to Mormon troops. The Anti-Mormon rioters, after whom they were marching, were equal in numbers, and if their organization and equipments had been equal, a spirited conflict might have

justly been anticipated on the meeting of the parties. This company of Mormons arrived in the neighborhood of Pontoosac late in the evening, where they selected a convenient place, and encamped until the following morning.

In the mean time the news of the arrival of this Mormon force was communicated throughout the neighborhood by the zealous Anti-Mormons, with so much secrecy and effect, that long before morning dawned, a force was collected equal in number to their adversaries, every man of which was resolved to resist any effort which might be made to secure any arrests of their numbers. This force, as soon as it was collected together, secretly marched to a hazel thicket, about eighty rods from Pontoosac, which on both sides flanked the Nauvoo road, and afforded a sufficient cover for a force much larger than theirs, where they concealed themselves with the intention of assailing their adversaries, should they attempt to march into Pontoosac. They had not long occupied this ambuscade, when the Mormon force was discovered on the march. Fate was apparently leading them without suspicion into the range of their deadly weapons. Every heart beat high in anticipation of victory. But whilst with exultation they beheld the Mormon column on its blind and fatal march to certain ruin, they were surprised to see it make a sudden halt before it came in direct range of their rifles. The Mormons were evidently acquainted with the existence and locality of the ambush. A short and hurried consultation took place in the column, upon the close of which the Mormons reined in their horses, and spurring them into the most furious speed, they precipitately charged into the densest part of the thicket. This sudden and unexpected movement of the Mormon cavalry took their adversaries completely by surprise; and a majority of them, without waiting to count numbers, or to make any defense, instantly retreated in the greatest confusion. Only about a dozen had sufficient presence of mind to remain. These were required to submit themselves to the authority of the process. This they peremptorily refused to do; upon which the Mormon constable, who was without question a man of the boldest courage, proceeded without any difficulty to disarm them. When this was accomplished, their names.

were inserted in the warrant, charging the commission of a riot, and the whole number were unceremoniously placed in a wagon, and without delay were borne in triumph to Nauvoo.

The success of this campaign was hailed by the Mormons with joyful acclamation. Captain Anderson was voted a hero of the first magnitude. A general shout of exultation arose from every part of the city. Loafers, boys and priets commingled together promiscuously, to gaze on the desponding and terrified prisoners, and exchange congratulations on the result of the victory which had crowned their arms. They had now in close custody fourteen of their most bitter enemies, and it was determined that their trial should be for the present postponed, and that they should remain in confinement under the eye of a vigilant and reliable guard, as hostages for the good behavior of their associates and friends, until the Anti-Mormons now under arms should disperse or cease their depredations.

The Anti-Mormons, however, never thought of the abandonment of any of their enterprises, from the fact that a part of their comrades had fallen into the hands of the Mormons. In their own language, war had again been declared in Hancock. They had no longer any compromises to make with Mormonism. They were resolved that the existing conflict should continue until the one party or the other should prove finally and completely triumphant. Should they be defeated, they would surrender their homes and their county to the Mormons for ever. Should they prove triumphant, the Mormons should be driven from the State. If their friends had fallen into the hands of their enemies, it was the fortune of war, and like other prisoners of war, they must abide their misfortunes as became soldiers. They considered any effort which they might make for the rescue of their prisoners as entirely hopeless. Their wisest policy, they concluded, was retaliation; and for opportunity to test this policy they had not long to wait.

The very day on which Captain Anderson "made due and lawful return of his prisoners," a small company of Mormons, numbering some five or six, found it necessary to reclaim their oxen which had strayed on the prairie. They followed what they supposed to be the trail of the missing

cattle, until it led them to the neighborhood of Pontoosac, where they were surprised by a large party of Anti-Mormons, who suddenly emerged from an ambuscade, surrounded them, and marched them to their encampment. To prevent discovery and the danger of recapture, they were immediately hurried into a wild and secluded ravine, shaded by dense undergrowth, where they remained until night under a strong guard, when they were placed in a small boat furnished for the occasion, and ferried in silence to an island opposite in the Mississippi. The custody of these prisoners they believed would prove an ample guarantee against any violence which might be contemplated against their friends in Nauvoo.

In the mean time the Mormons were informed of the capture of their friends by the predatory gentile bands, and measures were instantly adopted to secure their rescue. Captain Anderson summoned his command, and without delay marched to the village of Pontoosac. In anticipation of the march of the Mormon force on this point, the village was almost entirely abandoned by its inhabitants. A few frightened women and children were all that remained. From signals which were discovered from the windows, it was inferred by Anderson that the enemy, with their prisoners, had retreated to the island opposite. How to effect a landing was a question which, with all his ingenuity, he was unable to solve. He had no boats at his command. He carefully searched the coast in vain efforts to discover some vessel to press in his service; but the fugitives had taken the precaution to cut off this resource, and after two days spent in great perplexity, during which his command was compelled to levy contributions for their subsistence off the surrounding country, the brave captain was compelled to relinquish the invasion of the island, and return to Nauvoo to procure boats for the enterprise.

No sooner were the Anti-Mormons relieved of the presence of the Mormon force, than they recrossed to the mainland, and whilst Captain Anderson, deeply mortified with the result of his labors, was retiring to Nauvoo, the Anti-Mormons, well mounted, were making a forced march north, at the rate of six miles per hour, whilst the prisoners were compelled to march on foot in front at that sweeping pace. Should their energies appear to flag by their unusual exertion

they were stimulated by the application of goads, until nature refused to endure such exertion longer, and the prisoners in almost fainting condition were borne into a secluded spot, where they were suffered to recruit their strength until the following morning.

Before Captain Anderson could fit out his boats for his river fight, intelligence was received at Nauvoo that the Anti-Mormons were seen retreating north at furious speed, still having their prisoners in custody. Without any delay an opposing force, under the command of Picket, was dispatched in pursuit. He passed through Pontoosac, and from thence east to La Harpe; however, without falling in with them. The Anti-Mormons, through the instrumentality of their friends, contrived to be informed of all the movements of the Mormons, and although the pursuit was hot, and long continued, it was ineffectual, the Anti-Mormons invariably eluding the vigilant and untiring efforts of the Mormons.

This chase continued during two weeks, during which the prisoners were fatigued by incessant marching, until life had become a burden which could scarce be endured. The prisoners at Nauvoo, who still continued in close confinement, had become haggard by constant watching and fearful apprehensions from threatened violence. Both parties became wearied by their mutual lawless obstinacy. Finally, the Anti-Mormons procured for the benefit of their friends in confinement at Nauvoo, a writ of habeas corpus, which was served on their Mormon jailors, who surrendered them to the proper tribunal for examination, upon which on entering bail they were finally discharged from arrest. No sooner were they set at liberty than the Mormon prisoners, jaded and travel-worn, broken in health and spirit, from their unceasing exertions, were suffered to return to Nauvoo. They were received by their families as if they had risen from the dead. Their release had never been expected; they had already been enrolled on the list of martyrs who had attested their faith by a heroic death.

It should have been observed, that to avail themselves of the benefit of the writ of habeas which had been issued on their behalf, it was necessary for the Anti-Mormon prisoners to be taken to Quincy, where the judge issuing that process resided. On their discharge they immediately returned to Han-

cock county, but apprehending further annoyance and danger from the Mormons, who still continued to send out their predatory bands into the neighborhood of Pontoosac, they declined visiting their families; they determined to accept the hospitality of thier Anti-Mormon friends in the southwest of the county, and remain in that section until a general and final rally should be made for the expulsion of the Mormons. It was resolved, if possible, to bring matters to an immediate crisis between the parties. To effect an object so much desired, they determined to make an attempt to arrest the leaders of the Mormons concerned in their imprisonment and detention in Nauvoo, and if possible secure legal redress for the wrongs they had endured. To this end, writs were taken out before a justice of the peace, who resided in the centre of a hazle thicket in the southwest of the county. This justice was not selected so much on account of his legal acquirements, as the remoteness of the situation from Nauvoo. The justice resided on the outskirts of the Morley settlement, which had been desolated by Anti-Mormon vengeance only a year before, where the blackened and decaying ruins of the dwellings of the hapless fanatics still remained as monuments of Anti-Momon hate, and where dreary barren wastes met the view where only a year before cultivated fields smiled in cheering beauty and abundance. They knew it would be a source of annoyance to the Mormons to pass through this desolate district, that it would bring fresh to their memories the frightful disasters which they had already sustained at the hands of the Anti-Mormons. It would impress upon the minds of the Mormons the reckless and unscrupulous character of the opposition which they might yet reasonably expect to encounter.

For various reasons it was considered unsafe and impolitic to place the warrants issued in the hands of an ordinary constable, who might possess but little or no influence over the great mass of the people. To give dignity, importance, and effect to their policy, one John Carlin, a gentleman very respectably connected, and possessing considerable wealth and no contemptible ability, who was generally known in Adams and Hancock counties as an uncompromising Anti-Mormon, and, from that fact, exerted a powerful influence over the masses, was sworn in

and charged with the execution of these writs. The persons against whom process was issued were James E. Furnace, William Clifford, and William Picket.

Carlin, immediately on his appointment, hastened to Nauvoo, and demanded the surrender of the persons charged in the writ. Clifford and Furnace, who were not actually Mormons, but only tools for them, after some hesitation and a consultation with their friends, concluded to submit. Picket, who was a Mormon, and consequently more exposed to the violence of the Anti-Mormons, declared that he had received intimations from some of his Anti-Mormon friends that if he surrendered himself a prisoner he would certainly be assassinated. Surrounded as he was by a host of long-trying and faithful friends, he defied the officer to take him. The officer was alone, and of course, unaided, could not secure his arrest. He accordingly left with his other prisoners without even making an attempt, which prudence taught him would be unsuccessful.

Arriving at the justice's office, they found it surrounded by an angry and excited multitude, all of whom had deadly weapons in their hands, and viewed the prisoners with unalloyed hate and disgust. The prisoners attempted a conciliatory policy, proffered their hands in token of friendship, but their overtures at first were all scornfully rejected; but eventually the cunning, diplomacy and chicanery of the prisoners triumphed over the morose and sullen hate of the Anti-Mormons. Mr. Furnace was the most cunning, and had heretofore been the most unwavering friend of the Mormons. He had sold himself to do their commands, however revolting to morality and decency. He was, however, now in the power of his enemies, who looked upon him with scornful disgust. Mr. Furnace believed that his life depended on conciliating their friendship, and not discouraged by the coldness, the unrelenting, and almost ferocious hate of the Anti-Mormons, he still continued his protestations of friendship to the Anti-Mormon cause; but he was coldly and haughtily reminded that his zeal must be manifested in their favor by far less equivocal acts than marching in Mormon companies, for the purpose of dragging Anti-Mormons from their beds at midnight, subjecting them to illegal duress, and by arming himself, and uniting with a Mormon guard to prevent their escape, as

had been his previous policy. He must, in fact, before he could claim the respect of the Anti-Mormons, wipe out his former acts by a thorough reformation; he must for ever abandon all alliances with Mormonism; he must labor to counteract its influence, and use all laudable efforts to aid their cause, until fanaticism, and its long train of blighting curses, should be removed from Hancock county. To any one more scrupulous than Mr. Furnace, who had heretofore manifested the strongest friendship for Mormonism, and had even shed tears of sympathy for its wrongs and persecutions, a proposition to renounce all his previous principles, and adopt a course of policy radically different from that previously acted upon, would have been rejected with indignation. But Mr. Furnace had espoused the cause of Mormonism from motives of self-interest alone; and now the same cold selfishness required the sacrifice of his principles; and Mr. Furnace, without any hesitation, pledged himself, and all his friends in Nauvoo, to unite with the Anti-Mormons, for the purpose of expelling his former friends and allies. He proposed to his new friends to return to Nauvoo without delay, and call a meeting of the new citizens to organize an Anti-Mormon party in Nauvoo, and unite upon the terms of the proposed coalition.

The earnestness and zeal with which Mr. Furnace set about his work effectually won over the Anti-Mormons. The angry scowls of deadly hostility and revenge were chased away, and smiles of amity and friendly greetings were freely exchanged between the contracting parties. So highly gratified were the Anti-Mormons with the conversion of Mr. Furnace, and so much were they taken up in shaking hands in ratification of their coalition, that they quite forgot the causes of the visit of their new friend amongst them; and when reminded of the fact that Mr. Furnace was even now in legal custody, that he stood before them charged with riot, false imprisonment and robbery, Anti-Mormons rushed forward with commendable zeal and the greatest kindness, and volunteered to stand as his bondsmen. Thus discharged from arrest, congratulations were again exchanged between the parties, and Mr. Furnace went on his way rejoicing.

Arriving at Nauvoo, the proposed meeting, at his suggestion, was called. It was intended to be a meeting of those new

citizens averse to the longer continuance of the Mormons in Nauvoo. But, as usual at all public meetings called on such occasions, the Mormons, uninvited, poured themselves in the large temple hall in numbers sufficient to control all its deliberations. Mr. Furnace, by his late involuntary excursion amongst the Anti-Mormons, had been terrified into sincerity. Notwithstanding the presence of the Mormons, who had begun to view him with suspicion and mistrust, he boldly advocated a peaceful adjustment of their difficulties with the Anti-Mormon insurgents. This he regarded as their only policy. He had but recently encountered their angry scowl, and his courage had vanished. He had seen the hand-writing on the wall. He was satisfied that total destruction awaited them in the coming conflict. He advised the appointment of a delegation to confer with the Anti-Mormons, and if possible avert impending ruin, and restore order and quiet where anarchy had so long prevailed.

Mr. Furnace, as we have seen, was sincere, he was even eloquent; but the Mormons derisively laughed at his cowardice, and ridiculed his inconsistency. They compared him to a chicken-furnished with two pair of legs, the one pair impelling him towards Mormonism and the other leading him in the opposite direction. The Mormons, on a direct vote, might have readily defeated the proposition for the appointment of the delegation; but their policy was never to meet any measure by direct and open opposition; they therefore, without discussion, acquiesced in the views of Furnace, and the delegation was appointed; but in the selection of proper persons to discharge the duties of this important mission, good care was taken that every delegate should be wholly Mormon in his predilections. The only exception to this rule was the appointment of a gentleman who rejoiced in the cognomen of Major Bidamon, a stout, rugged, consequential Pennsylvania Dutchman, who, contrary to the instincts of his race, gloried in polished boots, fashionable hat, faultless linen, and superfine broadcloth. The gallant Major accepted the appointment with avidity. His vanity was as much excited as if his mission had been to negotiate the peace of Europe, or enforce the neutrality of Russia, in a conflict between Austria and her dependencies. Mynheer Bidamon was no less a personage of that day than Mynheer Kossuth is of the

present. The Major lost no time; he borrowed a horse, and travelled with a rapidity known only to borrowed horses. He met the Anti-Mormons, and told them just what he thought of them; that in his opinion they were a scurvy rabble, a lawless mob, a banded conspiracy of savages and robbers, with whom it was humiliating to the refined feelings of a civilized gentleman to be compelled to hold converse. The valiant Major, who was too much of a swaggerer to be a successful diplomatist, told them all this, and was only laughed at for his pains. He was informed that the Anti-Mormons were resolved on the banishment of the Mormons; that they would like to secure the coöperation of the Anti-Mormon new citizens at Nauvoo for that purpose; but if they refused to join their enterprise, they had made up their minds to do without their assistance; and finally the Major was roughly reminded that he might as well keep his mouth shut. Whereupon the testy Dutchman, without deigning any reply, mounted his borrowed horse, in a towering passion, and was off for Nauvoo like a whirlwind.

This was the last attempt at conciliation made by the parties. The Anti-Mormons now studied the most efficient mode of attack, and the Mormons of resistance. The new citizens still labored to maintain an honorable neutrality; but this peaceful policy had now become well nigh impossible. Many of them, by threats of violence, were driven into the Mormon ranks. Others, unacquainted with the odious vices of their Mormon neighbors, and believing that religious intolerance and persecution had again been revived in this boasted age of religious freedom, zealously marshalled themselves under the Mormon banner to resist Anti-Mormon bigotry and cruelty. Others, inflamed by a desire of revenge, excited by the dictatorial and menacing policy of the Mormons, or disgusted by their brutal and savage vices, escaped to the Anti-Mormon encampment, determined to make their influence felt by the persecuting fanatics, in the approaching conflict. Others, who had but lately emigrated, and who had invested all their means in Nauvoo lots, regardless of pecuniary interest, and indifferent to the destruction of their property, collected their children together, and, ruined and penniless, fled from a country where they had witnessed nothing during their short sojourn but scenes of wild

confusion, and frightful, uncontrolled, and lawless anarchy.

The Anti-Mormon party had thoroughly studied the peculiar tactics of the Mormons in all their previous difficulties. They discovered that the most obnoxious and objectionable of all the acts of the proscribed sect had been based on the assumption that they were the law-and-order party, and had been accomplished under the guise of legal process. By the abuse of judicial authority they had rescued every felon from the vengeance of the law, and by the same insidious policy, and under color of legal process, they had contrived to detain Anti-Mormons in close custody for weeks without trial. This false show of legal subordination on the part of the fanatics was the grand secret of their success. By assuming to be governed exclusively by the law, and invoking its protection against the violence of their enemies, whom they denounced as lawless mobbers and incendiaries, they had won over to the support of their interests the sympathy of the public and the press generally throughout the State. The Anti-Mormons were now determined to beat their antagonists with the same weapons of chicanery which had been used against themselves with such eminent success. They were resolved to employ to their own advantage a policy marked out to them by the daring and unscrupulous career of Mormonism. They justly considered that if they invoked the assistance of their friends in the adjoining counties, for the avowed purpose of lawlessly driving the Mormons from their homes, that their whole project would prove a complete failure; for in whatever light their friends might regard the Mormons, and however anxious they might be to rid the State of their influence, they would hesitate long before they would willingly encounter the perils and penalties incident to a lawless expedition.

At this period fortune favored the Anti-Mormons with a legal pretext to justify an invasion of the Mormon city, of which they determined to avail themselves. It will be recollected that recently Capt. Picket, for whom a process had been issued, surrounded by an armed mob, had openly braved a legal officer in the streets of Nauvoo, who sought to apprehend him by virtue of a warrant for his body. This same Picket, still relying on the protection extended to him by some five

or six hundred Mormons with arms in their hands, continued to occupy the same attitude of defiance. It was now resolved, dead or alive, to take him. To secure this arrest, it was necessary to call upon a force sufficient to carry Nauvoo by storm, as no doubt was entertained that the Mormons would resist to the last. Accordingly John Carlin, the same officer who first attempted to serve the writ, now issued his proclamation, which, after reciting the failure of his previous attempt to secure the arrest of William Picket, and the resistance he encountered, commanded every able-bodied man in the county of Hancock to rendezvous at Carthage, on the twenty-fourth day of August then next following, armed and equipped, and furnished with two days' provisions, for the purpose of aiding him in arresting William Picket. This proclamation was distributed through every neighborhood in the county. In many instances where there was reason to doubt the devotion of an individual to the Anti-Mormon cause, the proclamation was personally served upon him; and lest he might still prove refractory, he was cited to the provisions of the statute made in such cases, by which he was clearly shown that he incurred heavy penalties should he refuse obedience to the legal mandate.

However much the Mormons may have been surprised at this attempt of the Anti-Mormons to fight them with their own weapons, they had no sooner discovered their policy than they brought into active requisition all their wisdom and ingenuity to secure its defeat. To this end, writs were issued by a Mormon justice of the peace, charging the more distinguished and active of the Anti-Mormon leaders with riots and sundry other breaches of the peace. Precisely the same policy was adopted in all respects which the Anti-Mormons had previously devised, for the prosecution of their plans. Like their antagonists they procured the appointment of a special officer to execute these writs, and this officer likewise issued *his* proclamation, in which opprobrious terms were heaped without stint upon the Anti-Mormons, and the power of the county demanded to crush the lawless organization of mobbers, now being banded together for the most nefarious and barbarous designs. It will be seen that both parties were anxious to shelter themselves under the protection of the law. To win over the

approbation of the observing public, and to secure "material aid" in the approaching conflict, each party placed itself in a false position, and each based its quarrel on a false and deceptive issue. Under the ostensible design of taking in custody the body of William Pickett, the Anti-Mormons were marshalling, organizing and drilling their forces for the actual purpose of storming the city of Nauvoo, and driving the Mormons, including the same person sought to be arrested, from the limits of the State. The Mormons, in summoning to their aid the power of the county for the avowed design of arresting Sharp, Williams, and others of notoriety in the Anti-Mormon camp, and to preserve the peace of their city and county, actually intended to make a stand against their enemies, and dispute with them every inch of ground, for the purpose of maintaining a supremacy which they had long labored permanently to establish in the State of Illinois. Not content with placing themselves under the leadership of a constable duly appointed, the Mormons were determined to invest their proceedings with a color of still higher authority. It was determined to invoke the sanction of the Governor to all their movements.

A special commissioner was accordingly appointed by the town council of Nauvoo, which, in addition to its ordinary powers of opening, establishing, and repairing the streets of the city, of making provisions for the support of paupers, and of punishing petty breaches of the peace, now by the occurrence of extraordinary events, the threatened invasion of their commonwealth, found it necessary to assume the most extraordinary powers—of declaring war, of negotiating treaties, and voting supplies for the public defense. The object of this special embassy was to secure the assistance of Gov. Ford in putting the city in a state of defense, and maintaining it against the incursions of their enemies. It must be understood that for all practical purposes Nauvoo was an independent State, fighting its own wars and making its own treaties, and exercising the most important acts of sovereignty. We have seen that Gov. Ford collected a force in Hancock on one occasion, with the design of reducing the refractory fanatics to obedience; but being frightened off the ground by the tragical death of the prophet, had ever since suffered the ecclesi-

astical authorities of the revolted city to govern after their own fashion, "doing that which was right in their own eyes." Since the termination of that unfortunate campaign, the Governor could never hear the name of Nauvoo mentioned without losing his temper, and indulging in the most undignified and profane language. And when he heard of the late gathering of the Anti-Mormons at Point Golden, he expressed his deep regret that the conflicting parties did not come into actual collision, and, like the Kilkenny cats of ferocious memory, devour each other bodily.

Major Bidamon was the person again selected to negotiate with Gov. Ford. Our impulsive friend lost no time in the discharge of his official duties. He hastened to Springfield, visited the Governor, laid before his Excellency the perilous position of the city which he represented, and requested his "active intervention" in their behalf. The Major signified that it was his belief that Nauvoo had sufficient force within its own limits to repel any invasion which could be organized by the Anti-Mormons; all they wished at present was the official sanction of the Executive, that they might be able to repel the imputation that the Nauvoo authorities were in open conflict with the people and government of the State. This course of procedure was highly satisfactory to the Governor. He could give the required sanction to the Mormon policy, and extend the protection which was solicited, without incurring any personal exposure to danger, and without any extraordinary expenditure from the public treasury. The suggestion of Major Bidamon was accordingly acted upon. The Governor issued his special proclamation to one James Parker, a resident of Canton, who was a sturdy, and withal quite respectable blacksmith, and a major of militia, commanding him to accept the active services of ten volunteers, and with them repair immediately to Nauvoo, where he was directed to take the command of as many volunteers as were willing to enroll themselves free of charge to the State. Major Parker was instructed to supersede the service of all writs now in the hands of the officers appointed by both parties, and was further directed to demand and receive into his own hands all such processes, and with the aid of his ten men procure their execution. He was also in-

structed to defend the city of Nauvoo against the excursions of the Anti-Mormons, should any attempt be made, on any pretext whatsoever, to invade the city; but was expressly prohibited from marching his forces out of the corporation limits.

Major Bidamon had no sooner received this proclamation and the accompanying instructions, than he hastened on his way to Canton, to place them in the hands of his friend Major Parker. He found that gallant warrior sweating over his forge, hammering a piece of wrought iron, little dreaming of the illustrious honors which Governor Ford and a beneficent Providence were about to shower in rich profusion on his head. He had long awaited a period in his life when his peaceful pursuits should be abandoned for the more stirring scenes of the tented field. He would have volunteered his services in the Mexican war, but he was well stricken in years. Like the knight of the hard-fought and chivalrous field of Shrewsbury, he was encumbered with a huge mountain of flesh. He had heard, too, that the Mexican climate was intensely warm, and that the vomito with wonderful fatality swept into the grave all fat heroes. It was late in the evening when Major Parker received his commission; but notwithstanding the unseasonableness of the hour, he immediately took off his leather apron, washed the coal-dust from his ears and whiskers, and marched into the street in quest of volunteers. He entered a grocery where he found two recruits, who, for the love of glory and auditors' warrants, were willing to fight for the Mormons. A saddlery shop furnished another, and a tailor shop yet another; and before an hour had elapsed our modern Falstaff had pricked his tailors and tinkers until they roared again; and in another hour this formidable host was duly armed and equipped and was on the march to Nauvoo.

Major Parker resided about eighty miles from the seat of war; but by means of forced marches by night as well as in the daytime, and not being much encumbered with a baggage train, he succeeded in reaching the point of his destination in thirty hours after he received his marching orders. He arrived at Nauvoo on the very day on which the Anti-Mormons commenced concentrating their forces at Carthage, in obedience to the proclamation of their special

constable. Major Parker was received with the greatest deference by the obsequious Mormons. On his arrival a salute was fired by the Mormon forces then on parade on the temple green; and on reading his instructions to the Mormon battalion, the chief command was immediately tendered to him, whereupon the gallant Major made a speech which breathed a spirit of loyal subordination to law, and concluded by the application of harsh epithets to the Anti-Mormons, which caused him to be vociferously cheered by his Mormon allies, who expressed the unanimous opinion that the "Major was one of 'em."

Major Parker was one of those sanguine, impetuous spirits, who could never rest satisfied when anything was to be accomplished. Had he been free to act from his own impulses, he would have marched his forces, now mustering three hundred effective men, right into Carthage, and routed Constable Carlin and scattered his forces to the winds; but situated as he was, fettered by arbitrary and as he thought unnecessary restrictions, which confined all his operations to the defense of the Mormon city, he determined to try the force of diplomacy on the swaggering constable and his lawless rabble, and if possible, by a sounding and verbose proclamation, drive him from the field before his forces should be sufficiently trained to bring successfully into actual combat. That this proclamation might be as "terrible to the enemy" as possible, one George Edmunds, a Mormon attorney, was summoned to the Major's headquarters to assist in its preparation. This document, among other things, informed Mr. Carlin and those under his command of his appointment to take the command of the Nauvoo forces, and use all laudable means to preserve the general peace; that the armed occupation of Carthage or any part of the county for the purpose of arresting criminals was wholly unnecessary, for he alone, under express instructions from the Executive, had lawful right to serve legal process within the county during the continuance of the riotous and lawless demonstrations now existing; and finally commanded the armed assemblage at Carthage to disperse forthwith, under the penalty of being treated as a mob and dispersed as such.

This proclamation was confided to the care of one of Major Parker's Canton volunteers,

who was immediately dispatched with it to Carthage. He was received by the Anti-Mormon force with unequivocal marks of disapprobation. They had sworn the most deadly hostility to the Mormons and their allies, and were determined that no obstacle, not even the authority of the Executive nor the menacing threats of his agents, should stand between them and their wrath, and thwart the full measure of their vengeance. Carlin read the proclamation without the slightest emotion; and then coolly threw it away, informing the messenger who brought it that he had collected and organized his force for the purpose of marching into Nauvoo, and to that place march he would, despite of Governor Ford, Major Parker, and the devil; this was all the answer which he would condescend to deliver to such a Mormon tool as he knew Parker to be.

However, on more mature reflection, the Anti-Mormon constable concluded that it would be more officer-like and better policy to address a note to the Mormon commander, in which he informed that dignity that he had assembled the force under his command, which he had chosen to denounce as a mob, for purposes which were strictly legal. He was a constable of Hancock county, and he fancied a constable was somebody as well as a Governor or major of militia; that a constable had certain rights, and was vested with certain and various power and authority, as well as the most dignified officer in the commonwealth; that however humble his official duties might be, they were well defined, and he was amply protected by the clearest legal enactments in their discharge. He had in his possession a warrant for the apprehension of William Picket, which charged that person with crime, and which he was fully authorized to execute; and that resistance having already been made by that person, and still further resistance having been threatened, he had found it necessary to summon to his assistance the large force now under his command; and he apprehended that neither Gov. Ford nor Major Parker, by a lawful exercise of any rightful authority, could prevent him from discharging a clear official duty. He had yet to learn how the executive or the military, or both combined, could legally resist a civil officer in the service of a judicial writ, without incurring the charge of unlawfully resisting an officer in the reg-

ular discharge of a very important and well-defined duty. He was compelled to regard the command of Major Parker a lawless assemblage, collected for the most illegal and revolutionary purposes, and that unless the same should quietly disperse, and as good and orderly citizens retire to their homes, he would be compelled to treat them as a mob, and disperse them as such.

While Constable Carlin was engaged in the preparation of his stately official missive, his soldiers had found the threatening proclamation of Major Parker, and for their amusement were thrusting their bayonets through it, in derision of the authority from which it emanated. They finally set it up as a target, and their most expert marksmen tested their skill by driving its centre, until the joint production of lawyer Edmunds and Major Parker was shot to tatters, and carried away by the winds.

However much Major Parker may have been enraged by the insulting message he received from Constable Carlin, and the gross indignities offered his official proclamation, he was compelled to forego his vengeance, his hands were fettered by his instructions. He had but one course which could be consistently adopted without transcending his authority: he could still thunder in a proclamation; he could shake the strongholds of the enemy by the fierceness of his denunciations. He therefore called upon his Mormon barrister, and Vulcan-like, the attorney seated himself and composed a fresh proclamation—forged a new and more terrible bolt. The Major called up his trusted messenger, delivered his official thunder into his hands, and sent him in haste to Carthage, where he was received with a yell of defiance and rage. Terrified by threats and menaces, the messenger fled to Nauvoo, where he reported he had been startled and terrified by the wild shouts of the gentile host, and threatened by a bowie knife flashing in close proximity to his ears. He had escaped unhurt the frightful menace, but was unwilling to encounter any further peril in behalf of this or any other cause. This ended all attempts at negotiation for the present. The Major's thunders only endangered his friends, whilst his enemies laughed at his impotent rage.

In the mean time the Anti-Mormons were zealously engaged in recruiting their numbers, in furnishing and equipping their men,

and in the introduction of discipline and subordination amongst their newly-raised troops. It was the best organized force ever raised in the State of Illinois. It consisted of two regiments of infantry, of as many companies of cavalry, and several detachments of artillery, which served six field pieces the most of which belonged to the State, and had been pressed into this patriotic service in a manner known only to the insurgents themselves. The command of this gallant body of troops, which as we have seen had been summoned as a *posse comitatus*, of course devolved on Constable Carlin; but that worthy gentleman was a civilian, and, however brave he may have been, had but little knowledge of military life, and no practical acquaintance with the stirring scenes of camp or field. Mr. Carlin very justly concluded that it was hardly possible for any one to become a great constable and a distinguished general at the same time. He accordingly appointed Mr. Singleton, a young lawyer from an adjacent county, a brigadier general and commander-in-chief of all the Anti-Mormon troops. It is not a very usual occurrence to see a constable exercise the rather doubtful authority of appointing high military functionaries, but it is presumed that the necessary precedents were to be found in the higher-law code, of which Mr. Carlin was the principal representative, and the most reliable exponent. Immediately after his appointment, General Singleton marched his army into a skirt of timber, five miles west of Carthage, where they occupied their time in learning the deadly science of war, punishing pale-faced whiskey, and by way of variety shaking with the ague.

Whilst these preparations were being made by the Anti-Mormon force, the Mormons at Nauvoo manifested equal zeal and activity. They blustered in the streets, and shouted with the energy and savage fury of their "red brethren," whose example they professed to emulate. They brandished swords and bowie knives, and fired off their guns to the imminent peril of all who might pass. They held public meetings in which the assistance of an overruling Providence was invoked, whilst religion and decency were outraged by shocking profanity and blasphemy. The numbers and equipments of the gentiles were much superior to theirs, but they were not disheartened. Their ad-

vantage of position counteracted the numerical strength of the enemy. They had no artillery, but their energy supplied this necessity with a most novel expedient. They fell upon the wreck of a steam engine, which abundantly supplied all their wants; with great labor and ingenuity they drilled the shafts, mounted them on cart wheels, and swore they were the best cannon in the universe. To supply the want of ball, they broke into small fragments the boilers and other portions of the same engine, with which they crammed to the muzzle their novel field pieces. Not satisfied with this and similar measures of defense, the Mormons excavated the ground over which it was anticipated their adversaries would be compelled to advance, and filled the cavities with kegs of gunpowder and deadly missiles, to which they designed to apply the match and blow to atoms the advancing column. These subterranean powder plots which were destined to vomit flame and smoke and death in the path of the invading gentile, were termed, in the pious and expressive language of the saints, "hell acres," and were intended perhaps more to terrify the Anti-Mormons than to injure them.

Whilst the parties were making these deadly preparations, Captain Picket, in command of a small scouting company, was ranging the prairies after the manner of chivalrous knights of yore, in search of adventures. It would be impossible to recount in our limited space the gallant deeds of this chivalrous commander—how with his small band of adventurers, on a dark rainy night, he encountered a strong party of Anti-Mormons; how his band recklessly and bravely fired on them, which induced the Anti-Mormons to scamper for dear life; and how one of their number, scorched by the fire from their muskets, rode away blazing like a comet in the darkness.

Whilst these events were transpiring, an under-current was silently at work amongst the new citizens, which promised a speedy and satisfactory adjustment of all the exciting topics which had so long been agitated, and which threatened to involve all parties in a destructive civil war. It was the desire of the new citizens to effect a final compromise between all the parties. Through their efforts, a final treaty of peace was mutually signed by the belligerents. This treaty specified that the Mormons should leave the State

within sixty days; that they should immediately surrender all their arms to persons indicated in the treaty, to be restored to the true owner as soon as it should be satisfactorily known that in good faith he had complied with the stipulations of the treaty by leaving the State. It was further provided that the Anti-Mormons should leave a permanent force of twenty-five men in the city, for the purpose of enforcing the terms of the treaty. This treaty was fully acceded to by the Mormons, who were becoming alarmed by the gathering strength of their adversaries. The new citizens, under the most discouraging circumstances, had labored for its adoption, and now hailed it as a harbinger of permanent peace. General Singleton was anxious for the peaceful arrangement of a difficulty which threatened the destruction of social order and the shedding of blood without legal warrant. He had enjoyed sufficient of the glory, and experienced sufficient of the hardships of the camp to satisfy his young ambition. He therefore gave the treaty his influence and ardent support. He assembled his troops, read the treaty for their approbation and adoption, and was deeply chagrined when it was rejected by a unanimous yell of indignation. The Anti-Mormons had assembled and organized their troops with a great sacrifice of time and a large expenditure of money. Their force now, so far as the Mormons were concerned, was irresistible. It was to them the height of folly to abandon their enterprise when its object lay within their grasp. They had been repeatedly foiled by the superior adroitness of the fanatics, who had always managed to evade and nullify all their engagements, however clearly and positively expressed and solemnly ratified. They had now a sufficient force to remove them; it was therefore unnecessary to trust them to remove themselves; and trust them they would not under any circumstances, and there was an end of it.

General Singleton expressed the opinion that the Mormons had acceded to every thing that could be reasonably asked of them. To prosecute the war any further, under the circumstances, was unnecessary and treasonable to humanity; he therefore resolved to withdraw from the camp, and leave the consequences to those who chose to prosecute the war further.

The withdrawal of Gen. Singleton occa-

sioned little if any inconvenience to the Anti-Mormon host. The encampment swarmed with illustrious Generals of approved bravery and high renown, who panted for the honor of leading the embattled host to victory. The citizen soldiery immediately elected Thomas Brockman as the successor of Gen. Singleton. Gen. Brockman, they were assured, would never surrender his sword or turn his back upon their enterprise. This new military chieftain had various and high qualifications for so important a command. He was a blacksmith, a house carpenter, a county commissioner, a preacher of the gospel, and served as groom to a celebrated horse, which had the most undisputed and aristocratic pretensions to a long line of Arabian ancestors. It was thought that a person who could so readily turn his hand and his head to such various and different pursuits with a tolerable share of success in each, could not fail to shine as a hero likewise. To be sure, one of the favorite pursuits of the old gentleman, in which he had spent the better part of a pretty long life, i. e., to proclaim "peace on earth and good-will to men," appeared to be in decided antagonism with the death-dealing profession of which he was now a conspicuous member; but the villanous expression of a countenance which would have been a warrant of condemnation before a jury skilled in reading the passions from their outward manifestations, at once conclusively demonstrated that, so far as he was concerned, the gospel of peace which he had so long proclaimed was the greatest of humbugs. He had spent a long life in canting hypocrisy, and now, for the first time, he had unfurled his true colors. It cannot be pretended that the Rev. General was influenced by religious zeal or the love of Christian purity in his Quixotic campaign. He possessed none of the fire, the fervor or fanaticism which induced the enthusiastic Covenanters to gallantly and bravely throw their lives away at Bothwell Bridge. Nothing of the kind. Base and sordid selfishness was the spring of all his actions, the controlling motive of his life. His noblest aspiration was to win the votes of the Anti-Mormons, and through their influence fatten on the spoils of office. He had preached and prayed for office without success, and now he was resolved to descend from the altar, throw aside his clerical habiliments, and fight for it. He had grown gaunt as a greyhound with hun-

ger and long and anxious waiting. Despair and hard feeding had furrowed his cheeks and sprinkled his hair with gray. The Mormon war was to him a "god-send;" it aroused his despairing energies, it resuscitated him with renewed life and activity. It mattered little to him how much blood should flow, how many of his comrades might perish, or how many of the enemy should be trampled under the hoofs of his avenging Arab charger, provided by such means he could secure the reward of his ambition and ride safely into office. General Brockman occupied a position entirely different from the men he commanded. They had suffered and endured every thing from the intrigue and violence of the Mormons. They had arisen in their own primitive right and majesty to remove a nuisance, for which the law had provided no adequate remedy. Such was not the case with Brockman; he lived in the county of Brown, near one hundred miles from these exciting scenes. He had no actual acquaintance with the Mormon character, and had never suffered from their depredations.

Gen. Brockman intended there should be no delay of his vengeance; there should be no compromise with Mormonism, "save at the cannon's mouth." Gen. Singleton had wasted three weeks in fruitless negotiations on the prairie, but Gen. Brockman could brook no delay; he was determined to charge like a thunderbolt into the city, and stake his reputation on a "*coup d'état*." The Mormons heard the high resolve of this clerical Napoleon, and trembled for the consequences. Their courage had, in a great measure, evaporated. They had been commanded by their inspired prophets to follow the standard of the Church far into the wilderness; they had delayed their march, and the superstitious began to fancy that the frown of Omnipotence should continue to rest upon them as long as they remained in a land devoted to destruction by an offended Deity. Their prophets had forewarned them that Nauvoo and the adjacent country would be destroyed by a storm of divine wrath, which would sweep the wicked and blasphemous gentiles into eternity, and that if any portion of the saints should disobediently remain behind they would be visited by the same destroying vengeance, and miserably perish by the same omnipotent displeasure.

At the time Gen. Brockman assumed the

command, the army was occupying the nook of timber to which they had been led by Gen. Singleton, about fifteen miles east of Nauvoo. Animated by the hopes of a brilliant victory, Gen. Brockman, two days after his appointment, placed himself at the head of his troops and gave them their final orders to march. The march was commenced early in the morning, and a halt was never called until the column was within cannon shot of the city. They brought with them their artillery, their military stores, and an amply supply of provisions to last them for weeks, should the campaign continue so long.

Long before the invading troops had completed half the distance to Nauvoo, they encountered the Mormon pickets, who dashed before them like the wind, to convey the intelligence to Nauvoo. On their arrival, signal guns were fired and the drums beat to quarters. The troops were instantly paraded and formed on the temple green, and marched in quick time to meet the gentiles. They took up their position about one mile east of the city, in the ravines which flanked the Carthage road. The contest to the Mormons was indeed a desperate one. By the desertion of the cowardly and superstitious, who had fled on the march of their enemy, their numbers were reduced to less than two hundred. These men, however, were nerved by despair, and were well provided with the most approved arms, and possessed the skill to use them with the most deadly effect. Their position too was formidable; it protected them from the fire of the enemy's artillery, and with the invincible courage and the stern determination of men resolved to die rather than yield, they would have been much superior to the overwhelming Anti-Mormon force. Besides their infantry and artillery, which were promptly placed in position to flank the road, Major Parker had under his command about thirty horsemen, which he immediately dispatched to make a reconnoissance of the enemy and report his movements. This detachment had proceeded but a short distance through a lane shaded on each side by luxuriant corn-fields, when they were suddenly startled by a fire of musquetry from an ambuscade to their right. It would be supposed, from the position occupied by the enemy, that they had every facility to take the most deliberate and deadly aim; that every shot might have proved effective; but on the contrary, not one of the saintly

troopers received the slightest scratch. The whizzing of the balls terrified both men and horses, and drove them with lightning speed into the camp, where they reported the enemy were on the march to attack them. This report, which by the way was wholly false, induced the Mormon leaders to remove their whole force from the shelter of the ravines where they were posted, and place them in ambuscade in the same cornfields from which the enemy's fire had just been delivered, on a level with the Anti-Mormon batteries, which were in position only a half mile distant; a single shot from which might have raked with the direst effect the whole column, and put a summary termination to the "Mormon war." The Anti-Mormons were aware of the advantage which had accrued to them by this foolish act of the enemy, and fired two or three shots in a very direct range, but on account of their want of skill were entirely too high to accomplish any thing beyond the terror which the demonstration inspired.

In the mean time, through the influence of the Mayor of Quincy, who had visited the belligerents with the intention of effecting an accommodation between the parties, and if possible prevent the barbarous scenes which were daily transpiring, General Brockman concluded to suspend hostilities until the following morning, and if possible induce the Mormons to capitulate. He accordingly, through Mr. Wood, the gentleman before alluded to, sent in a proposition to the Mormons granting them five days in which to abandon the city, provided they should cease from their hostilities and surrender their arms in his keeping. To this proposition the Mormons refused to accede, and both parties spent the night in perfecting their arrangements for renewed hostilities on the following morning.

Immediately after the firing had ceased, Major Parker turned the head of his war-horse from the enemy, and marched his men to their head-quarters at the temple; fatigued and worn down by his unusual exertions, and deeply disgusted with the scenes through which he had passed. In fact, the gallant hero began to lose confidence in himself, his soldiers, and his preparations for defense. The cannon which the indefatigable Mormons had ingeniously manufactured would in no way compare with the highly-finished and effective brass pieces in possession of the enemy. The Anti-Mormons were confident

of victory; they had brought fifteen hundred men into the field, and their force was daily augmented by new recruits to their standard, whilst his own force had dwindled to insignificance, and was every day growing "beautifully less." Besides these discouragements, Major Parker did not like to come into collision with his clerical rival. They were both blacksmiths, and if their rivalry had consisted in making horse-shoes or burnishing ploughshares, Major Parker would have been the last man to have declined the contest. He delighted in the clear and musical ringing of the anvil; but the roar of hostile artillery grated harshly on his ear. His competitor was a lean, lank, wiry old fellow as you would desire to meet, whilst he was a huge mountain of flesh, and the weather was insufferably hot, and the wind dry and sultry. Whilst General Brockman was mounted on a spirited Arab courser, fleet as the wind, he was compelled to jog along on a jaded hackney, recently taken from the plough-tail, which boasted neither wind nor bottom, nor any more illustrious descent than that of a common scrub; and what kind of head could he be expected to make on his wheezing, jaded charger, when pursued with lightning speed by the avenging Arab? He might as well attempt to resist or fly from Death on a pale horse. These considerations induced the gallant Major to tender his resignation, in which he spoke of the disparity between the forces; and although it was confidently expected that the following morning would witness the general conflict between the parties, which would be decisive in its consequences, he promised to return to his home and raise a force of some six or seven hundred men, and return in the course of two or three weeks and turn the tide of victory. The Major's resignation was accepted, and he has ever since reposed on the laurels won in this trying campaign, and amuses himself and his neighbors by a rather highly colored relation of the exciting events which he witnessed.

By virtue of the authority which the Governor's commission vested in him, Major Parker, when he retired, handed over his authority to one Clifford, a kind of loafing tool for the Mormons, and constituted him commander-in-chief of the Mormon forces. We shall not pause to inquire into the legality of this procedure, but suppose it could claim about as much legal sanction, and per-

haps a little more, than the creation of Anti-Mormon generals by a constable. However casuists might doubt, Major Clifford never questioned the legality of his appointment. Without a moment's delay he addressed himself to the defense of the city. He had noticed with deep chagrin that the efficient force of the city was alarmingly reduced by the desertion of cowardly, skulking wretches, who had not sufficient courage to face the enemy in defense of their homes or their religion. He determined to adopt measures to effectually arrest the tide of emigration, which was carrying every one across the river. To accomplish a purpose so necessary, the instructions of the Governor to Parker, under which he was acting, gave him no powers. He had no authority to coerce any one into his ranks, or to restrain any one of his liberty of crossing and re-crossing the Mississippi river whenever his inclination might dictate. But powerful evils require powerful remedies; and Major Clifford considered that the emergency was such as made it absolutely necessary to make the military superior to the civil power; and to back him in this rather arbitrary notion, he had the opinion and example of General Jackson, the great founder of democratic absolutism in politics. With such an example before his eyes, Major Clifford did not hesitate to declare martial law. He brought two of his field pieces into the portico of the temple, charged them with powder as highly as they could bear, and fired them at midnight as a ratification of his high resolve, and as the annunciation of his purpose. He immediately detached a guard and forthwith sent them to the river, with instructions to fire upon every one, no matter who, that should attempt to cross the river without a pass from him.

During the night, whilst Major Clifford was firing his cannon and proclaiming his higher law doctrines, the Anti-Mormons were removing their encampment to the North or La Harpe road, by which they avoided the ravines which sheltered the enemy on the other route, and procured ground sufficiently level to use their artillery with effect on the Mormons. About noon of the following day, General Brockman made an attempt to enter the city by storm. The attack commenced by the Anti-Mormons cannonading some waste building on the north-east of Nauvoo, in which it was supposed the Mormon force was concealed. The Mor-

mons returned their fire. Peel answered peel from the deep-mouthed cannon, and for hours, balls, grape-shot and other deadly missiles encountered each other, and fiercely whizzed through the air, with decidedly less effect than the buzzing of mosquitoes. After the parties had become thoroughly aroused by the thunder of the conflict, and enraged by the blood which they anticipated would soon spout in cataracts, they threw aside their ponderous and unwieldy weapons of death, and boldly rushed to the encounter and discharged their small arms right into each other's faces, but fortunately, however, without impairing or damaging the beauty of any hero on that hard-fought field. One of the Mormon heroes, who had exhausted his stock of ammunition, turned to fly, and in the dastardly act received a spent ball in his heel, which alarming catastrophe however only seemed to add wings to his speed; another complained of the loss of a finger which he had contrived to shoot off by means of his own expertness in the science of gunnery. No sooner had blood begun to flow from this unfortunate wound, than a panic seized the consecrated host, and with wild confusion and shouts of terror they fled to the temple for protection.

General Brockman sat motionless on his white charger, viewing with calm philosophy the work of havoc and blood around him. With huge satisfaction he beheld the rout of the enemy; but he hesitated long before he would order his troops to charge their retreating footsteps. He had heard that subterranean powder plots gaped wide for his destruction. A danger so formidable and so different from the science of civilized warfare he feared to encounter. He therefore determined to follow the example of the saints, and accordingly gave the order to fall back on the encampment. At the same moment the casual observer might have seen both armies flying from each other, for dear life.

The hostile parties on the following night each slept on their arms, and both dreamed no doubt of swimming in pools of blood. On the following morning the Anti-Mormons arose with the determination of fighting their way into the city, despite of all opposing obstacles. The Mormons in the mean time, having in a great measure recovered from their absurd and cowardly panic, were busily engaged in the construction of temporary

breastworks on which to mount their cannon, as well as to shelter them from the fire of the enemy. They threw themselves behind these slight fortifications and behind the surrounding buildings, and awaited with no little anxiety the assaults of the enemy. The Anti-Mormons coolly planted their cannon, and about noon commenced firing on the fortifications and buildings, which protected the Mormons. The attack was kept up with decidedly more spirit, and the firing was much better directed and told with more destructive effect on the buildings, than that of the preceding day. A blacksmith shop, which sheltered a small company of the saints, was severely riddled by the incessant discharge of cannon. One of the party, a small boy, the son of Captain Anderson, was struck by a shot from the artillery which pierced the wall, and was shattered to atoms. A retreat from the building to a safer position was deemed advisable, in effecting which another of their number was struck down mortally wounded by the enemy's fire.

In the mean time, the street which they sought to enter being hotly contested, and several of their number being severely wounded by the fire from the Mormon breastwork, the Anti-Mormons marched south to a street which was wholly unguarded, with the intention of taking possession of that point, before the Mormons could be rallied for its support. This movement being discovered, Captain Anderson was dispatched with his company, consisting of about thirty men, all of whom were armed with "fifteen shooting rifles" and revolvers, to oppose the progress of the enemy at that point. Arriving at the point of destination, they commenced pouring a galling fire into the Anti-Mormon ranks, which instantly checked their progress. Col. Smith of Carthage, who commanded the Anti-Mormon column, hastily placed his cannon in position and blazed away at the Mormons, but without any effect. Anderson, the Mormon leader, at this crisis rushed forward in full view of the enemy, and called upon his men to charge on the enemy's battery; but at the very moment of giving the command he received a musket ball in his breast, from which he instantly expired.

At the very time that Anderson was urging his men to make a desperate charge, Col. Smith, who is a man of unquestioned bravery, and was the soul of the Anti-Mor-

mon army, was urging his men forward for the purpose of surrounding the handful of Mormons, who were pouring a hail-storm of ball on his advancing column, when he was severely wounded in the neck, and was carried as dead from the field. Each party was thrown into confusion by the loss of its leader; and to add to the embarrassment of the Anti-Mormons, it was discovered that their supply of ammunition was entirely exhausted. They were consequently compelled to fall back on their encampment, which was strongly fortified, and leave the enemy in possession of the field. In this contest the Anti-Mormons lost only one in killed and some seven or eight in wounded. The Mormons, as we have seen, lost in killed three persons, and in wounded two or three, but slightly. Of the heroic achievements of General Brockman and Major Clifford in this spirited engagement history has made no record, and we are constrained to pass them by without notice, until these worthies shall furnish the world with an accurate account of what they did and suffered in the conflict.

The Anti-Mormons without delay dispatched an embassy to procure ammunition, and more particularly cannon ball. They spent a great portion of the time in perfecting and strengthening the fortifications of their encampment, which they determined to occupy until the Mormons should be compelled to abandon the holy city.

Notwithstanding the Mormons had for the time checked the advance of the enemy, they were far from being encouraged by their success. Even the arbitrary and lawless regulations of Major Clifford could not prevent terrified fugitives from hourly crossing the river. The guard, which as we have seen had authority to murder all deserters, connived at their escape, and many of them were known to betray the confidence reposed in them, by the abandonment of their post, and retreating across the river.

In addition to the annoyance of continued desertions, the city was hard pressed by the horrors of famine. Their supply of breadstuffs was totally exhausted. The army was compelled to subsist on fresh beef without any other aliment; nor did their families fare any better. Hunger and wretchedness stared every family in the face. Pale-faced and tearful women, haggard with hunger and terror, without protection, huddled their squalid, starving and naked children to-

gether and hurried away, without means or provisions for a single day, to encounter the bleak winds of approaching autumn, and perish unpitied like famished wolves on the wild prairie.

To render the condition of the Mormons more desperately hopeless, their enemies had raised a force on the opposite side of the river, which had full control over the Iowa shore, and whose duty it was to prevent any provisions from being crossed over to relieve the starving Mormons. Resistance on their part was no longer possible. To raise the siege which so grievously oppressed them, it would be necessary to storm the formidable barriers of the enemies' camp, and seize upon their provisions, of which they had an abundant supply, and appropriate them to their necessities; and to accomplish an enterprise of so much peril by a force diminished by desertion, and feeble from starvation, was altogether impracticable.

The want of ammunition on the part of the Anti-Mormons, and the weakness of their adversaries, caused a temporary cessation of active hostilities, which continued for several days. However, the dulness of the times was relieved by the action of hostile parties from each of the camps, who carried on a guerilla warfare worthy of the most savage and depraved of the Mexicans. Although but little was accomplished by the various sallies of these irregular companies, no one being killed or seriously wounded, yet it kept up continued excitement and alarm, and kept alive the terrors which the situation naturally inspired.

In the mean time, the city of Quincy, which had exhibited a lively and humane interest in the struggle, and many of whose citizens had manifested the most commendable zeal in preventing the effusion of blood, now dispatched a committee of fifty persons who were instructed to use all their influence to bring the hostile parties to an accommodation. These gentlemen arrived during the suspension of active hostilities; and although the firing of the guerilla parties, which was incessantly kept up, continually exposed them to imminent peril, yet they manfully and almost heroically persevered until they actually brought the enraged and now desperate factions to terms, and prevented that indiscriminate and brutal massacre which there was too much reason to apprehend would result from taking the city by storm.

By the terms of the accommodation effected, it was agreed on the part of the Mormons that the city should surrender; hostilities to immediately cease, and the Anti-Mormons to march in and take possession of Nauvoo the following day. The Mormons were to surrender their arms to the Quincy committee, and leave the State without delay; their arms to be returned to them in good faith, as soon as it could be ascertained that they had permanently removed, and manifested no intention of returning. Ten families, to be indicated by the Mormon trustees, were permitted to remain until the first of May following, for the purpose of adjusting and settling the accounts of the Church. From this arrangement, William Picket was expressly excluded. Instead of stipulating for the surrender of his body into the custody of Mr. Carlin, who had called upon the "power of the county" to effect his arrest, he was required forthwith to leave the State, which it must be conceded was a rather singular manner of terminating an enterprise set on foot for the avowed purpose of securing the custody of this same Picket.

In pursuance of the stipulations of the treaty, on the following day General Brockman paraded his troops preparatory to marching into the conquered city. He congratulated them on the successful termination of the expedition. He informed them that now, when the Mormons were within their power, when their struggle was fortunately terminated without material loss, they could well afford to be generous. He enjoined upon them the strict observance of the stipulations of the treaty, and exacted a separate pledge of every person in the camp to observe the rights of persons and property. The troops then marched into the city. Although they were unrestrained by any but moral and voluntary obligations, the most perfect order was observed, no outrage was committed, and the terms of the treaty remained inviolate. The troops encountered no opposition in taking possession of the city; in fact, the streets were deserted, the doors of the dwellings were all closed, the shops gave no sounds indicative of industry or of animated existence; a universal silence, profound as that of the unoccupied desert, reigned throughout the city. Brockman immediately took possession of the temple, which had been deserted by the terrified

and flying Mormons, planted his batteries in the portico, charged his artillery with ball and grape-shot, distributed his sentinels with the utmost care and vigilance, and provided every possible means to guard against surprise and secure the general peace.

In the mean time the Mormons placed but little confidence in the most solemn pledges of their enemies. Judging from the course of policy which had uniformly been adopted by the saints, they had little right to anticipate an observance of faith on the part of the Anti-Mormons. Pledges solemnly made, and sacred oaths duly administered, the Mormons had always treated as farcical jokes, to be laughed at, and, when policy dictated, to be disregarded and trampled upon. Observing no faith with the gentiles, they believed that retribution was now to be visited on their false derelictions. They did not care to await the storm of destructive wrath which they believed was about to break on their devoted city and temple. Accordingly, in the greatest haste, they made their preparations for their departure, many of them abandoning their property in the precipitancy of their flight. Every boat which could do service was incessantly plying from shore to shore, bearing away the proscribed fugitives to the less hostile shores of Iowa. The sullen Mormon still manifested the unmitigated hate, the undying malignity which appears to form the basis of their character. Unlike the early Christian martyr, who invoked forgiveness on the heads of his murderers, the desperate saint of modern times, as he beheld for the last time the tall spire of the temple which he profoundly revered, muttered deep curses on the gentile bands who had conspired to drive him from his altars and his gods. They exulted in view of their speedy expatriation from a land doomed by their prophets to divine wrath and complete and fearful overthrow. They disavowed their allegiance to a government which had failed to recognize and protect their lawless villainies, their demoralizing vices, and acknowledged obedience to no authority save that which emanated from their ecclesiastical tribunal, to be established in the wilds of California.

The Anti-Mormons were relieved from the disagreeable necessity of removing any of the saints by violent measures. All that remained of the fanatics was a miserable

remnant of sick and starving wretches, whose hopeless condition any one with the un pitying heart of a demon might have well commiserated. These were permitted to remain on pledges to leave the State as soon as their health should be sufficiently restored to permit their removal. Their destitution was supplied, and their present necessities relieved, by the generosity of their conquerors.

The new citizens, however, caused General Brockman more trouble. Many of them had ventured the opinion that a man of his sacred profession was rather out of place in commanding a force organized on very doubtful authority. Many of them very naturally considered it their duty to volunteer under the orders of the Governor, not for the purpose of vindicating the Mormons so much as to protect their homes and their property, which they feared were endangered by the hostile movements of the Anti-Mormon army. Many of them who feared to trust General Brockman fled with the Mormons at his approach. Others, placing more confidence in the broad pledges which he had given for the protection of "persons and property," chose to remain at their own firesides, in their own dwellings, believing that a man's house was his castle at the present period as much as it was a thousand years ago, amid the darkness of feudalism. But these self-confident, hardy fellows soon found that they reckoned without their host. It was soon discovered that they knew not what manner of man this same Brockman was; for no sooner had the veteran discovered that there were certain persons who had ventured to remonstrate against his authority than files of soldiers were dispatched for their arrest; when this model soldier, fresh from the field of his glory, doffed his epaulettes, assumed the official robes of a judge, and passed sentence of banishment on every culprit who was brought before him by this summary process. These culprits, least of all persons, had any right to complain of the delays of the law; for they were immediately remanded into the custody of a trusty guard, when they were promptly trotted down to the brink of the river at the point of the bayonet, where they were guarded on the ferry until they reached the opposite shore. In this manner were many persons removed from their rightful homes; persons who had no connection

with Mormonism or sympathy for its doctrines; persons who had only dared to doubt the authority of a self-constituted, unlawful military tribunal, over which the Rev. Mr. Brockman presided as chief judge. Only a few days passed, and General Brockman, satisfied with the completeness and permanency of his triumph, disbanded his troops and retired from the tented field, retaining, however, a garrison of some twenty persons, to retain possession of the temple, and prevent the return of the Mormons. This guard remained in Nauvoo about one month, when they retreated before the Governor, who marched two hundred men into Nauvoo, for the purpose of finally restoring order and legal supremacy. Under his protection, the new citizens returned to their homes. Signs of life and activity were again manifested in the streets of the deserted city, and peace again smiled away the spirit of discordant strife.

Whilst these arbitrary and lawless scenes of violence were transpiring at Nauvoo, the citizens of Quincy, with a noble and humane benevolence, sent a steamboat freighted with provisions to feed the starving outcasts on the opposite shore. Notwithstanding their

exposure to the inclemency of the weather, and the prevalence of the bilious diseases peculiar to the season and the western climate, but few if any of the Mormons perished in their flight from Nauvoo. A very few weeks passed away until the Mormons, recovering from their despair and consternation, were busily engaged in preparing to remove their quarters westward. Many of them equipped themselves for Council Bluffs, where Brigham Young had established his winter quarters. Others sought temporary homes in St. Louis and the neighboring towns of Iowa, where they could procure a meagre and precarious subsistence by their labor. In a few weeks more fanaticism had finally vanished from Illinois. The long line of white tents which stretched for miles along the Iowa shore disappeared, and the last remnant of the saints was on its march to the unoccupied and wilderness regions of the remote West, where, amid wild crags and inaccessible mountain passes, they determined to establish an independent empire of fanaticism, where the immoral tenets of their licentious faith, far removed from legal restraints, could be practised with impunity.

THE ART AND MYSTERY OF BLOWING YOUR OWN TRUMPET.

ASSUREDLY there is no instrument of such respectable antiquity and martial character as the trumpet, and none other that has made so much noise in the world; yet looking at it with the eye of a mechanic, it is but a pleasant contrivance of brass, fashioned more or less crookedly to suit the taste and proficiency of the maker. The ancients represented Fame with a trumpet in her mouth, very much like a section of gas-pipe with the end expanded; a very penny whistle of a contrivance, despicable enough to offend the E flat bugle temperament of a Dodworth or any other brass-band-loving citizen. Yet that redoubtable gas-pipe invention in the hands, or rather the mouth of Fame, was sufficiently perfect for all Cecilian requirements of making a noise; and it is well known that noise from the aforesaid trumpet has, from

time immemorial, been considered by the most consummate musicians as infinitely superior to any other music of the spheres celestial or terrestrial.

There are doubtless individuals of a waltz-like frame of mind, who prefer the soothing too-tooting of a flute to the inharmonious trump of the brazen instrument, and who, in the fastnesses of their bedrooms, will affect sombre melodies with distracting variations. There are others who find solace in scraping dexterously on the intestinal viscera of the feline species, and in aggravating three strings on a contra-basso to a point past endurance. Strong men have been known to exercise their muscular power on the triangle, and it is very uncertain whether the Red Cross Knights did not introduce the jews-harp from Palestine.

Notwithstanding this abundant proof of musical appreciation, it is a fact that one blast from the trumpet of Fame will make one and all of them turn up the white of their eyes in the most ecstatic delight; with an expletive, not loud but deep, that it is the most ravishing of all music, the most beautiful of all beautiful strains.

Now there is evidently something wrong in this state of things, something false and hollow, that needs annihilation and "decent Christian burial." If this noise which Fame makes, obviously with a very clumsy kind of instrument, is really so delectable, so perfectly entrancing, why should not every non-phthisical citizen provide himself with a similar section of expanded gas-pipe and blow away to his heart's content? In other words, why should not every man blow his own trumpet, instead of troubling Fame to do it for him?

Perhaps you will tell me it is an impracticable theory; that it is impossible for a man to flourish his trumpet in a manner calculated to edify his neighbor, or likely to draw forth a response other than from his landlady. To all of which I answer, *Bosh!* I will not waste a classic expletive on such argument, but in the merest vernacular, appreciable by the meanest capacity, indignantly exclaim, *Bosh!*

Before I proceed further, I will introduce myself. It is necessary that I should at once do so, because I am really a very pleasant sort of a fellow, and the sooner the reader makes my acquaintance the better. I dislike your squeamish, modest, shivering writers, who skulk behind their inkstands at the first flush of publicity, as if they were not paid for their articles, or as if they did not work for patronage and pay like any other honest man of the world. Were I to open a dry-goods store to-morrow, I would make it a point of creed to become acquainted with as many of my patrons as possible. If a customer came in for a yard of tape, I would shuffle down the middle of the store with my blandest smile at his service. I would rub my hands and expatiate on the weather, and show my teeth and grin, and talk with "bated breath and whispering humbleness." Not necessarily for the sake of the yard of tape, but because I would wish to impress the purchaser thereof with the pleasant fact that I was, as the newspapers say, the "gentlemanly proprietor," and a

good-looking, pleasant fellow withal. A man is never so successful as when he strives to be chatty and agreeable, and of all the easy things in the world, that of making a friend is surely the easiest: the keeping of him is another matter—possibly a shade more difficult. Why then should not I or any other writer make a point at the onset of establishing myself in the good graces of my readers? We are necessarily at a distance from each other, and unless there be something mutual existing, a good deal of the charm of our intercommunication will be lost. If, on the other hand, you maintain that "distance lends enchantment" &c., I am willing to concede the point, provided you allow me to prelude the "enchantment" with a gentle, exquisitely soft obligato on my own particular and well-beloved trumpet: you may wonder who the deuce it is playing beneath your window, but you won't think any the worse of him for his musical predilections, whoever he may be.

To return then to the business of introduction.

There are so many Smiths, Joneses and Robinsons in the world, that it is utterly immaterial what my patronymic may be, so long as I give myself a distinctive appellation. In my own estimation, I am somebody—a fixed fact, with a local habitation and a name. Being somebody, (in my own estimation,) I have of course my whims and my ways, my whys and my wherefores, and therefore choose to introduce myself to an expectant and indulgent public as

THE MAN WHO BLOWS HIS OWN TRUMPET!

Doubtless there are many other fair-spoken men who might honestly lay claim to the same name, but I flatter myself I am the first in the throng who has had moral courage enough to step forward and proclaim himself the fond possessor of the cognomen. *The man who blows his own trumpet!* Surely it has a wonderfully sincere look; a calm, dignified, stubborn kind of honesty in it, that makes the palm itch with expectation. By the pricking of my thumbs I like it much, and will fashion it into every kind of type for mine own especial gratification.

I have in a preliminary flourish announced that I am a very pleasant sort of a fellow. I will now only add (for betwixt ourselves I still have a remnant of modesty left—enough to swear by on an emergency) that I am ex-

ceedingly affable, good-tempered, well disposed, and amiable. My brow is massive, my eye bright, and my mouth chiselled after the approved fashion of Cupid's bow. In manners I am a D'Orsay, and in deviltry and valor, a Charles O'Malley at the very least. I might enlarge on many other personal excellences, but I forbear lest the reader should grow envious or get disgusted with himself and break his heart, or his own trumpet, in the same way that the man broke his fiddle after hearing Paganini.

You will of course arrive at the obvious conclusion, after reading the foregoing estimate, that I think well of myself. Unhesitatingly I admit the soft impeachment—I do think well of myself. I have long come to the conclusion that it is best for a man to do so. It saves a great deal of uncertainty and annoyance; for once let your modest man believe half the ill-natured estimates of his friends, and away go his independence, his manliness, and his self-reliance.

Besides, if you favor yourself with a high-seasoned character, with a good handful of the cardinal virtues thrown in, you are more likely to work up to that character than you would be were you to set yourself down timidly as a nincompoop. If I say definitely and defiantly, I am a gentleman, society expects from me the behavior and the attributes of a gentleman; but if I merely say I am one of 'em, no one would be astonished to see me running wid der machine with a long-six projection. Therefore I maintain it is good and morally wholesome to think and speak well of yourself.

The world is no wiser than of old, as Mr. Tupper pleasantly remarks, and the chances are that some well-conditioned, bilious old gentleman will in the plenitude of his impatience exclaim, "Why, hang the fellow! he does nothing but talk about himself." Certainly, most certainly, that is all I do; and therein lies, O my bilious, well-conditioned friend! therein lies the whole art and mystery of blowing your own trumpet.

Suppose, by way of illustration, that John Smith, comedian, of the city of London—third-rate walking gentlemen and general *sup.* at the Pig-and-Whistle sixpenny theatre and drinking saloon—should take it into his histrionic and otherwise pasty head to cross the Atlantic in search of Fame and Fortune; do you suppose that he would announce himself to the trans-Atlantic barbari-

ans meekly as John Smith, late of the Pig and Whistle, walking gentleman and general *sup.*? Not he, indeed. John Smith will, if he knows any thing of human nature, elevate his imperial nose at the noxious antecedent, and like a light-hearted herald of yore, will don his gaily-colored tabard, emblazoned with all the attributes of genius and devices of charlatanism, and then draw forth his trusty trumpet, and with a blast both loud and shrill astonish all the Browns and all the natives with the extent of his proficiency on the instrument. In a single sentence, he will talk and cause others to talk about himself.

A principle of gullibility pervades all nature, from the catching of sparrows with salt to the securing of patronage by *gas*: hence it is more than probable that our friend Smith will be patronized on his first appearance with a crowded house; his follies listened to carefully, lest by accident they might turn out to be new readings, and himself applauded to the echo if he delivers one single passage in a sober, christian-like spirit: he will be heard to the end in a character of his own choosing, and ten to one but he ultimately succeeds in reaching a better position downwards than he could ever have attained upwards.

The secret of the thing lies in a nutshell. John Smith, in his gorgeous tabard, and with his lusty blast, succeeded in exciting one of those amiable weaknesses in which humanity will indulge, namely, *curiosity*. Now if we will allow ourselves to become curious about a person, we imperceptibly imbibe an interest in all and every thing that he does; which interest (if he is in that mundane condition denominated by the ribald "wide awake") he will use as his principal with which to trade and benefit himself. Therein lies another secret of the trumpet philosophy.

If, then, John Smith, third-rate actor, is allowed to blow his own trumpet, and by blowing it, to elevate his position with the public, why should not every man, woman and child do the same? The bulk of mankind is partial to music, and keenly susceptible of execution in more senses than one. Why then should we be content with tootooing on the penny whistle that Fate has placed in our mouths, when we can blow away to our heart's content on a more facile and decidedly more fashionable instrument? Let the

penny whistle go hang; give me my brazen trumpet, and the fault is mine if I do not raise the neighborhood.

Show me your great merchant, your great tradesman, your great politician, your great publisher, your great upholsterer, your great original Jacobs, and I will score you down the dulcet strains that have taken their several worlds captive.

Now if your merchant, politician, tradesman, publisher, &c., can raise themselves above the common herd by the divine "afflatus" of their respective trumpets, what is to prevent every one else from doing the same? Nothing. All that is necessary, is to blow away, heart and lungs; blow perpetually, in major, minor, and every other scale, and if that don't do, still blow away discordantly on your own hook, until you madden the world into notice. Never mind the critics; they can only make a little more noise, and egad, that is the very thing you want. As to waiting for Fame to do the needful for you, it is perfectly absurd. She has so much work to do for generations that have passed away, that it becomes a question of solid pudding for the present race of men to look after themselves, and use the superfluous wind with which they are blessed for their own especial behoof and advantage. If you are a soldier, let your blast be loud, rough, and steady; if a clergyman, let it be slow, solemn, and long-winded; if a lawyer, let it be alternately loud and soft, with as many twists and turns in it as "lipping" can produce; if an actor, let it be noisy and windy, with sudden transitions for the gallery; if a publisher, let it be imperious, extravagant, and vulgar; and if an author, let it be firm almost to obstinacy, confident almost to impudence, and noisy almost to distraction.

Truly, this blowing of your own trumpet is an immense conception; and if there is one thing that presses on my mind more heavily than another, it is that I, who professedly blow my own trumpet, am not the originator of it; I cannot claim any originality or foresight in the matter at all. There are in our midst hundreds of men who have for some years past been flourishing away with might and main, and not unsuccessfully either, if we may judge from appearances.

Disguise it as you will, the days of modesty are past; man is no longer sincere; no

longer pleased with the truth; no longer satisfied with things as they are. A modest man knows but the truth, and shrinks at an exaggeration of it; when he speaks, he speaks with sincerity, with faith in himself, and faith in his hearer; he cannot thrust himself forward, for his ambition does not lead him captive, nor will his nature permit him: he would gladly achieve a position in a higher sphere, if by patient merit he could do so; but if it is only to be attained by lying, deceit, and vulgarity, by running a neck-and-neck race against time and the old gentleman, he is prostrate, helpless.

My heart sickens when I think of the many God-watching spirits that walk the earth in a timid whisper of greatness—oppressed with the consciousness of merit, whilst the brazen-throated Unqualified tread imperiously on their meekly-bended necks.

O Humbug, Protean god of this nineteenth century! how worthily do thy worshippers kiss the dust before thy shrine! No Koran ever had such true believers as thou hast! No religion ever had so few heretics.

Bab! there is no "still small voice" in these days; nothing but the shrill howl of a fierce trade wind: let me get back to my trumpet; in self-defense let me give a hearty puff.

One of the first principles of republicanism is equality, and a very necessary principle it is too: not your Utopian article, that would level all institutions, and make the Fifth Avenue and the Five Points shake hands with each other in universal brotherhood. Nothing so plebeian and disinterested as that will do in this truly republican country. The equality must consist in the ambition to be equal in stocks, and funds, and moneys, and stores, and all the other tangible facts of worldly aggrandizement; in short, it must be somewhat akin to that peculiar idiosyncrasy, by the vulgar denominated selfishness. Most particularly is it necessary for the attainment of this equality, that one and all should blow their own trumpets with unqualified vigor. Look at your successful men of to-day, sleek and oily in the fulness of their beatitude; do they not blow—blow—blow—"from night to morn; from morn to dewy eve?" do they not keep up a perpetual strain in advertisements, puffs and humbugs, drowning in its energy and noise every peaceful melody of the heart?

If the public is pleased with such music, and chooses to pay for it, why, let us have a fair start, and, as the Thane of Cawdor vigorously adds, "damned be he who first cries, Hold, enough!"

Under a dispensation of universal trumpeting, the proprietors of this magazine might soar away into the realms of beautiful fiction; might increase their circulation to a hundred or a hundred and fifty thousand copies per month; might employ all the artists, all the engravers, all the paper makers, and all the paper folders in the Union; might pay fifteen hundred or fifteen thousand dollars every month for original contributions from classic pens, to say nothing of the moralities and the cardinal virtues, and the creamy *disjecta membra* stolen from the English magazines; they might in fact (or rather in fiction) pay more for a single number than all the other monthlies put together; besides being very pious, godly, amiable, mild-spoken gentlemen into the bargain. All of which pleasantries might as well issue from their trumpet as from the trumpet of any other publisher; particularly as a share of the coppers which the public so kindly showers on such performances would be as acceptable to the one as the other.

And the writers too—why should not they come in for their share of blowing? Instead of their ordinary fictitious creations, let them introduce themselves to the public: there is no class of men living so favorably circumstanced for blowing their own trumpets; let these presents witness the truth thereof. As for the writers of books who take unto themselves the grandiloquent appellation of author, nothing can be easier than to do the business in the preface, always taking care to follow the excellent advice of Mr. Mark Tapley, viz., to "pitch it in strong." Let intending authors read the two following specimens, and they will appreciate my meaning:

OLD STYLE PREFACE. (HUMILITY PATTERN.)

In submitting this humble effort to the consideration of an indulgent public, the author takes the opportunity of disclaiming all vanity in his performance. He is persuaded that the blemishes on his humble mirror (*if* a mirror) will seriously detract, &c. &c.

NEW STYLE PREFACE. (TRUMPET PATTERN.)

The lazy noon-tide breeze, as it crept through the wavy festoons of the scandens in the conservatory, seemed rather as if it had breathed upon a bed of poppies than a bank of violets; so very sleepy was it, that the fragrant fumes from the cigar, which at the moment I was smoking, curled and wreathed themselves in their ascent skywards, without being in the slightest disturbed by it. As I lay pensively watching their gyrations, my eye mechanically rested on the exquisitely painted ceiling, and as I traced the voluptuous outline of a very fleshy Venus, a feeling of gratitude possessed me towards that estimable German, Frederic Sang, for having restored the primitive art of fresco painting in so much of its purity.

Arousing myself with an effort, I stepped to the window. The casement was open, and in the street beneath my span were proudly pawing the ground. A globe of gold-fish stood by my side, and the finny red coats gobbled with their round mouths so languidly, that I could not resist the temptation of giving them a little pleasurable excitement, by stirring them up with my cane. I felt it to be an act of charity to do so.

Consumed by *ennui*, I turned to my *escritoire*. A huge pile of letters lay unopened; with a vigorous effort I broke the seal of one, and carelessly tore it open. It was from Trumpeter, the publisher, beseeching me, in the most endearing language, to let him have the manuscript of this work, and inclosing, with a neatly written apology, his check for a thousand dollars. These publishers, said I, are great bores, and horribly long-winded. How can they expect a man to devote himself to their interests, when by writing for magazines, such as the "Pigmy of the Monthlies," he can earn his two, three, four, or five hundred dollars in an hour? It is perfectly preposterous. However, Trumpeter is not a bad fellow, and as the public really do require something good in the literary way, I will humor him, and finish the manuscript. As for his check, I will hand that to my boot-maker.

Acting on this determination, I have produced the present work, which, it will be conceded, is the most perfect of its kind yet published. I have combined the fixedness of Scott with the loquacity of Lever; the

vigor of Fielding with the naturalness of Dickens; the slang of Ainsworth with the classicality of Bulwer; the descriptive power of Hawthorne with the merry jingle of Will's. In short, the present work is the emanation of a man of genius, and as such merits and doubtless will receive the grateful patronage of the public.

In conclusion, it may be mentioned as a source of further gratification to the reader and other persons of correct taste, that should this work meet with the appreciation it merits, they may live in the pleasant hope of again hearing from
THE AUTHOR.

I do not pretend that the above specimen is a model; on the contrary, I think it quite possible "to pile it on" still more vigorously, and still fall short of the trumpeting of some of our neighbors.

All I wish to add in conclusion is this:

If trumpeting is to be the order of the day, and the public is pleased with and willing to pay for the music, let it be a round robin, so that all may have a chance of putting in a stave. Do not let all the patronage go to one musical firm, consummate humbugs though they be.

PASSIONS AND INTELLIGENCE OF MEN.*

REASON.

THE intelligence of a human being is usually said to be a combination of instinct, intelligence, and reason: that is to say, the man *includes* the animal.

The body of a human being is constructed upon the same *principles*, and composed of the same *substances*, with that of an animal. The organism of the insect even, differs only in *degrees* of development from that of the dog, the ape, and the man. Ascending in the scale, the muscles, bones, nerves, brain, and their attendant organs, attain higher and higher degrees of complication, till we reach the ape, the most *intelligent* of animals. From the ape to the man there is no transition, but an abyss of differences. In the man first appears the upright figure, beauty of outline, universal grace of motion, smoothness and purity of skin, a countenance equally beautiful in motion or repose; speech, distinct and varied; authority, and skill of hand. The *animal* man is superior to all others, in organic and sensuous attributes. His *senses* are infinitely appreciative and delicate; his *instincts* powerful and complete; his *intelligence*, *passion*, and *affection*, incomparably superior to those of any other organized being.

Independently, however, of this organic superiority, the human being exhibits a pro-

found and universal *character*,—allying him with the universe as a whole, in the *past* and *future*, through *space* and through *time*,—of which the animal is utterly devoid. Character, as it appears in human conduct and institutions, is said to be due to the presence of what is called the immortal soul of man; by theologians and philosophers, the "Image of God."

The immortality of the governing spirit is manifested by certain Powers or Energies, controlling *conduct* and *speech*. *Ideas* of these energies make their appearance in the intellect. They are then called *ideas* of the soul; as of Will, Ambition, Justice, &c. As the *savan* carefully distinguishes the image or "law," as he calls it, of gravitation, from the eternal *fact* of gravitation,—which existed before it was thought of by himself,—so, we must now carefully separate the ideas of Moral or Spiritual forces, from those forces themselves. Ambition, and the philosophical *idea* of it, justice and the *idea* of it, will, and the notion or *idea* of it, are to be carefully distinguished in consciousness from the real Energies of these.

The object of the present chapter, to which the two former were only introductory, is to distinguish the Energies of the soul, and sep-

* See *American Whig Review*, Aug. and Sept., "Passions of Animals."

arate the ideas of them by their natural characteristics; just as one would separate and distinguish the ideas of instincts or of the "laws" of matter.

Every moral power, that is to say, every interior spring of "moral" or human force, is attended with, or rather produces, a physical sensation, which pervades the nervous system, and is either painful and depressing, as in remorse, or delightful and stimulating, as in beneficence.

The physical internal pleasures which arise from the free and powerful action of the "immortal" spirit, are beyond all comparison the most refined, pervading, and enduring of enjoyments. Devotional ecstasy, the joy of gratified ambition, the intoxicating raptures of pride, the sentimental delights of sympathy,—these are pleasures so intense, as at times to destroy the tissue of the nerves and produce madness and death. Their pains are proportionate. All men are in some degree familiar with them.

We distinguish in ourselves the sensation excited by *pride*, from that excited by *vanity* or *sympathy*.

To reflect upon and compare these sensations, is the initiatory step to what is called "self-knowledge," and gives rise to philosophical consciousness; consciousness itself being a reflection of one's own spiritual motives, in the shape of ideas, in the intellect.

As the *savant*, witnessing the operations of nature and apprehending their laws, gradually arrives at the idea of unity and consistency; and thence concludes that there is a Creative Power, who, by *conscious wisdom*, gives order and beauty to the universe; so, the *philosopher*, becoming intimately acquainted with the powers of the soul, through their *acts* and *physical manifestations*, (these alone being objects of thought,) perfects in his mind the grand *idea* of an immortal or *governing* soul of man.

No less necessary to this high and difficult part of knowledge is the external observation of men; whose conduct and conversation, but still more, their laws, opinions, forms of society, and institutions, manifest the workings of the interior soul, or "Image of God the Ruler."

We banish from *true* psychological studies every metaphysical question. To the queries, "What is man?" "What am I?" "Who is God?" "Is the soul a substance?" &c., &c., we return no answer. These questions be-

long to the agonies of the intellect, the dissection of ideas. Our business, at least for the present, is the investigation of nature—that is to say, of acts and conduct, facts and things, in order to build from these a correct structure of ideas. Let us follow the great example of the *savans*, who depart not from the broad and immovable foundation of *recorded* facts, and who admit no *disputation* in their researches. To dispute facts is a process of criticism, not of science.

Our method, like that of the naturalists, is synthetic; that is to say, we adopt, compare, and fit together, fact with fact, architectonically; and neither cut nor tear the work, nor reduce any thing to unessential thought. We deal only with the *concrete* substance of available knowledge.

Let us now study men as we would animals, by observing their conduct in masses. The peculiarities of individuals confuse. *Analytic* investigation occupies itself, according to the rule of Lord Bacon, with minute portions, fractions, particles, and individuals; and this, in order merely to save time and distance, and bring the subject within the compass of human power, into the focus of the eye and the hollow of the hand. Psychological science requires another procedure, and for a very simple reason. Justice, for example, is an object of psychological science: we wish to form an idea of the spring, source, or interior *Energy* of justice, precisely as we would of gravitation; the one a principle or power of will, the other of material nature; the one governing, shaping, and controlling, the other fated, necessitated, passive; both of divine origin, that is to say, emanating from God; both *illustrating* the will of God; but yet unspeakably different, as the one is of man, (the person,) the other of nature, (the thing.)

To continue this illustration. If justice were an affection of the individual in relation to himself merely, we might study it analytically as a thing; but neither can justice nor the law of gravitation be studied in the individual, since they are relationships; not "abstract," but *potent*, (as well as "potential.") There can be a manifestation of justice between *two* persons; between *three* it is more distinct. So of gravitation: gravitation between *two* bodies gives rise to simple problems, which do not illustrate the whole law: the problem of "three bodies,"

the sun, earth, and moon, is necessary to the full development of this law. So of justice : between man and wife it is replaced by affection ; whole families may move harmoniously, (for a time,) each in their separate orbits ; authority and love substituted for justice. There are even conditions of society in which it is but dimly recognized. To attain an idea of this divine principle, it is therefore necessary to contemplate great bodies and masses of human beings, aggregated for long periods of time by general interests, in which affection has no part. Those who best understand justice in *theory*, and have the most correct "idea" of it, are doubtless those who preside over the laws of communities, and regulate the commerce of men. It is in vain, therefore, that psychology would attempt, with introverted gaze, a study of justice, in the interior movements of individual consciousness.

If we wish to understand the nature of money, we must study the market, and observe transactions ; and, by analogy, if of justice, we must observe it in the courts, and in the world, and in state affairs. Even the strife of parties, the great field in which to study human nature in the general, is not sufficiently extended for a philosophical observation of this high and holy principle.

The reader is perhaps apprised, by this very general and vague intimation, of the course we wish to pursue, while marking out the limits of the "governing (or spiritual) powers." We consider each one of these to be a separate manifestation of that real and eternal power, the image of God in man.

In proportion to the quantity of matter which it is allowed to govern, the force of this power is beyond all comprehension ; we might say infinite, were not the expression too vague and figurative. A single human soul, governing a well-formed and powerfully constructed body, like that of a Washington, a Napoleon, or a Plato, is able to control the actions of millions of other men. The body in which it is lodged, and which it rules for its own purposes, will not weigh more than a large stone by the seaside, which the waves turn over and dash to and fro. This paltry atom of matter, which a brook will drown, and a sunbeam wither, is, nevertheless, constructed with such a profound regard to the past and future, and to all conditions of space and time, and especially is in such perfect and powerful harmony with other

bodies of its own kind ; the soul that governs it is able, for a comparatively long space of time, to make itself the ruling power and moving principle ; as it were, the spiritual gravitating centre of millions of others. It is able to put these in motion so as to overcome the great obstacles of nature ; to turn rivers from their course ; to remove mountains, and build up pyramids in their place. So in the present, and through space. But this same being has received into its nature, through tradition and history, (by the way of intellect,) the powers of other natures ; and the souls of antiquity fortify the souls of modern times, these, in their turn, sending forward an interminable chain of influences over the future.

Beyond all comparison the most interesting object of study is the soul : not within itself, ontologically, as it *is*, unknown to us and latent, a fruitless investigation, but as it has accomplished its *work*, in history and the general structure of society ; figured in works of utility, in letters, in art, in codes of laws, in churches, systems of religion, in social manners, the graces, the dignities, aristocratic, democratic, all that is openly, obviously, tangibly, simply, and solidly (in the concrete) *human*, and at the same time spiritual.

To obtain a correct idea of the character of a man, we observe his actions and his gestures, and peruse his life and works ; we observe what he has *said*, how he has *behaved*, to what end he has *built, painted, or modulated* ; what he has destroyed or made ; what *laws* he has established over his fellow-men ; in what *manner* he manifested his reverence for Deity : and in this way we obtain a biographical idea of a hero, a sage, a statesman, or an artist. It is a synthetic process. We build up the *image* in our intellect, according to our powers of comprehension, greater or less. If he seems to excel us, we fear, revere, and admire ; if he seems inferior to ourselves, we rise above him and criticise him ; we analyze and *tear him in pieces*. We are actuated by our passions in the contemplation of an individual. They disturb the operations of the intellect. Centuries must intervene between ourselves and him whom we contemplate, before it is possible to form a cold and philosophical idea of his greatness. The same obstacles do not interfere with our contemplations of human nature in the general ; but a different series arise,

not less hard to be met and overcome. Meta-physical, theological, and other systems of opinion, oppose the calm and fruitful contemplation of human nature; and it is necessary to be divested of these, as completely as the chemist or the naturalist is supposed to be divested of prejudice and hypothesis in his investigations.

When, for example, we contemplate the religions of antiquity, the laws of aristocratical and monarchical states, in order to obtain from them a correct notion of those spiritual forces and manifestations which we call "reverence" and "justice," we must not allow ourselves a bias in favor of what is modern. It is necessary, in criticising these ancient systems, to consider them apart, without reference to others that are known to be purer and more powerful, or which have risen in their stead. Over them, as over our own institutions, the spirit of man once presided, controlling the spirit of the animal with more or less authority and success.

Taking a general view of human institutions, from the beginning of time to the present day, and over the entire surface of the earth, we observe first of all the institution of the Intellect or of the priesthood; not that it came first in order, but that it is the most conspicuous and easily observed. By the order of the priesthood we mean the order of instruction, or of the intellect—the order of ideas, of abstraction, of thought, contemplation, letters, tradition, art, of speech, the order of the *Logos*, of the Word.

Before proceeding with an enumeration and definition of the logistic, or intellectual faculties, under the general name of *Logos*,—the expressive or representative, the ideal or knowing faculty,—it may be well to offer a few observations on what is called Character, the mark or difference which distinguishes one person from another.

We shall not here encroach upon physiology, anatomy, or phrenology. It will be enough for our purpose to admit the necessity and truth of these sciences, under the general idea of a harmony between the spiritual and physical man. The brain of man being demonstrably the organ of his thinking faculty,—the instrument by which the soul not only controls the body, but through which, by sense and sensation, passion, intelligence, instinct, and affection, it gathers

the materials of cogitation,—we say the brain of man is the instrument of his soul. We should rather have said that the brain is the representative organ—the microcosm of the body—the organ by which all parts of the body are gathered together and made one. The body and brain together "illustrate" all the laws of the universe. It is impossible to convey, in mere words, the idea of so comprehensive an organ; and even by calling it, figuratively, a microcosm, or lesser universe, we shall only mislead the reader, and lay ourselves open to the odious imputation of mysticism. In these researches, however, we desire to be strictly scientific, and proceed upon facts; which is the reverse of mystical.

Independently of education, we observe differences in men, in their bodies, as well as in their minds and capacities. These differences are so remarkable as to create a suspicion that there may have been "separate creations." The negro and the Caucasian differ physically, so as to be incompatible in their habits and feelings. Nature separates them in almost every particular: Society follows nature. The difference between the Mongolian and European races is hardly less remarkable. There cannot be a stronger contrast than between a Mongol Tartar and an educated European or American.

Differences not so observable, but still very great, may be traced between individuals of the same race; between children of the same family. One will appear ferocious, proud and unintellectual, the other mild, intelligent, subservient, and deceitful. One will be remarkable for independence and pertinacity of spirit; another heroic, dashing and adventurous; and these from birth.

The moral characters of two men may be almost the same, and their instincts different. In that case the organization of the body will discover corresponding differences, as in animals. Powerful *instincts*, in animals as in men, are attended with a healthy, well-developed, enlarged, and expanded nervous system; the base of the brain broad and deep, as in powerful, active animals. Such are what have been called sensuous men, who may, nevertheless, combine with extreme sensuousity and delicacy of perception, a great degree of self-control and moral government.

As in animals, so in men also, the passions, the understanding, the acquisitive, and in general, all the animal powers, may be man-

ifested in the most beautiful manner, or they may be sadly deficient, verging to idiocy. The form of the brain, and generally of the whole body, even to the hands and feet, will (of course) be correspondent; for we are now speaking of the animal nature and not of the human spirit. Nature, taken by herself, cannot be charged with a want of harmony in any of her developments. Whatever can be said of men, we are at least certain, that the body of a healthy animal *represents*, in form, action, and consistence, the full power of its intelligence and its instinct.

We say the most remarkable differences are observable amongst men in these latter respects. Nations differ among themselves, as races do; families are contrasted with other families, and retain their peculiarities through many generations. Skilful conduct in the affairs of the world requires a practical knowledge of these differences. We avoid grieving the tender-hearted, questioning the deceitful, and irritating the passionate, for the same reason, and with the same propriety, that we avoid handling a serpent or squeezing in the hand a delicate bird which suffers by the touch.

There is no knowledge more universal or more constantly in use in business, than this of "a difference between one man and another;" and yet some are deficient in it, and are then said "to have no tact:" where there is a name, there is a thing, and *tact* is a faculty—a power of the soul; whether complex or simple, is of course a subject of more profound inquiry.

Men however, considered as bodies and animal natures, subjected to or enslaved by a soul, are of course worse or better instruments of the spirit. We say, "great men have great faculties:" to inquire whether one immortal spirit is greater than another, is quite out of the line of this argument, and belongs to ontology, a science of no results. We however know, that men differ in their human attributes in a most surprising manner, and by large degrees. Some, for example, rarely speak—have no faculty for speech—have few general ideas, almost none. We say, their logistic faculty, or (if it pleases better) the *organ* of their logistic faculty, whatever it may be, is defective and feeble: we speak not now of phrenology or psychology, but of fact, of common observation. In others the intellect is powerful, so much

so as to become an epitome of all things, and expressive of all things, as in Shakspeare. In others again it is powerful, but biased; narrow and serious perhaps, as in great logicians and savans; expansive and irregular, as in humorists, like Cervantes and Rabelais.

In the second chapter of this series, we have adopted, from certain great authorities, a division of the lower mind into understanding, imagination, &c. All language makes these divisions, and they are well understood: we have shown that they belong also to animals. Now as the characteristic of the human being is governance—the active quality of reason—the action of the superior soul upon matter and mind,—we must observe first the special governance of the soul over Understanding. And this again leads us to consider the logistic faculty, best illustrated in men of letters;—poets and dramatists, anciently inspired, in modern times only artistic. There is no room in the limits of this article, more than to hint at such differences, but they are subjects of daily remark, and it is not our wish to make war upon common sense and common knowledge.

Men possess a faculty (or force) of universal intelligence, that is to say, of reason, called "the philosophic," which originates *general ideas*. The tendency to philosophic reasoning is a characteristic of nations, families, and individuals.

For example: we were speaking of what is called tact, apperception of human nature. By this moral power or faculty,—whatever we please to call it,—the observer gathers up (instantaneously) a general idea of the individual with whom he is conversing; or, if he be a savant, he acquires with equal facility the generic and specific idea of an animal or group of animals, plants, minerals, or chemical substances. This faculty, of course, depends for its activity on a well-developed understanding and a bright imagination; these in their turn, resting upon the observant or instinctive powers. To avoid a tedious allusion to these, however, we may in future consider them as always active and powerful; every part of the man well developed; the animal nature active, vigorous, and healthful.

The faculty of generalizing, which we have called the philosophical faculty, is not perhaps so rarely powerful in man or woman as some others which will be named hereaf-

ter; more especially in modern times, when men are more practical and philosophical in their habits and thoughts than at any period of the past.

Not to detain the reader, let us pass now to a second manifestation of the logistic, contemplative, or intellectual power. If the philosophical faculty rests upon the understanding more especially—that is to say, if *tact* is immediately dependent upon common sense—upon what does that faculty rest, which we call “artistic,” sympathetic, appreciative, imitative, sentimental, and sometimes *æsthetic*, the more especial faculty of artists, poets, musical composers, all who distinguish themselves by producing exquisite images, which appeal to human nature? Clearly, it rests upon imagination; no argument is necessary to prove this; every one knows it. The imagination is the *instrument* of this power of the soul: we adhere, in saying so, to the language of common life; we do not desire a better language, for though figurative, it is sufficiently expressive of the common fact.

And now for the general application: We have an idea in our mind’s eye of two intellectual powers: (1) that of the Savant; (2) that of the Artist. One employing (chiefly) the understanding; the other, the imagination, dominating over these, and drawing materials from them. Now, in all time, there has existed a philosophical *caste* or *order*—the order of the pedagogue; the abecedarian, schoolmaster, professor, which, as it acquires, makes it also a trade to communicate real knowledge in words and diagrams. It seems to be the calling of some men and women to learn and to teach,* simply because they have a certain faculty in great perfection. The soul uses those tools and weapons which it finds most perfect in the body.

The nations of antiquity erected savans (learners who teach) into a caste or order, with political privileges; in modern times they erect themselves, and form a powerful body in the state; they educate the people, and add to the general mass of knowledge.

On the other hand, we have distinguished the artistic faculty (2) as a spiritual power, employing the imagination for the most part, to feed and to unfold itself; and in all times

there has been an order of art, as well as of instruction.

The earliest development of the artistic faculty seems to have been in building; not for utility, but for moral symbolization; that is to say, architectural building, in which spiritual and religious ideas are expressed. Sculpture followed building, to adorn it; and the artistic faculty reached its highest development in comparatively modern times, through the arts of painting and music, and in the representative drama.

Here again, as before, we derive a conclusive idea, and a very perfect one, of the existence of a power in the human soul, from one of the broadest and most universal facts in history. *Where there is a permanent and universal order of men, there must be an interior Energy to organize and maintain that order.* The order of artists and poets was coeval with that of imaginative human beings; therefore we conclude psychologically, that there is a principle or power of art, distinguishable from all powers, but which we all in some degree possess, as we are all in some degree artistic and poetic, even in common life; just as we are all more or less scientific and philosophical in the same.

Two forms or phases of the logistic power have risen up before us in all their vastness and universality; but we still find them subordinate to another: there is a more universal institution than either the school or the studio, and that is the temple, or place of worship. We find the church of nature, the contemplation of the unnamed and unknown through nature, the most ancient and universal of all institutions. There is a power in the soul which confers upon it a serious and contemplative disposition; which creates ideas of permanence, eternity, solemnity and truth; and this power derives its material of thought from the imagination and the understanding; supreme over these, and always subordinating them, and absorbing them into itself. From this faculty or power of the soul flows the emotion of (3) Reverence, leading to worship; moral instruction is imparted through it; if we doubt its existence we doubt history. Where there are men, there is always a belief and a reverence, in greater or less degree—a “religion;” and in all societies we find an order of men set apart for examples of obedience and of the highest kind of knowledge—knowledge

* But if not to learn, then indeed not to teach!

of the universal and spiritual. Nor has any age been without its institution of Obedience, its church and its worship, (*false or true*), inspired or uninspired. Whatever be true of its *substance*, the *form* of worship is universal, even when it becomes atheism, or a denial of itself, of which the political and social fruit has in all ages been the same.

There is not a better established or more universal observation in history, than the *subordination* of philosophy and of the fine arts to the purposes of worship. The Greeks were not satisfied until all their gods were cut in stone by the artists. Irreligious art is universally of a low order.

From the search for evidences of divine power and order in nature, arise on the other hand all science and philosophy in modern as in ancient times; and not, as some have grossly imagined, exclusively from utility. The supreme logistic power, the faculty of the Word in the human soul—that is to say, the form, appearance, *IDEA*, patent and potent, the governing, necessitating soul—employs these two faculties, (of art and philosophy,) not only to acquire the materials upon which it works, but to express them afterward by symbol and by forms. There is no sanctity expressed in language more perfectly than in the countenances devised by painters; no moral sublimity surpassing the expression of pictures, statues, churches, and music.

As our [purpose at present is to *divide and distinguish*, we must sedulously avoid confusing and unifying. At another time it will be proper to show, that the powers of the soul, though divided in their manifestations, are personally one and indivisible, and that every thought and action of the person is a consequence, not of the particular force of some one faculty, but of all united; but turned in some one direction by the predominance of some one energy, as it were taking the lead of others.

The history of representative arts, the history of knowledge, and the history of religion, although separated for convenience, are philosophically identified; that of the religion including knowledge and the arts. In heathen countries, and in remote antiquity, there is no science or art excepting that which appertains to the adornment and explanation of religious ideas. In modern times, science has striven more to identify

itself with utility, because such is the bias of the dominant races.

We have admitted a complex idea of the human spirit, and as it is supposed to embrace every department of the universe within itself, we shall not be surprised at any degree of its complexity. We are constructing the Idea of it from history, adhering to the scientific method. Schools, religions, and arts, are not the most remarkable of human institutions; they are only the most conspicuous and interesting to the intellect, being the work of the intellectual faculty, and therefore always interesting to that faculty. Institutions of government excite a profounder interest. Every nation that has yet existed has had a government, and this government has been imposed by men, either by a real or pretended divine sanction, or through necessity. Government is not a simple idea; it does not originate in the pride of human nature, but in the necessity that some one person should attend to the common interests of those around him. It is natural and perfect Socialism, according to the laws of God and nature, without any of the frippery of speculation attached to it. (1.) The first idea of government is that of one man executing the general will, substituting his own or a constituted will, made universal by wisdom, for the will of others; always more or less arbitrarily, but in general with the consent of the majority, in all countries whatsoever, despotic or republican. Absolute human will is too familiar an idea to require any extended development in words: we know that it governs the whole man; that its operations are guided by the knowing or logistic faculty; for in this latter faculty we discover no governmental power, but only knowledge of, and obedience to laws.

The manifestations of will in government are for the enforcement of equality or of permanent inequality; it proceeds by the idea of right or justice.

(2.) The history of justice is a history of the universal legislation of the human race from the earliest times. When so many millions are seeking incessantly to obtain a perfect idea of justice, as a simple conception for general use in business, while its activity is incessant and perpetual in all the transactions of life, (civilization being in part its expansion through the logistic or knowing faculty,) we need not hesitate to say that

justice is a *primary power* in the human soul. Will came first, but its actions proceeded through conscience (or justice).

(1 and 2.) Thus far *two* faculties. Let us seek a *third*. There is a history of human will; of the established powers of government; there is a history of justice in legislation; there is a history also of human *Enterprises*, of the great movements, the conquests, the achievements, the inventions, the general *Progress* of nations, and of man himself as a progressive being. This is what we commonly call "History." It appeals to the imagination, and delights us much more than either science or legislation.

That sublime and profound Power of the soul which originates and directs all enterprises, achievements, and progress, we call *Hope*; and this faculty is third in order, and closes the circle of governmental powers; but *Hope* is not the comprehensive name for it; it should be *PRESCIENCE*, (credence, reliance, faith,) a divination of the future proceeding out of the past and present, which is altogether prophetic in its nature, and predicts as well as determines the fate of nations: it is an Idea of awful magnitude and power; and we approach it with fear and reverence, not knowing what words to select for its expression.

Will, Justice, Prescience, united, composed the Hebrew idea of divinity, or creative and governing power. "God said, Let there be light;"—*Will*. "Thou shalt commit no murder;"—*Justice*. "Israel shall give a knowledge of God to the Gentiles;"—*Prescience*, *Hope*, *Confidence*. The governmental idea of Jehovah.

Let us review. We seem to have named and set in order certain simple and eternal Ideas (of powers) which stand in two groups, each of them developing in two directions. The first of these we call Ideas of the *Energies* of the Word, logistic, developed (chiefly) upon the ground of imagination and of understanding. We derived our knowledge of these from a general view of castes or institutions, beginning with the earliest times; on the right hand *learned*, on the left *artistic*; or, as the Germans say, *æsthetic*. Institutions which *always* present themselves where there are men, must spring from something peculiar to man, and which is a manifestation of his interior soul; therefore the logistic intellect in man has two subordinate powers, as we have seen. But

the will of man has also two subordinate powers, which always appear where there is a human society, however small; and these are, the faculty of what is permanent, established, rectified, and conservative in its nature, equalized and equalizing;—and this is the energy of *Justice*—of giving to each man his established due. The other, progressive, hopeful, the spring of action, launching whole nations as well as individuals into enterprises, under the various sanctions of hope. These we have derived from the history of governments and of nations; and we find all our studies tending only to the establishment of clearer and stronger ideas of these divine energies, or manifestations of the superior soul, in whose idea there is no mysticism, but as ordinary a matter of fact as any chemist or mechanic has to deal with. Without them, a man would be a beast, for there would be no power to govern his conduct.

The special duty of the logistic faculty is to derive universal guiding ideas from the materials offered to it by the lower intelligences, combining, exalting, and refining that which comes through the senses.

The governmental faculties, *Will, Justice*, and *Prescience*, have to do, not with nature in the abstract, so much as with man as an individual in contact with his fellows. Government does not busy itself with the sciences or the arts, but with property, rights, all kinds of individualities and communities; it rewards invention,—stimulating intelligent ingenuity, and controlling it also; it protects the person, provides for the necessities of all; defends the community against external injuries, and exercises caution, while it punishes cowardice; it governs and employs avarice and fear.

Thus, by a bird's-eye view of history, a knowledge of certain *Energies* of the human soul, which are permanent and eternal, has risen up in our logistic faculty; that is to say, our logistic faculty is forming for us, shaping for us, an image of the human soul out of the great facts of human nature.

When we have exhausted the histories of governments, conquests, enterprises, legislation, diplomacy, it is not merely with the will, the conscience, the abstract rights and the prescience of the human soul, that we have been occupying ourselves. Other powers and energies have come in view, to distort our histories, confuse our calculations,

and disturb our philosophical theories. Into almost all governments we have found *castes* and *orders* introduced, aristocracies founded upon the superiority of races or of families, and a spring of government unknown to our legislation. This spring of government is akin to will, but has a character of its own, which distinguishes it from that central energy; and that is the contemplative preference of self as compared with others.

Aristocracies are founded in the pride of personal and generic superiority. All the elements of grandeur in human nature, personal superiority, military haughtiness, monarchic pride, the gravity of aristocracy, and its calmness, have been identified by the great thinkers, writers, poets, dramatists, and even personified by some of them, as the (1) Pride of the soul; a *motive power in the spirit of man*, of a transcendent and pure essence, unmixed, which gives to man a soaring and aspiring character, which crushes under foot all the lesser motives and passions, and condenses their energy in a fiery love, not of praise, but of power.

The human Will, operating by itself, without Justice, however sublime, is demoniacal and selfish; and so also of the dominating faculty, the pride of the spirit, which deifies itself, and for ever identifies itself with the Supreme.

In the patriarchal state, in monarchy, aristocracy, always in conquest, and in every species of subordination, where one man erects himself above others, justly or wrongfully, it matters not which, we find history disturbed by this element of individual pride, and sometimes even entirely shaped by it through long periods of time; as during the reign of Louis the Fourteenth, who identified himself first with God and then with the State, to the ultimate ruin of the monarchy. This was a despotism of opinion much more than of will; *for there is no one of the great faculties of the human soul which is not able to compel national opinion to uphold and to worship itself.* The pride of Louis the Fourteenth, or the irresistible will of Napoleon, received their apotheosis indifferently, from the inferior people.

But history does not restrict us to a view of the phenomena of pride. It presents also an exhibition less sublime, but more charming to the imagination, in the spirit of patriotism or universal brotherhood, which with its rights we call (2) Honor; a sort of

refined justice which, like pride, exercises dominion especially over the affections and passions, *and is appointed to govern them.* Hence all the etiquettes, the equalities of social life, *the manners, the doctrine of honor*, which, where it does not prevail, leaves human nature open to the ravages of barbarism and tyranny, and to the fury of the passions.

Here is a great social principle illustrated by the most refined and admirable characteristics of human society, in letters, in arts, in oratory, and more especially in the democratic state, the Republic; and the feudal aristocracy as well: the principle whereby one man loves others as he does himself, and for the sake of honor seeks to please and to preserve, to gratify, and to elevate.

Poets and tragedians have not neglected the ideal of this Power of the Soul. Philosophers, on the other hand, have said but little concerning it; though, in their own persons, many of them have been brilliant lights of honor, and founders of social harmony. The history of the world is cold and dry without the history of honor; not to say that a vast portion of historic phenomena remain unaccounted for, unless by the agency of this powerful governing Energy.*

We have not spoken of the *legitimate* and *beneficial* action of pride. When we respect ourselves, we have to manifest that respect in such a manner as not to offend the sensibilities of others; that is to say, pride acts through honor, as will acts through justice, with a due regard to the rights of others, and pride and honor are of the same group in the soul.

The dubious and critical reader will triumph over us when we say that the circle of the Moral Powers is closed by adding the ambition of Approbation, commonly called (3) Vanity, and sometimes Ambition, when isolated, and which is the mainspring of so many actions of men and nations. Let the dubious and critical reader add then another to this simple enumeration if he can, and show institutions of men universally prevalent in all time which arise from his addenda. If he cannot do this, he must accept what we have given him, and rest satisfied that there are no other first-rate powers, beside those already enumerated.

* The purpose of all science is to determine the Energies, (forces.) Arist. Rhet.

Ambition of praise or of pleasing, of delighting, astonishing, and being approved and admired by others, is one of the marked and early developed energies of the human soul, and may be so powerful as to govern all the life and conduct.

The last mentioned we regard as the lowest in rank, though externally the most prominent of the moral powers. It is that by which human beings are educated first to an uniformity of customs and manners, and become equalized and dependent. The disease of this harmonizing and impelling power we call vanity:—we should rather say, this power acting witlessly and without the requisite aid of other faculties.

We described first a group of manifestations of the superior soul which find their unity in the religious ideal. We derived the existence of this group from historical evidence, of a kind that sets aside the necessity of argument. It is simply a fact, that there has existed in all time a sacred order, the artists, the savans or sages, and the priests and prophets. Their society is eternal; their works are instruction and guidance, the truth and symbolism of the Word. Art, science, literature, and religion, having in all ages a representative body of men, must proceed from principles of an unchangeable nature in the superior soul. We have named and described them thus:

(A.) *The Logos.*

1. THE REPRESENTATIVE REASON.—*Æsthetic, Artistic, Expressive, Harmonic, Ideal, &c., &c.*
2. PHILOSOPHICAL REASON.—*Scientific, Demonstrative, Definitive, Inquisitive, Perspicacious, Generalizing.*

Both of these subservient to and employed by the Contemplative or Religious, the Logos proper, or Universal Form of the Universe both of spirit and matter. From this latter, aided by the two inferior powers, obviously arise all religious systems and cosmologies; deistic, polytheistic, false and true, according to the ground; but always with the form or shadow of truth as their apology, and all sacred and superior until superseded by superior forms.

(B.) *The Creative or Potent.*

1. PRESCIENT REASON.—*Hope; Rational*

Anticipation; The power of Progress and Enterprise; The active prophetic power,

2. JUDICIAL REASON.—*The power of moral compensations, rights, equalities, and inequalities.*

Both of these finally subservient to the central Will or Determining Reason, about which character seems to revolve, and from which all actions of an universal and superior kind seem directly to proceed: as we say of all powerful men that their will is inflexible, when their mind is calm and balanced.

(C.) Lastly, the *Aspirative or Impulsive.*

1. HONORATIVE REASON.—*The Equity of the Loves and Passions.*
2. HARMONIZING OR ASSIMILATIVE REASON.—*Social or approbative.*

These two under the control of the Authoritative or self-reliant (?) power, in its excessive predominance called Pride, and which dignifies the human being, and gives a kind of tone and solidity to all his conduct, which represses, directs, and exalts all the passions and affections, and is the sovereign of the soul.

Generous and thoughtful reader, it is with unfeigned humility and fear, that after many years of painful reflection we have ventured to lay before you this suggestion of a new psychology or System of the Soul. It will perhaps astonish and repel you by the very quality which gives it in our eyes the greatest value and importance, namely, its *regularity* and order. It is in no respect metaphysical. It does not demand from you a painful and minute exercise of your logical faculty; it rather directs your attention to a new method of studying the human soul; namely, by its works, the monuments and evidences of its power in history, in literature, science, and art. If it gives an *orderly* turn to your thoughts, if it withdraws your wearied attention for a time from the agony of minute dialectics, or relieves it with a hope of escaping at some distant period from the living tomb of modern atheistic materialism, it will have performed for you a service which will move you to entertain friendly and agreeable sentiments towards him who was the means of opening a new avenue of escape from intellectual bondage.

We need not say to you, if you are accustomed to reflection, that an entire volume

would be required for the development of what has been laid before you in three brief articles. The writer sometimes fears that in thus presenting the naked skeleton of a complete work of thought, he incurs the danger, not of ridicule, for scientific labor is never ridiculous when it is sober and methodical, but of cold skepticism and indolent neglect: it is forbidden to him to adorn his subject with the attractions of a poetical symbolism, nor is it possible to

force it upon you by the authority of a name. If it prevail, it will be by naked utility, that is the word: utility first in the thoughts and theories of men, and at length in the market, where finally all theories tell with the whole power they are destined to exert upon the structure of society.*

* The analogies and parallelisms suggested by the tables must be reserved for another opportunity.

TABLE III.]

TABULAR RESUME.

IDEA OF REASON,* OR OF THE HUMAN† OR GOVERNING SOUL.

(Spiritual submission.) ————— (Will.) ————— (Spiritual aspiration.)		
CONTEMPLATIVE‡ REASON. (Obedience, Reverence, Wisdom, &c.)	EXECUTIVE REASON. (Steadiness, Fortitude, Liberty, &c.)	AUTHORITATIVE REASON.§ (Self-esteem, Pride, Ambition, &c.)
PHILOS. R.— <i>duad</i> , REPRESENT. R. (Cognitive, (Artistic, Expressive, Æsthetic.) Scientific.)	PRESCIENT R.— <i>duad</i> , JUDICIAL R. (Hope and (Reason of rights.) Enterprise.)	HONOR'E R.— <i>duad</i> , HARMON'G R. (Honor, So- ("Vanity, So- cial equity.) cial harmony.")

TRIADS.

IDEA OF THE INTELLIGENT OR ANIMAL SOUL.

The Powers of the Animal Soul are subordinated and governed by the Powers of Reason, or of the Spiritual.

AS TRIADS.	("Understanding.")	("Imagination.")	("Prudence.")	("Passion.")	("Affection.")	DUADS.
	ANALOGY.	IMAGINATION.	CAUTION.	COURAGE.	LOVE.	
	MEMORY, JUDGMENT	FANCY, Propriety.	CONTRIVANCE, CARE	CUNNING, FEROCITY	AMITY, KINDLINESS.	

IDEA OF THE INSTINCTIVE OR PERCEPTIVE ENERGY.

The Powers of Instinct are subordinated and governed by those of the Intelligent or Animal Soul:

INSTINCTS.—1. Pure. 2. Æsthetic. 3. Provisional. 4. Antagonistic. 5. Associative.

(See Table I., page 165.)

* God said, "Let us make man in our own image." † "A beast without discourse of Reason." ‡ Or "Intellectual."
§ "You have that in your countenance which I would fain call master. What's that?
Authority."—Lear. | "Anima Mundi."

FRAGMENTS FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MAGAZINE.

No. III.

THE other night we had a dream. We had been poring all day over Adam Eagle's volumes, laboriously deciphering a quaint essay on the moral principles of animals, in which the writer endeavored to prove that beasts possessed conscientiousness, and performed their various avocations as much from a sense of duty as from instinct. The writing was queer and cramped, and pained the eyes to read it. The pages were so soiled with mould and damp as to be entirely illegible in some places, and some idle urchin had been busy pricking architectural designs on the paper, some of which, though very ingenious in themselves, sadly interfered with the perusal of the manuscript. We grew very weary; yes, Adam! we absolutely grew drowsy over thy hallowed volumes! A sensation of cobwebs overspread our frame; a species of impalpable but tenacious thread-work seemed to encompass each limb, and weave itself around our long hair. It appeared as though a thousand busy little sprites were engaged in hanging a tiny leaden weight to each particular hair of our eyelashes. Little balls of sand were apparently stuffed into the corners of our eyes, making us blink terribly. We found our fingers constantly wandering over our eyelids, and poking themselves into all corners of our face. Our moustache suffered considerable persecution. We were fidgety, and twirled the ends into watch-springs over and over again. The room was certainly too hot! No; it is the dressing-gown! Off goes the offending garment, and we luxuriate in shirt-sleeves. What hideously tight shoes these are! Where are our slippers? Of course we never can find any thing when we want it. The slippers are not to be seen. A short search after them enlivens us a little. We then feel a sudden disposition to be reflective. Our head rests frequently on one hand, and we assume a pensive attitude. It is not that we are sleepy! oh, no; *that* has gone off long ago. We merely wish to—wish—to—

in—to—to—Pshaw! this is really too absurd; dozing at this hour of night, with so much work before us. Nonsense! we will make an effort. A basin of cold water and a sponge will do it, and we shall be as brisk as a bee. We perform an ablution, and enter the study, endeavoring with faint success to look lively, as we pass the looking-glass. It is, however, a dreary effort. We notice that we look pale, and that our hair has a limp and tired aspect. There is work to be done, however, and we fasten our mental fangs into it furiously. It is very interesting, at least we try hard to persuade ourselves of the fact, and we devour it. Our eyebrows, however, annoy us a little, we do not very well know why; but we keep plucking at them, and passing our finger absently along our temples. But we still read on, read firmly and systematically. The words have sometimes an unaccountable inclination to fraternize, the tail of one intertwining itself with the head of another, and the effect is rather confusing, as thus: "Thenightwas-chillandcoldand-rain," &c. It does not matter much, though. A little patience, and they will settle themselves down again in their proper places. The lamp is very annoying. One moment it looks bright and clear, the next it is as dull as a New-York gas-lamp on a dark night, or the City-Hall clock on every night. Thinking it may be something in ourselves, we keep our eyes wide open, and stare at it; but the sprites are again busy hanging their little weights on our eyelashes, and we feel our lids gradually dropping. We catch ourselves nodding, with a convulsive jerk, and hem and blow our nose audibly, in order to drown conscience. The noise has the effect of terrifying a mouse, who, emboldened by the silence, had come out from his hole, and was amusing himself with eating a corner off of "The Pilgrim's Progress." We feel pleased at inspiring such terror. The reflective mood comes on again; the chin drops into the hollow of

the hand, and we pretend to be speculating on the origin of fear. But nod—nod—nod. There seems to be a swaying of the universe. Room, book-shelves, lamp, furniture, all rock and nod, and we alone maintain a just equilibrium. All things get cloudy; but whether this arises from the atmosphere, or from our hair falling into our eyes, we cannot tell. Mist is every where; we seem to be sitting in mist; no, it is a sea; it looks like mist, it is so smooth and blue: we are sitting in an arm-chair, with brass nails, on a smooth blue sea. That is, it is very like a sea; but it can't be one exactly, for a sea has rocks, and all the rocks here are books—great, rugged folios, over which the waves of vapor burst and foam. Presently this ocean mist divides, and the book-rocks clang their huge covers with a noise like sea-shore thunder, and an aged figure emerges from the sea. It is the Solitary. It is Adam Eagle himself. Adam Anadoymene! He is clad in an old linsay-woolsey dressing-gown. There are papooshes on his feet, and his right hand, all thin and withered, is stained to the bone with ink. His countenance is noble and mild, with traces of suffering marked upon it. And the white hair falls back in rich masses from his forehead, like a cataract of snow. But his eyes are strange. They seem to behold nothing material. They do not even see me, the adorer, the worshipper of the seven volumes. Their gaze is illimitable. They seem to be striving even to pierce beyond the farthest beyond. They know no clouds or intervening mists. They spiritually tunnel mountains, and speed unheeding through the valleys far away. Were we standing on the outer edge of the disc of Neptune, straight in the focal line of those eyes, we would feel convinced that they saw not us, but were piercing through us into backward space. While we were watching the Solitary intently, a strange murmuring noise, like that which one makes when one springs a number of book-pages, keeping the thumb pressed against the edges, rustled around us, and again the smooth blue seamist divided, and straight in Adam Eagle's path an angelic form, of sculptured vapor, rose up and floated buoyantly. Never did mortal eyes behold a fairer thing, boy or woman, spirit or etherialized matter—we knew not which it was. Its beauty was not of sex or form, and lay not within lines. It

was boundless and universal grace. It had scarce hovered an instant in the air, when the Solitary beheld it. That he did see it, could only be inferred from the sudden flaming of his eyes; for in all other respects, his gaze seemed to be as distant as before. But his eyeballs burned suddenly, and light seemed to scintillate from them, and make prismatic bows against the vapory outlines of the apparition. His lips moved as if in inward speech, and he extended his long, thin, transparent hand, as though he would magnetize and compel the spirit. Then the latter seemed to smile all over, and laugh even in the very folds of its impalpable drapery; and began with a slow even motion to describe a great circle. As if drawn by some viewless magnetic relation, the Solitary glided over the smooth, blue seamist, and followed its track. With extended hand, he glided after it in the great circle, burning with eagerness to increase his speed and overtake it, but restrained by some invisible law which regulated his motion. When the beautiful spirit had described the great circle, it commenced another of less diameter than the first, and moved with a slightly increased velocity, which communicated itself to Adam Eagle. The next circle was smaller still, and the velocity heightened. And still the disembodied Grace floated on before with its universal smile, and still the Solitary pursued it with imprisoned eagerness. Smaller and smaller grew the circles, swifter and swifter grew the pursuit, until at last both narrowed into a furious whirl. Adam's long white hair streamed back, as if some good spirit were trying to tear him from his vain pursuit, and his large reflective eyes were starting from their sockets, as though they would leap out and fasten themselves upon the vapor-shape. But always, even in the last swift eddies of the chase, when all features were confused into a dim outline, the Shape maintained the same unvarying and universal smile, that lightened its very drapery. Swift, swift; round and round. The circles must end in a centre, where all motion ceases. Adam gasps for breath, as his transparent fingers almost touch the object of his pursuit—another whirl, and they are spinning on one pivot. A sudden stoppage. The Solitary opens wide his arms to grasp the Shape. The universal smile in which it is clothed deepens into a sun-burst of

laughter; all is brightly dim for an instant; and then, Adam Eagle is alone! A moan breaks from his lips, as down from the upper sky there fall upon his beating temples a few gentle snow-flakes; his head drops upon his breast; the smooth, blue sea-mist divides again, and he sinks slowly, leaving behind him painted on my heart a picture of unutterable anguish. Then the rustling sound breaks forth again, the book-rocks clang their covers like sea-shore thunder, and I commence sailing over the blue sea-mist in my brass-nailed arm-chair. The voyage is pleasant enough, but somehow or other, owing to my steering improperly with a paper-cutter, we run ashore upon a reef of book-rocks. We feel that our last moment is come; the vapor of the sea-mist foams up about us, and our arm-chair is gradually sinking. We fire guns of distress with a gold pencil-case, and prepare a raft. But to our horror we discover that the blue sea-mist will support nothing but brass-nailed arm-chairs. We are slowly settling down; the sea-mist is on a level with our chin; another moment, and we are lost; when, oh! joy, an albatross comes floating by. We seize one of his wide wings, and are suddenly upborne into the highest heaven, and then dashed as suddenly against the earth. On recovering from the shock, we find that we have upset the ink-bottle, and are lying on the floor, embracing a folio edition of Vertol's Knights of Malta.

On recollecting ourselves, we found that we must have been asleep, and dreaming. And recollecting that there occurred in the fifth volume of Adam Eagle's magazine a rather curious story connected with sleep, we thought we would present it to our readers as a *pendant* to the foregoing. It is called

THE KING OF NODLAND

AND

HIS DWARF.

SOME LITTLE ACCOUNT OF NODLAND.

CHAPTER I.

FAR away in the wide tracts of the southern seas lies a country called Nodland. If any of my readers are geographically inclined, I fear that I shall be quite unable to answer the usual question as to latitude and longitude. But when I say that its shores were lashed by the waves of the Pacific ocean, I settle its position quite as definitely as the objects of this little story require. Nodland

was a strange but beautiful country. The soil was rich and fertile, and the land sometimes rose into soft, green hills, with their summits crowned with fragrant trees, whose blossoms never faded. In other districts the surface of the soil was dotted all over with numberless small lakes, belted round and hidden from the world by tall sombre trees, until they looked like myriads of beautiful blue eyes, shaded by their long, dark lashes. There were some portions, too, covered with wild, savage forests, where the panther and hyena roared their lives away, and splendid birds with wings of gold and azure fluttered amid the trees, until it seemed as if the blue stars and yellow sunbeams had come down from heaven to make a holiday among those lonely woods. Yet with all this beauty there was a lifelessness around the land. The air seemed heavy with sleep; the tall corn-stalks in the fields, and the orange trees on the sunny slopes, bowed their heads and nodded drowsily. The very wind was lazy, and seemed to blow only on compulsion.

The inhabitants of Nodland shared in this universal torpor. Sleep appeared to be the great object of existence, and sleep they did all through the day, and far into the night. Life with them had but two alternations—from the bed to the table; from the table to the bed. In this way a Nodlander was very happy. He had a king who was not worse than the general run of monarchs; the soil was fruitful, and a good nap was always to be had at will. Possessing these things, he wished for nothing more. In such a drowsy state of society, it may be supposed that the people were not much given to work. A Nodlander would as soon have thought of committing suicide as digging a hole, or planting a carrot. A potato furrow would have been a Rubicon impossible to get over, and all the corn in Nodland might have rotted in its fullness, ere one sheaf of it would have fallen before the scythe of those destined to consume it. Now though the soil of Nodland was fertile, it was not sufficiently generous to produce, unaided, all that was requisite for the support of so lazy a nation. It was necessary to plough, manure and sow it with the requisite seed, and as it was quite out of the question that this could be done by the Nodlanders, it was equally obvious that somebody else must be got who would do it, otherwise the consequences to the nation at large might be excessively unpleasant. This was the great principle on which the constitution of Nodland turned. Too lazy to labor themselves, the Nodlanders must have people to labor for them. But where were these to be had? Once every year, in the early spring, when the winter-hidden flowers were bursting joyously up through the soil, to meet their old friend the sunshine, the people of Nodland cast off for a brief while the constitutional lethargy which enchained them, and donned the sword and buckler of the warrior. They formed themselves into a great army, and like most lazy people they were brave when they were thoroughly aroused, and marched with much martial pomp across the borders of their own kingdom into the heart of the neighboring country. This country was inhabited by a peaceful and industrious race called the Cock-Crow Indians, who, amid the fertile valleys of their lofty hills, cultivated the soil and lived a

life of pastoral innocence. They knew little of the use of warlike weapons, and though they were brave, were unhappily defenseless. The Nodlanders therefore found them an easy conquest. It was in vain that they fled to the summits of their mountains, and hurled huge crags upon the heads of the invaders; it was in vain that they sought refuge in the dark caverns among the rocks, and shot their feeble arrows from thence against the foe: their simple strategy was of no avail, when opposed to the art of the more cultivated Nodlander, and every year brought sorrow and desolation amid the steep hills of the Cock-Crows. The captives which the Nodlanders brought back from these expeditions served to supply all their agricultural wants, and fill the industrial gap which their own indolence left unoccupied. The unhappy Cock-Crows were sold by the government as slaves, and the honest mountaineers found themselves reduced from the proud independence of their alpine farms, to the degrading drudgery of tilling the soil for their ungrateful tyrants. Historians who relate these facts, state that it was a piteous sight to behold the army of Nodland returning from one of these recruiting expeditions with a long and melancholy rank of captives in its train. None but the most stalwart Cock-Crows were selected as slaves, and it frequently happened that whole families were dependent upon the labor of these youths for subsistence. What then could be more heart-rending than to see aged mothers, helpless fathers, and tender sisters weeping bitterly as they saw their only support torn from them? What a terrible sight to behold a wife convulsed with an agony of grief, at the prospect of losing her husband, in the very dawn of wedded happiness! Along the road for many a mile, even to the very borders of Nodland, the army would be accompanied by crowds of lamenting and despairing relatives, weeping and invoking curses upon the heads of those who had wrecked the happiness of their country, and scattered the ashes of desolation upon their hearth. Once reached the limits that separated the two countries, the train of mourners stayed their steps, and then, after a moment of brief agony, those that they loved best in the world were torn from their gaze and borne off into slavery. Then the unhappy destiny of the Cock-Crow captives commenced. Some tilled the soil from morn till night; some breathed the heavy air of towns, where they manufactured goods; others subdued their free mountain step into the hushed and stealthy tread of the trained domestic. All were employed, but it was not the free, unshackled toil which strengthens soul and body. They were slaves, and they knew it; and that knowledge made even the lightest task of their servitude seem heavy, and poisoned their every enjoyment. Thus did the Nodlanders supply their necessities, and force others to do for them what they were too lazy to do for themselves. And having accomplished this inroad upon their quiet neighbors, and carried sorrow and desolation into a thousand peaceful homes, they relapsed into their usual lethargic state, until the returning spring warned them again that the time was come when it was necessary that they should recruit their slave ranks.

King Slumberous of Nodland was a great king. History proclaims the fact, and it must be true; besides, it would have been very unsuitable if he had not been, for Nodland was a great country. King Slumberous's claims to distinction were many and well founded. He never taxed the people, except when he was in need of money. He spent the public funds right royally, and gave the people occasional glimpses of his august person with unparalleled condescension. He made war upon a grand scale, and was never known to retire from the field without leaving a mountain of corpses behind him. Most of those, to be sure, were his own soldiers; but that mattered little: they lost their lives, but the nation gained a battle, and who would cavil at such an exchange? He built the finest palaces in the world, and it did the people's hearts good to go on a fine summer's evening, between nap-times, and look at the outside of these gorgeous edifices. The Nodlanders would slap their pockets at the sight, and cry proudly, "Bless King Slumberous! I helped to build him that palace, and I'm as proud of it as if it was my own. How kind of him, to be sure, to allow us to come and look at it every day!"

King Slumberous did the nation credit by the way in which he entertained foreign potentates when they paid him a visit. Entertainments of the most magnificent description enlivened the palace night and day. Gorgeous *fêtes*, wondrous illuminations, and delightful hunting excursions occupied the royal leisure, that is waking moments, and the delighted people cried, "Bless our good King Slumberous for showing us all these beautiful things!" There were some discontented spirits in Nodland, who said that the King was a humbug, and that the people were taxed tyrannically; but they were low, demagogical fellows, and no one paid any attention to them. There was one thing, however, which above all endeared the monarch to his subjects. King Slumberous was beyond all question the heaviest sleeper in the kingdom. This stamped him at once as a remarkable man, and the people would have done any thing for a sovereign who could sleep fifty-six hours on a stretch.

It may be supposed that with these somniferous habits, King Slumberous had little time or inclination to attend to the affairs of state. But while the gracious monarch snored and dreamed, there was one man in his kingdom who was always wide awake—a man who, though born to the usual drowsy inheritance of his countrymen, had by training so far conquered his nature as to require scarcely any sleep at all. This ever watchful individual was the Lord Incubus, prime minister to King Slumberous, and the most hated man in all Nodland. Lord Incubus was a dwarf; probably the most successful epitome of ugliness that nature ever published. With a swarthy and misshapen countenance, and long spidery arms, he seemed to be a combination of the beetle and the monkey, and possessed all the malicious cunning of the one, with the repulsive loathsomeness of the other. Even his ability was distorted. He was exceedingly clever, but it was a very unpleasant kind of talent. No man could devise a new and oppressive impost better than he. No one could cook up the public accounts into a

plausible shape, or avert popular indignation by some apparently liberal, but really worthless concession, more successfully than he. When nature bestowed upon him the faculty of telling a lie better than any other man in the kingdom; when she made him cruel, unscrupulous, and dishonest, she seemed to have designed him for a prime minister, and her end was fully answered.

Incubus managed the affairs of state, as Slumberous gently nodded in an intermittent slumber; but while conducting money from the pockets of the people into the royal treasury, he had a little private syphon off the main tube, which terminated in a certain strong box in the minister's own palace. The people did not like Lord Incubus; they feared him much and hated him more. Popular perception was sufficiently acute to perceive that good King Slumberous had little hand in the oppressive system of taxation with which they were overwhelmed. They also saw pretty clearly that Incubus was making a good profit out of the concern, and murmurs of indignation arose through the land against the dwarf minister. This brooding spirit was shortly brought to a head by a movement on the part of Incubus, which shook the constitution of Nodland to its foundation. It had been a long time a matter of grave deliberation with Incubus and his ministers, as to what was the best means of imposing a fresh tax upon the people. Imposts already existed upon every available article in the kingdom, and as there was a serious need of money for the royal treasury, it became a question of vital importance how it was to be raised. Many and grave were the councils held upon the matter. The ministers racked their brains in order to discover some commodity as yet untaxed, but in vain, and the royal treasury stood a very fair chance of being bankrupt. At length a young Secretary of State (whose fortune was made by this one suggestion) hit upon a bright idea. It is a well-known fact that the inhabitants of Nodland are distinguished by a wonderful passion for high heels to their shoes. No Nodlander of any position whatever would condescend to appear in public unless his heels were removed at least four inches from the surface of the earth. Fashionable people went still farther, and elevated themselves to five and sometimes even six inches; and to such a pitch was this fashionable eccentricity carried, that at the coronation of King Slumberous one of the ladies attached to the court was severely hurt, in consequence of her having the misfortune, to get a fall off of her heels. Now the young Secretary argued very properly, and with much discrimination, that as the Nodlanders would almost as soon lose their heads as their heels, heels were a legitimate object for taxation. The more necessary a thing is, said he, the more it ought to be taxed. Superfluities can be dispensed with, but if you want to be sure of a man's money, tax something that he cannot possibly do without. This proposition met with great applause, and the tax was finally resolved on. The ministers, however, did not include in their calculations the popular indignation which so sweeping a measure would excite; and when it was proclaimed that all persons wishing to wear heels above one inch in height must pay a tax for every inch by which they ex-

ceeded the proposed standard, all Nodland was aroused. A spirit of anarchy, which had been for some time past brooding in the breasts of certain demagogues, now seized the occasion to break out in full force, and the country flamed with rebellion. Meetings were held, and banners flaunted with the devices of "Down with Incubus!" "High heels for ever!" and one represented pictorially a great giant, allegorical of public opinion, crushing the dwarf minister beneath a heel of Titanic proportions. Strangely enough, the leader of all this anarchical confusion was not a Nodlander by birth. He was a native of a neighboring island on the coast called Broga, and having been expelled from his own country for his misconduct, he sought the friendly shelter of Nodland, which was always open to the stranger. The first return he made for this hospitality was to stir up ill-feeling and disunion through the land that he lived in. He possessed a certain species of vulgar, brazen eloquence, that was very effective with a particular class. His effrontery was dauntless, and his conscience, from systematic stretching, had become so large that it was capable of embracing any set of opinions from which the most profit was to be derived. He blustered largely about an article he called "patriotism," but which in reality meant self-interest; he was, in short, one of those bold, bad men who was sufficiently elevated above his own low class to be regarded by them as a leader, but who was too far beneath any other to be looked on in the light of any thing but an unpleasant pest. This man was called Iyned. Iyned seized the opportunity offered by the heel-tax, with great avidity. He talked largely about the interests of his country, forgetting that he was not even a citizen by adoption, and with his unscrupulous speeches, and impudent attacks on the government, raised a flame in the land which it took a long time to extinguish. King Slumberous grew alarmed at this unusual demonstration from his subjects; and when one day a sacrilegious wretch, supposed to be in the pay of Iyned, flung a rotten egg full in the face of the gracious monarch, when he was engaged in taking the air, he remonstrated seriously with Incubus as to his policy in taxing so necessary a portion of a Nodlander's person as his heels. The dwarf promised to calm the tumults, but refused to abolish the tax. He must have money, he said, and money could only come from the people. The riots meantime grew more serious; monster meetings were held throughout the land, and the nation seemed on the eve of a convulsion. Iyned was in high spirits, for there was nothing in which he delighted so much as anarchy and confusion. At this juncture, Incubus put in practice one of those expedients for which he was celebrated. He caused it to be publicly announced, that in consequence of the consideration which his Majesty King Slumberous had for the opinions of his people, the odious heel tax would be abolished. The people were in ecstasies. Incubus was a god, the preserver of the nation, and Slumberous was the greatest king that ever reigned. Votes of thanks were resolved on all over the country to the dwarf premier, and a grand banquet was given to him by the citizens of the metropolis. Iyned was overwhelmed with confusion, for in the general excite-

ment no one would listen to his insidious speeches. But amid this popular phrensy, no one observed the birth of a little edict which slipped into the world immediately on the heels of the proclamation repealing the tax. Astounded by the magnitude of the concession, the people were blinded to every thing else; and it was only when they awoke from their dream that they discovered that they had all the while been quietly submitting to a similar impost, if possible more oppressive than the heel-tax. It was nothing less than a duty levied upon every body who wore their own hair. The Nodlanders, being rather a vain people, scarcely liked to disfigure themselves with wigs, and the people began to murmur. But the reaction which Incubus had calculated on was taking place. The people had exhausted their indignation in the previous riots, and a general apathy overspread them. Even Irvned could not get an audience, and in a few months the tax was paid as willingly as any other. Thus the royal treasury was filled, the feuds between the citizens and the government were healed, and the people were sold.

I have given this little history of the events that happened in Nodland previous to the opening of my story. It is dry and tedious, but was necessary in order to understand perfectly what follows.

CHAPTER II.

THE WAY TO BUILD A PALACE.

It was noon. A dead silence reigned in the King's chamber, while he himself slumbered amid billows of down. Two Cock-Crow slaves waved fans made from the feathers of the grochayo noiselessly above his head, and a cool breeze, perfumed in passing through the flower-clad lattices, wandered through the room. It was a luxurious apartment. The floor was paved with a peculiar granite of a delicate purple color, and susceptible of the highest polish. The walls were lined with slender pillars, carved and stained in imitation of palm trees, from whose lofty crowns long pendent leaves of green satin waved in the fragrant breeze. In the centre of the hall an elegant fountain threw a silver stream of water into the air, that fell back again in light showers upon the rich lilies and sleepy water plants that were twined around the basin's edge. A low, subdued, murmuring music wandered fitfully through the place; this was produced by a species of water-organ which was concealed beneath the fountain. Graduated streams of water trickled upon sonorous plates of metal, and produced a series of mournful but soothing sounds. At one end of this luxurious apartment, King Slumberous lay sleeping. He did not snore. An air of calm, torpid enjoyment, glassed over his smooth features. His breathing was low and regular, and he lay in an attitude of conspicuous ease. He knew how to sleep. At the other end of the room, perched on a high stool, with no back to lean against, or no cushion to repose on, sat the restless Incubus, his Majesty's Prime Minister. The small black eyes of the dwarf were fixed with a glittering uneasiness upon the form of the sleeping King. He fidgeted on his stool, and endeavored to make a necklace of his long, thin legs, and

twisted his misshapen form into every imaginable attitude. He was evidently suffering all the pangs of impatience, and grunted occasionally very intelligible signs of his dissatisfaction. At last, as if his patience was completely exhausted, he suddenly sprang like a squirrel off his high stool, and alit with a tremendous clatter on the granite pavement. The Cock-Crow slaves, startled at the sound, let their fans fall; the music of the water-organ was drowned in the rude echoes that reverberated through the hall; the down pillows that encircled royalty were suddenly disturbed, and King Slumberous awoke. He raised himself on his couch, and rubbing his eyes like any other man, demanded what the—no, no—simply, “*what was the matter?*”

Incubus advanced and made a profound obeisance to the King.

“Ah! Incubus, is that you?” said his Majesty, drowsily; “what do you want?”

“Money, your Majesty,” replied the dwarf laconically.

“Money? impossible! What has become of the last hundred thousand blooddrops* which came in from the tax on ringlets?”

“Spent, your Majesty; every ounce of it—spent.”

“Hum! is there nothing in the treasury then?”

“Yes, your Majesty, there is one thing.”

“What is that?”

“Invention. When every thing else has fled from the treasury box, invention, like hope, remains at the bottom.”

“What! a new tax, Incubus? Do you think they'll stand it?”

“Oh! they'll make a noise about it, and hold meetings, and probably attempt to assassinate your Majesty; but they'll pay it—oh! they'll pay it in the end.”

King Slumberous wriggled a little among his down pillows at this allusion of the dwarf to his life being imperilled, but it did not make much impression on him apparently, for he laughed in a drowsy kind way, and said:

“Well, let us have a new tax, Incubus; I leave it all to you, only let me have enough of money to build my new palace;” and he lay back seemingly with a strong intention of going off to sleep again.

“It is easy to say, let us have a tax,” said the dwarf impressively; “but what are we to tax?”

“Oh! any thing—every thing—something that the people can't do without.”

“All the necessities in the kingdom are taxed to the utmost.”

“Then we must bring something into fashion, and when the people come to want it we will tax it.”

“Your Majesty is ingenious,” said the dwarf with a sneer; “but the people are cunning.”

“It's a very hard case,” said the King, mournfully, “that a man has nothing left in his kingdom on which he can raise a little ready money. Couldn't we put a tax upon life, Incubus? couldn't we make the people pay for the privilege of existing?”

“We might do that, certainly, your Majesty; but what if the people refused to pay?”

* The name of a Nodland coin, equal to five dollars of our money.

"Kill them!"

"True! if they will not pay the tax, we kill them. But recollect that when we kill them, they are not bound to pay the tax. The idea is ingenious, your Majesty, but I am afraid it is not practicable."

"What are we to do?" asked the King, sitting up amid his pillows with an air of ludicrous bewilderment. "We can't get on without money, you know, Incubus. There's the Prince of Fungi, whom I have invited to a great hunting party next week, and we must have funds, or we shall be positively disgraced. Incubus, you must raise the money or lose your head."

"But, your Majesty——"

"I have said it; I give you an hour for reflection. Meanwhile, I will enjoy that of which, thank Heaven, no tax can deprive me—sleep!"

The dwarf made three bounds as the King uttered these words, and at the third his head almost touched the pendants that hung down from the lofty ceiling.

"Are you mad, Incubus? Are you distracted?" asked the King, angry at this apparently disrespectful conduct.

"Yes, with joy, your Majesty; mad with sheer joy! I have found a tax; I have found such a beautiful impost."

"Ah! let us hear it; what is this tax? Come, I am all impatience, Incubus."

"You let it slip yourself, your Majesty, not a moment since. We will instantly lay a tax on sleep."

"What! on sleep? tax a Nodlander's slumbers? Oh! Incubus, it will never do; it would be too tyrannous. They could not exist without it."

"They can have it by paying for it."

"But they will rebel, Incubus!"

"Oh, your Majesty, leave that to me. I'll manage them, I warrant you."

"But really, Incubus, such cruelty!"

"Recollect the palace, and the Prince of Fungi, your Majesty: we must have money."

"True, true," muttered the King; "we must have money. Well, Incubus, I leave it all to you; but be gentle, be gentle. Certainly, when one comes to think of it, sleep is worth paying for."

Two minutes after this the King was fast asleep.

Incubus laughed a low, silent, malicious laugh, as he left the royal chamber, and betook himself to the office of the Secretary of State.

"There is but one man," he muttered to himself, "who is at all to be feared. We must muzzle Ivned."

The next morning Nodland was in commotion. A royal edict had been published during the night, and which was found at day-break in all conspicuous places, to the effect, that inasmuch as it was the sovereign will and pleasure of his gracious Majesty King Slumberous the First, that his well-beloved subjects should be subject to a certain tax, duty and impost, which was to be levied on sleep. The edict, after some further preamble, went on to say, that the maximum of sleep to be allowed to each individual was four hours. All transgression of these limits was to be taxed as a luxury, according to a scale which was therein laid down. It may be imagined what the sensation must have

been in a place like Nodland, where every man consumed at least fourteen hours out of the twenty-four in slumber. Every city in the land convened public meetings as soon as the oppressive edict was made known. Speakers ranted on platforms, and patriots began to make money. Ivned was in his glory. He wrote diatribes against the King. He foamed at the mouth in public with virtuous indignation. There was no word so foul, that he hesitated to fling it at the government. He denounced Incubus as a public pest, and all monarchs as hereditary evils. "What," he would cry at some public meeting, flinging his arms aloft with frenzy, "deprive us of our natural rights? contravene the immutable and wise designs of Providence? Base and bloody tyranny! wretched and besotted King! wicked and distorted Minister! The seasons change. To the summer succeeds the winter, and earth veils in rest the quickness of her bosom; she recruits her strength with a three months' slumber, but we are not to rest, save by Act of Parliament! Our sleep must be legal, or not at all. For aught we know, our dreams may be contraband! Fellow-citizens, shall we suffer this? Shall we be trampled under foot, and have our slumbers measured out to us with an ell wand? No! rather let our sacred constitution perish, than have it made the hobby-horse of such tyrants."

In this way, and with such addresses as these, Ivned raised a flame through the land. Some people, to be sure, said that, not being a Nodlander born, he had no earthly right to talk; nay, that he even did not require the quantity of sleep which a Nodlander required. But the mass of the people did not care who spoke, if his discourse was well seasoned with popular blasphemy and sedition. The state of the country grew alarming; revolt menaced the government on every side. But Incubus was inexorable. He appointed officers under the late act, and styled them sleep-wardens. It was the duty of these men to enforce the payment of the tax, and see that no person in their district enjoyed more sleep than the law allowed, without paying for it. Offices were established in every townland to grant certificates of sleep, to those who chose to buy them, and these places were thronged from morning till night with a crowd of discontented, murmuring citizens, who, although they were plotting treason against the State, preferred buying their certificate in the interval, to being martyrs to the cause of independence. Rebellion was brooding. A vast scheme to dethrone King Slumberous, murder the dwarf minister, and establish an elective monarchy, was on foot. Of course Ivned was at head of it, and hoped, no doubt, to win the suffrages of the people, and be elected King. The day was fixed for the first demonstration, and the drowsy King Slumberous stood, without knowing it, on the edge of a volcano.

The evening before the day appointed for the breaking out of the rebellion a strange sight met the eyes of the bewildered Nodlanders. It was nothing less than a bulletin in the Court Journal, announcing that Signor Ivned had, by the gracious will of his Majesty, been appointed to the office of Lord Chamberlain. The people could not believe their eyesight. They hastened to Ivned's house,

but that gentleman sent them word that he was too busy to see them just then, but if they had any complaint to make, they might put it in the form of a petition. His disappointed adherents went away muttering threats of vengeance. The whole conspiracy was paralyzed at a blow. Ivned was no longer there to stir the sediment of public wrongs, and it began to settle down. The day appointed for the revolution arrived. A few undecided groups of people were seen in the public squares. One or two enthusiasts endeavored to address the crowds, but were promptly arrested, and the conspirators, seeing that it was useless to proceed with the affair after the treachery of Ivned, went back to their homes in silence. Thus was the great sleep-tax established. Henceforth Nodlanders slept according to law; the King built his palace and entertained the Prince of Fungi, and Lord Incubus added another blossom to the crown of public hate which he already wore.

CHAPTER III.

A HUNTING EXPEDITION BY THE LAKE OF DREAMS.

It was a glorious autumn morning; the tall shadowy trees that belted round the dark Lake of Dreams were gemmed here and there with spots of ruby and gold; the small, white clouds floated in the clear blue sky like sleeping sea-birds. The wood-wind murmured to the wave-wind an invitation to forsake the monotonous lake, and come and play among the leaves.

The Lake of Dreams, usually so silent and solitary, on this morning seemed to have actively cast off its gloomy torpor. Bugle notes rang through the rocks and the forest. The deep bay of the hounds echoed through the sonorous aisles of trees, and horsemen gaily attired flashed through the green vistas of the woods. King Slumberous gave a great hunting party that day to his guest and neighbor, the Prince of Fungi.

In the middle of a large green circle, which had been artificially cut in the forest for the accommodation of royalty, stood King Slumberous and his suite, accompanied by the Prince of Fungi. Ivned was there too, gorgeously dressed, but bearing the vulgar impress of the plebeian on his countenance, and which all his splendor of attire could not disguise. Incubus was there, perched on the top of a tall horse, and looking more like a wood-gnome who had dropped from the branches above upon the saddle, than any thing human. The dwarf's principal amusement was plaguing Ivned with allusions to his low origin, and unexpected rise in the world, the topic of all others which wounded the Lord Chamberlain most deeply. The rest of the group was composed of the young nobility of the court, and no less than five of King Slumberous's wives were present in palanquins to see the hunt. The rivalry between these ladies amused the court not a little. Their palanquins were borne on the shoulders of Cock-Crow slaves, and it was a great point with each of them to endeavor to have her palanquin held a few inches higher from the ground than the rest. Accordingly, the poor Cock-Crows were forced by the rival owners to hold the heavy

vehicles as high above their heads as was possible, and even then each lady might be seen leaning out, and striking her slaves on the head with little sticks, in order to force them to lift her half an inch higher.

"May I never sleep again," said King Slumberous impatiently, "if we have not been here over half an hour without finding even a wild boar. This will never do."

"Here is a tame one, your Majesty," replied Incubus, pointing to Ivned, who looked as if he could swallow the dwarf, horse and all.

"He does not look active enough to promise good sport," said the King, laughing heartily at the dwarf's old wit.

"How should he be active?" said Incubus with a sneer; "he has been used the greater part of his life to lying in the mire."

Ivned grew as red as the fallen leaves around him, at this bitter allusion to his birth. He raised himself in his stirrups, elevated his right arm, and assumed the menacing attitude he was once so famous for, when he rose to reply to some assailant at the demagogical meetings. But suddenly remembering where he was, and his altered position, he let his arm drop, and glancing maliciously over the dwarf's deformed person, said:

"Whether I lay in the mire, or whether I led the people, I always left a better impression than you could make, Lord Incubus."

"Ha! you have it there, Incubus," said the Prince of Fungi, who always thought it necessary to explain other people's jokes. "He alludes to your being so ill-made."

"And I," said Incubus, darting a glance full of malice at Ivned, "alluded to his being so ill-begotten."

"Ha! you have it now, Signor Ivned," said the Prince; "he means that you are low-born."

"Better that, your Highness, than——"

What this retort would have been was never known, for just at this moment a loud cry broke from a thicket close by, and every body's attention was instantly drawn to the place from which it proceeded.

"Let us see what all this is," said King Slumberous, spurring his horse into the thicket; "it sounded like the snarl of a hyena."

The rest of the party forced their way after the King, and as they plunged deeper and deeper into the wood, the cries became louder, and were apparently mingled with the low, ferocious growl of hounds at combat. Full of curiosity, the King and his suite hurried on, as fast as the thick brush-wood would allow, and bursting through a thick screen of low trees, found themselves suddenly the spectators of a very curious scene.

In the centre of a small glade, two huge hounds belonging to the royal pack were engaged in fierce combat with a beautiful leopard. The latter, though attacked on both sides, defended itself with equal dexterity and courage. Its eyes gleamed like the wood-flames at night, and its white teeth were flecked with the blood of its assailants. It used its long, graceful tail as a weapon of defense, and dealt the hounds heavy blows with it whenever they came within its reach. Its attitudes were so full of grace, its bounds so supple and elegant, and

its courage so indomitable, that the King could not restrain an exclamation of admiration.

"Hold off! hold off!" he cried to the hounds; "where is our master of the hunt? We must have that leopard alive. He is a beautiful creature."

The hounds, awed by the King's voice, ceased, their attacks, and drew off to a little distance, where, with bleeding flanks, they stood and glared at their enemy. The leopard, as soon as he found himself free, glanced disdainfully at the crowd of spectators, and walked slowly towards the edge of the thicket.

"Why, look, brother," cried the Prince of Fungi, pointing to him as he retreated, "what an extraordinary circumstance! he has a steel collar round his neck. He must be a tame beast."

"So he has, by Somnus!" cried the King. "Let us follow him. I must have him for my menagerie."

The leopard, when he saw himself pursued by the King, turned round and showed his teeth as if expecting an attack; but finding that the King stopped too, he again went his way towards the thicket. When he arrived at the edge, he stopped at what seemed to be a heap of dead leaves, and smelled carefully all round. He then lay down.

"I see a man!" cried Incubus; "I see a man half covered with leaves, near to where the leopard is lying. The beast has killed somebody."

"If he has, he shall suffer for it," said the King, dismounting. Then, drawing his sword, he cautiously approached the spot indicated by the dwarf. The leopard did not move, and as the King drew nearer he saw that the animal was lying with his head resting on the chest of a man whose form was half concealed in the dry leaves. He never took his eye off of the King for a moment, and was ready in an instant to act on either the offensive or defensive. The King gazed curiously at the man thus strangely guarded, and then beckoned to some of his suite to come closer.

"The man is asleep," said he, as Incubus cautiously drew near.

"What! a man asleep in the royal forest!" cried the dwarf. "We must see whether he has got his certificate."

So saying, the dwarf stooped down, and flung a small pebble at the sleeping man, who awoke with a sudden start, and gazed round with a bewildered air at finding himself in the centre of so brilliant a throng of people.

"What is your name; and what do you here?" asked Incubus, in a tone of authority.

The man—or rather youth, for he did not seem more than nineteen years of age—stared in astonishment for a few moments, and said in a weak voice:

"I was faint with travel, and lay down to sleep. Pina, here, promised to watch over me while I slumbered, but she has betrayed her trust;" and he looked reproachfully at the leopard, which still lay in the same position. The animal, as if it understood its master, gave a low moan, and turned its large eyes pleadingly towards him. "What ails thee, Pina?" he continued, laying his hand gently on its head; "what ails thee? Do not grieve; I am not angry with thee; but stay—what is this? Oh! how did this happen to thee, dear Pina?"

This exclamation was the result of a slight movement on the part of Pina, thereby disclosing a maimed and shattered leg, which easily accounted for her apparent breach of trust. The youth seemed as much grieved as if it had been his own limb that had been wounded, and hung over his pet with an air of touching grief.

"The animal defended you bravely," said the King. "It was in a combat with two of my blood-hounds that she received that wound."

"Poor, faithful Pina!" muttered the youth.

"But you have not answered for yourself," persisted Incubus, who smelled a mystery as a beagle would a hare. "What do you here; and what is your name?"

"I am called Zoy," said the youth suddenly.

"Zoy! why, that must be a Cock-Crow name. Are you one of that nation?"

"I am."

"Whose slave are you?"

"I am no man's slave!" and the youth looked at Incubus with a proud glance.

"A Cock-Crow in Nodland, and not a slave! By my faith, this is strange. Where is your sleep-certificate?"

"What certificate? I have none."

"Do you not know that any man sleeping without a certificate is liable to be imprisoned for life! at least according to the act passed by his gracious Majesty the King here;" and Incubus nodded at King Slumberous as he spoke.

The youth caught at the word.

"Is this the King?" he asked eagerly, and quite forgetting poor Pina's wounded leg in his anxiety to learn.

"I am the King," said his Majesty; "what want you?"

"Justice! your Majesty, justice!" cried the youth, throwing himself at the King's feet. "I ask for justice."

"A downright insult to the King's prime minister," said Iyned to the Prince of Fungi, in a tone loud enough for Incubus to hear it.

"Ha! there's at you, Incubus," cried the Prince, explaining as usual; "he means that while you are at the head of affairs, there is little use in asking for such a thing."

"In what way have you been aggrieved, young man?" asked the King gently.

"I had a bride, your Majesty, a dear bride, the only creature in life I cared for, except Pina there: we lived together in a little cottage in our own country; we were very happy and knew no care. I hunted for our living, and we had plenty of venison drying over our chimney, and Pina—poor Pina there, used to hunt down a deer or two for us whenever we were out of meat."

Pina waved her tufted tail gently, as if she took some pleasure in these reminiscences of her sporting exploits.

"Well, your Majesty, we were very happy, as I say, until one day we saw a great army coming up the mountain, and a bugle was blown, and I saw my neighbors hurrying away to hide themselves, and then I knew that the Nodlanders were on us. Well, I caught up my bride in my arms and tried to escape to a cavern hard by, where I might remain concealed, but I was intercepted by

twenty or thirty soldiers, who fell upon me; and though Pina there and I fought hard, we were overpowered and both left for dead, and when I recovered my senses I found my bride gone—torn from me—torn off into slavery; she that had never soiled her hands with work in her life! Oh! your Majesty! give me back my bride, give me justice, or let me work by her side. It is a cruel, cruel system!" and the youth wept bitterly.

"My friend!" said King Slumberous solemnly, "the Cock-Crow question is one that we never discuss. What was your bride's name?"

"She was called Lereena, your Majesty; but she would be easily known by her beauty."

"Lereena!" exclaimed Incubus starting; "that was her name then?"

"Yes! Lereena. Oh! do you know any thing of her, sir? is she still alive?"

"No, no, the name merely struck me as being a strange one, that is all. I know nothing of her, I assure you. Your Majesty had better send this fellow to prison, for being without his sleep certificates," whispered the dwarf in a low voice to the King. "The example is worth making."

"I leave all these things to you, Incubus," replied the King; then turning to Zoy: "You will have to be a slave, young man. It is the law. But I will cause inquiries to be made after Lereena, and if she can be discovered, you shall be placed in the same household."

"Heaven bless your Majesty!" cried poor Zoy, as much delighted as if he received a court appointment instead of being doomed to captivity. "I will work better than any Cock-Crow in Nodland, if I am near my Lereena."

"Your leopard there?"

"Poor Pina!" said Zoy, turning tenderly to her, "she has broken her leg. Your Majesty will let her remain with me—will you not? She is the only one now that loves me."

"Pina shall be cared for," answered the King, "but she cannot remain with you. She shall be attached to the palace. My favorite wife wants a pet, and this beautiful leopard will be sure to please her. Incubus, attach this young man to your body of slaves; and, in the interval, institute inquiries about his bride Lereena."

"But, your Majesty! I have not room," and the dwarf looked any thing but pleased at this arrangement.

"I have said it," rejoined the King, with oriental significance.

Zoy, when he heard that Pina was to be separated from him, turned sadly away, and large tears rolled down his smooth, youthful cheeks. He stooped down and kissed the wounded animal, while his chest might be seen heaving with suppressed sobs. "Pina," he whispered, as if he fancied that she was imbued with intelligence equal to his own; "Pina, you will be free, when I am in captivity; make use of your liberty, Pina, as I would make use of mine, if I had it. Seek out our Lereena!"

Pina raised her large, soft eyes to his face, as if she fully understood what he said, and accepted the task which he had assigned to her.

Incubus, who, for some reason best known to himself, did not appear at all obliged to King

Slumberous for giving Zoy to him as a slave, but was of course obliged to obey the royal mandate, gave his new acquisition in charge to two of his attendants, with whispered directions that the moment they reached his palace, they were to confine the youth in the eastern dungeon, and on no account to allow him to be seen by any one about his residence. So Zoy, after making a profound obeisance to the King, a giving a farewell glance at poor Pina, whose broken leg the huntsman was binding up, set off for the dwarf's palace between his two ferocious-looking guards.

Then the bugle sounded once more; the hounds bayed through the deep woods, the King mounted his horse, Incubus commenced his verbal attacks on Ivned, while the Prince of Fungi continued his explanations, and the whole cavalcade swept from the scene, leaving the spot, which was a moment before brilliant with golden trappings and waving plumes, to its original silence. And the leaves that dared not fall before the presence of majesty, now rained down in brown myriads from the boughs; the wild birds peeped forth from their coverts, lost in wonder at the strange beings who had just disturbed their solitude, and the timid heart of the hidden deer regained its usual pulse, as it heard the frightful voice of man no longer.

CHAPTER IV.

LEREENA.

THE palace of the dwarf minister was situated in the suburb. A more delightful spot can scarcely be imagined. Beautiful grounds extended about the house, which was built of the finest red and white marble. Fountains hidden among the trees sent a soothing murmur through the shadowy walks with which the place was traversed, and all through the domain were scattered the most luxurious apparatus for slumber that the ingenuity of a people who made sleep the principal object of their existence could contrive. Sometimes it was a swing which hung from the summit of some sturdy oak, and which oscillated gently with the breeze that played among the branches. Another was a cool grotto, where couches of moss and fragrant herbs invited the indolent and the weary to a perfumed repose. Or it might be a delicious arbor cunningly contrived, in the very heart of some great tree, screened round by faintly rustling leaves, and guarded by sentinel birds of a peculiar species, that were fond of such trees, and who, sitting motionless among the boughs, emitted all day long a low, stream-like note, like an Æolian harp played beneath the waves.

The interior of the palace was not less enchanting. Fountains played in the centre of the rooms, each of which opened into a conservatory devoted to the culture of a certain species of plant. Beautiful birds, tamed and highly trained, flew among the graceful leaves and blossoms, and every possible description of couch was scattered through the apartments.

It was evening. The sun was setting above the dark crests of a grove of chestnuts, and pouring his blood-red beams through the lofty window of

stained glass which decorated one end of a room in the palace called "the Chamber of Poppies." Through this room a heavy narcotic odor diffused itself from an adjoining conservatory, which was filled with every species of soporific plant—an odor that merely soothed the nerves, or produced complete slumber, according as certain glass valves which formed a means of atmospheric communication were either closed or open. A fountain of delicate pink water played in the centre of the chamber, and its spray, lit by the crimson light of the sunbeams, assumed an aspect of prismatic splendor. Here, reclining on cushions of green velvet whose pile was so high that it resembled moss more than any artificial fabric, reposed Lord Incubus. At his feet, with a species of ivory mandoline in her hand, reclined a young girl of the most exquisite beauty. Her features were regular, and her complexion pale; and with eyes of the most lustrous darkness she combined the rare beauty of tresses that seemed like a mass of spider-webs dyed in liquid sunlight.

She was looking very sad and melancholy. Her mandoline lay in a listless hand, and she gazed at the sun that was sinking below the tree-tops as if she wished that she could die with it.

"Lereena!" said Incubus, gazing at her with a hideous leer of affection, "you look sad and melancholy. This must not be, or I shall cease to love you!" and the misshapen wretch laughed as if that would be one of the greatest of misfortunes.

The girl cast a glance of ineffable loathing at him, and sighed deeply.

"Ah! you sigh, Lereena!" the dwarf continued. "What is this secret grief? Are you lamenting the absent Pina? or, perhaps, it is the handsome Zoy for whom you are pining?"

Lereena started.

"Pina—Zoy!" she exclaimed earnestly; "where did you learn those names? Do you know aught about them? Oh, tell me, for pity's sake, tell me about my husband!"

"What charming conjugal affection!" cried Incubus, with affected enthusiasm. "What a pity that so faithful a pair should have been ever separated!"

"And my dear faithful Pina! Oh, if she were here, none would dare confine or insult me. She would avenge every dastardly glance;" and as she uttered these words she dashed her mandoline passionately on the marble pavement, where it shivered into a thousand fragments.

"How beautiful she looks in a passion!" murmured the dwarf to himself, in a tone of sneering admiration. "I like her beauty even better than when it is in repose."

"What do you know about my Zoy?" cried Lereena, turning round suddenly and casting a fierce glance at her companion. "You have by this mention of these names roused all that was brooding in my heart; take care that it does not overflow and sweep you into the nothing from which you should never have emerged."

If Lereena imagined that by this violence she was going to overawe Incubus, she was sadly mistaken. The dwarf was far too cool and self-possessed ever to feel absolute fear. He was brave on philosophical principles, because he knew

that fear incapacitated one from taking proper care of one's self. So when Lereena stood before him, with flashing eye and advanced foot, and one hand grasping a small dagger that hung at her girdle, he only laughed and emitted the species of sound that one would use to an irritated cat.

"Be quiet, Lereena, will you?" he said contemptuously. "Sit down there; I have something to say to you."

Lereena bit her lip, but obeyed him.

"Now," continued Incubus, settling himself amid his pillows, "as you have imagined, I do know something about your handsome Zoy, and your dear faithful Pina. In fact, I may say, I know a good deal about them."

Lereena's eyes flashed, and she looked for an instant as if she was about to spring on him. She restrained herself, however, and contented herself with tearing the red and blue beads off of her slippers.

"I know," went on the dwarf, "that Zoy is in prison, and will perhaps remain there for life."

"Zoy in prison! oh, what has he done?"

"Simply this. He came on a wild-goose chase in search of you. He was found slumbering in the royal forest without a sleep certificate, and you know that the punishment for that, in a Cock-Crow, is imprisonment for life."

This was a pure invention of the dwarf's, for Zoy was at that moment working in the farm-yard, and there was no such punishment attached to sleeping without a certificate—a fine was all that the law exacted in such cases. But the falsehood had its full effect on poor Lereena, and she covered her face with her hands and wept bitterly.

"Now," continued Incubus, his eyes twinkling with pleasure at the sight of such grief, "I will restore Zoy to liberty, and also take dear, faithful Pina out of the nasty, filthy menagerie where she is confined in company with a wolf and three owls."

"You will!" cried Lereena, overcome with joy.

"Oh, I will bless you on one condition," said the dwarf in a solemn tone. "You know that I have long tried to win your love."

"Wretch!" cried Lereena, starting from him as one does from a snake when one's feet are bare.

"The time is now come. You are my slave; I bought you. Well, I want you to be something dearer to me. Love me, Lereena, and Zoy shall be free to-night, and Pina shall again gambol at your side and be at once your plaything and protector."

"And forget my husband, my beautiful Zoy? No, no, my Lord Incubus. You have it in your power to make me draw water and hew wood, but to make me love you is beyond your will!"

"You will not consent, then?"

"Never! never! never!"

"You will think better of it. If you do not, fair Lereena, you will feel my vengeance. I leave you here to think over my offer. I will return in half an hour, and if you still refuse, why, we shall see."

And with a horrid laugh the dwarf skipped up from his cushions, and locking the door behind him, was gone before Lereena could gather breath to reply.

The moment the monster was out of sight, all

the pride that had supported her gave way. She buried her head among the cushions and wept bitterly. Almost unwillingly, her fancy went back to the times when she lived a pure, happy life with her Zoy, among the mountains. She thought of the anxious watches she spent when he was out hunting the deer with Pina, and wild infantine joy when he returned laden with spoil. Her pleasures were few, but each one was so fresh and unpalling that they were worth a whole year of city joys; and all this pure delicious freedom had been in a single day violently exchanged for the basest slavery. It was no wonder that poor Lereena should twist her fingers in her beautiful silken hair, and writhe among the cushions like one in the agonies of death.

She lay in a sort of stupor, the consequence of intense excitement. A low murmur rang through the room, and shaped itself into a melody. Lereena scarce listened at first, but presently it seemed to fall more definitely on her ear. She raised herself from amid the soft pillows, and the following words were heard in a sort of whisper-song, with an accompaniment so ærial and spiritual that one might imagine it some angel playing upon a lyre whose strings were sunbeams:

"Lereena, Lereena, the finger of dawn
Has opened the lids of the night,
And I must be gone to the hills where the fawn
Flies along like some vapory sprite.
But e'er I depart
There's a voice at my heart,
Which whispers to me soft and low—
Lereena, Lereena,
Like scent of verberna,
Will your kiss be to me ere I go?
Lereena!
My queen, ah!
You'll give me a kiss ere I go!

"Lereena, Lereena, the flame dripping Sun
Is kissing the lips of the sky;
The white mists fling down, to each mountain-
ous crown,
Moist kisses; why not you and I!
I'm off to the hill
Where the vapors are chill;
I'll want something warm 'midst the snow.
Then Lereena, Lereena,
My sweet little queen, ah!
You'll give me a kiss ere I go—
Lereena,
Sweet queen, ah!
Give one little kiss ere I go!"

"Zoy! Zoy! my own Zoy!" cried Lereena passionately, as the low notes of the last phrase died away. "Oh! come to me! speak to me!"

The doors that separated the conservatory from the room in which she was, opened gently, and amid a stream of narcotic perfume, which flowed from the plants with which it was filled, young Zoy glided into the arms of his bride. After the first passionate caresses had exhausted themselves, and they found words to speak, Lereena asked the youth how he had escaped from prison.

"Prison!" echoed Zoy. "I was in no prison,

save for the first three days after my apprehension in the forest. I have been working in the farm-yard for the last month."

"What a dreadful liar that wretch Incubus is!" cried Lereena; "he told me that you were in prison, and would be condemned to confinement for life in consequence of being found asleep in the forest without a certificate; and he offered to have you released, if—if—I would love him."

"The monster!" said Zoy, grinding his teeth; "he will rue this. I have something to tell you about Incubus. You know a man of the name of Ivned."

"The Lord Chamberlain?"

"The same. Well, Ivned has received intelligence that Incubus intends to disgrace him with the King and deprive him of his office. Now he intends to be beforehand with the dwarf. A vast conspiracy is on foot, of which he is the head, to remodel the constitution, appoint new ministers, do away with the oppressive taxation, and liberate our countrymen, the unhappy Cock-Crows. The first step will be taken this evening. The dwarf must die."

"I would plead for his life, Zoy; but while he lives, we can never hope for happiness. Let him die. But we must be cautious. He will return here in a few minutes, to learn my answer to his infamous proposal. He must not find you here, or you are lost. By the way, how did you find me?"

"Ivned led me here. The dwarf is about to return, you say. So much the better. You must keep him in conversation, Lereena."

"Zoy! you surely would not—here, in my presence? Besides, if you fail, you will be executed."

"I will run no risk, Lereena; the execution of the plan is confided to one who is irresponsible to human law."

A low whistle sounded outside in the conservatory, and with a farewell embrace, Zoy glided hastily through the door leading to his retreat, almost at the same moment that Incubus entered by another.

"Ha! my fair Lereena," exclaimed Incubus, advancing joyously, rubbing his hands; "you look as bright as a May morning—a fair augury for my hopes. Come; you have reflected, and will listen to reason." So saying, he endeavored to pass his hand round her waist.

"Unhand me, monster!" she exclaimed, struggling to escape from his grasp; "unhand me, or you will rue it."

"Come, this is childishness," said Incubus, gnashing his teeth with fury. "I will not be baffled—by Heaven, I will not;" and he wound his long nervous arms around her like a cord.

"Help, help!" cried Lereena, rendered utterly powerless by the sinewy grasp of her assailant.

"Hush!" cried the dwarf; "you will be heard."

At this moment a strange sound rang through the room; the glass in the conservatory was heard to break, and a swift rushing, like that of an embodied storm, succeeded. Lereena turned her eyes for an instant in the direction of the sound, and to her she saw speeding with great bounds through the twilight, a huge animal, with glaring eyes, and tail that swept around like a

pine branch tossed in the tempest. Two leaps more, and the ferocious animal had fastened its claws firmly between the shoulders of the dwarf.

"My God! what is this?" cried Incubus, as he found this unexpected burden on his shoulders; and loosing his grasp of Lereena, he staggered back, making furious efforts to free himself from his new assailant. Lereena, in the confusion of the moment, fancying that her last hour was come, veiled her face, and sank upon her knees. Meanwhile, the struggle between the dwarf and the leopard continued. Incubus, though deformed, was muscular, sinewy, and wonderfully active, and now fought more like a wild beast than a human being. The leopard still retained its original position between his shoulders, striving to drive its powerful white fangs into his vertebrae, while Incubus rolled on the floor, and twisted his body round and round in the attempt to strangle his indomitable antagonist. They rolled about intricately mingled, and every now and then the dwarf's long legs or thin arms would be tossed aloft in the air, in the frantic attempt to grasp some vital part of the animal. Then the leopard would lash its tail, and taking a deeper hold with its talons, bury its fangs into the dwarf's sinewy neck. All this took place in perfect silence, broken now and then by a hoarse, guttural cry of despair and agony from Incubus, which the leopard would answer with a short impatient growl, as if he was enraged that the struggle should be so protracted. At length the dwarf's strength seemed to be exhausted; his wild contortions ceased, and he lay motionless on the floor with the leopard crouched upon his body. He was not yet dead: for a second or two all sound of combat ceased, and in the silence might be heard his heavy, stertorous breathing. The leopard then suddenly raised his head, and seemed for an instant about to forsake his prey, but the next instant his wide jaws opened; an agonized shriek burst from the dwarf—a dull sound, like the cracking of rotten wood, was heard. Incubus's body was suddenly contracted into a lump, by some powerful action of the muscles—then it quivered, straightened out again, and all was still.

The leopard lingered for a moment, raised his head, and looked steadfastly at the body, then leaped with a graceful swinging bound on to the floor, and coming to where Lereena knelt, crouched itself at her feet.

The door of the conservatory opened cautiously, and two men entered with a stealthy step. One was Zoy, the other Ivned.

"It is all over," said Ivned, pointing to the dwarf's body, which lay in a heap on the floor. "The monster will offend society no longer."

"We must lose no time," answered Zoy; "where is Lereena?"

"There she is," replied Ivned, "kneeling at the base of that pillar, with the leopard crouched at her feet."

"Lereena!" cried Zoy, "rejoice with us; our enemy is dead. See! our dear Pina has avenged us both."

But Lereena did not reply, and when Zoy hastened up to her and unfastened the folds of her veil, he discovered that she had fainted. A few drops

of the icy water in the fountain, sprinkled upon her forehead, soon brought her to, and all her fears vanished when she recognized in the fierce animal, that she saw bounding through the gloom, her faithful and affectionate Pina.

Ivned now explained that there was no time to lose. In the death of the dwarf, the first step had been taken, and it was necessary to follow it up immediately. The conspirators were assembled in a large body outside Incubus's palace, and only awaited the signal from Ivned to march on the King's residence and demand the restitution of their rights and the abolishment of the sleep-tax. So without any more delay, Lereena, Zoy, and the demagogue hastened from the palace, followed by Pina, whose jaws were still smeared with the blood of the dwarf, and joined the multitude outside. Here Ivned made one of his violent speeches against the tyranny of the government; pledged himself to head the people when they went to demand their privileges from the King, and in the conclusion threw out an indefinite, but sufficiently tangible hint, that now as the dwarf-premier was dead, owing to an accidental encounter with a wild animal that had escaped from the King's menagerie, the best thing the King could do would be to place him, Ivned, in his place, and the best thing that the people could do was to insist upon its being done. As there were a great many allusions in this speech to the greatness of Nodland and Nodlanders in general, the people applauded; but when Ivned alluded to the enfranchisement of the Cock-Crows, a deadly silence fell over the multitude. Man looked at man, as if each feared the other. They cast their eyes upon the ground, put their hands in their pockets, and pursed up their lips into little funnels, but not a word was spoken. As King Slumberous truly said, "the Cock-Crow question was never discussed in Nodland."

Ivned, when he saw this, turned to Zoy and Lereena, who stood near him, and shrugging his shoulders, whispered something in their ears; whatever it was, it had the effect of producing their immediate departure.

"Come!" said Zoy to his young bride, "let us fly from this accursed country while there is yet time; we should never be any thing but slaves here, while if we go far in among the hills of our own dear land, we will live poor, unmolested and free. Leave Ivned to mingle in the stormy whirlpool of politics; the day will perhaps come, when he will be glad to exchange his tedious honors for our peaceful obscurity."

So saying, the Cock-Crow, followed by his bride and Pina, stole unobserved through the crowd while it was palpitating under the influence of some fiery sentence of Ivned's, and taking immediately to the fields, struck out for the borders of the Cock-Crow country.

CHAPTER V.

THE END OF THE DEMAGOGUE.

It was a bright morning in spring, the wind blew freshly down the deep ravines, and the eagles that hung in the light-blue atmosphere, swung to and fro upon its currents. A little cottage stood

nestled on the side of the hill, into a piece of green pasture, which was shaded gently off into inclosures, filled with springing corn. A waterfall on one side flashed through the foliage of some live oaks that backed the house, while on the other a small patch, evidently sacred to Vertumnus, blushed with all the flowers that spring could call up from the half-awakened earth. Outside the door of the cottage, and basking in the morning sunbeams, lay a beautiful leopard stretched at full length, while a ruddy bronze-skinned youth was standing close by, leaning on a spear. Presently a young girl issued from the cottage, with a leathern belt in her hand, to which were attached hooks to which the huntsman attached the slaughtered game; this she fastened around the waist of the youth, and then twining her arms around his neck, leaned against him, and turned her eyes lovingly upon his youthful face. It was a charming picture of young, unsatisfied love—she nestling in close to him as if she would work her way into his heart, and he enjoying the luxurious pleasure of such gentle demonstrations, without at the same time forfeiting the peculiar dignity of his sex.

"At what hour will you return, dear Zoy?" asked the girl in a low tone, that expressed something more than the question.

"Oh! I shall not be long, Lereena. If Pina there is not too lazy, we shall have a fat deer in less than an hour."

Pina gave a slight switch of her tail, as if to show that there was yet a portion of animal energy in her that had not evaporated in the hot sunshine.

"Who is that ascending the hill, dear Zoy?" asked Lereena, pointing to the distant figure of a man, who was slowly coming up the ravine. "I never see a stranger, that fear does not riot in my heart, lest it may be those horrid Nodlanders who have come to bear us into slavery."

"Fear not!" said Zoy, grasping his spear with a savage glance. "You will die by my hand, Lereena, before another manacle binds your arm."

"There is something familiar in the appearance of this stranger!" said Lereena, scanning the approaching individual rather anxiously; "but he appears very faint and weary, and his clothes are in tatters. Go to him, Zoy, and help him with your arm; he is weak."

"Why," cried Zoy, rushing down to meet the stranger, "it is Ivned! what can have brought him here?"

Pina opened one eye on the strength of all this hubbub, but seeing only her master and an old tattered beggar, she wisely concluded that any active measures on her part would be out of place, and closing it again resumed her slumbers.

It was Ivned. But how changed from the brisk favorite of fortune, whom Zoy had left leading a whole nation! He was thin and gray. His eye, once so bold and unquellable, was now sunken and unsteady. His gait was feeble and tottering; his clothes were in tatters, and it would have been indeed impossible to recognize in him the daring, reckless demagogue, for whom no task was too difficult and no assertion too impudent.

"Ah!" said he, when in the evening he was seated at the fire in Zoy's cottage, "I forswear

politics for ever. When you fled from Nodland I was in a fair way to greatness. I made the King submit to my terms. The sleep-tax was abolished, and every burgher and mechanic in the nation was my friend. Trade improved, because every body was more attentive than when they had to pay for their sleep. That commodity being taxed, people thought that they were extravagant if they did not take the value of their money; the consequence was, they slept the full legal allowance, which was several hours more than they used to sleep before. But under my administration all this was reformed, and the commerce of Nodland recovered from its lethargy. I found the King a feeble man, and I ruled him judiciously. I made him do exactly what I liked, but those measures were always for the good of the people. I consequently became a popular favorite, and when the King and I drove out together, twice as many people cried, 'Long life to Ivned,' as to King Slumberous."

"Hum!" said Zoy, in rather a disapproving tone.

"Well, one day I made a covert sneer at the King, which I never intended he should see, and which he never would have seen if it had not been for the Prince of Fungi, who explained the satire to him after his usual manner. The joke was a severe one, and his Majesty never forgave me. But a short time afterwards I was accused of high treason, and of entering into a plot to dethrone the King, and place myself in his stead. I was innocent, but I was imprisoned. However, by the aid of some gold, I effected my escape, and here I am in this delightful rural retreat of yours, among a new people where all is innocence, and who only want a scientific constitution to be perfect. I shall be very happy here, I know."

"I think not," said Zoy gravely, "if your happiness lies, as it did once, in political turmoil and endless quarrel. Listen to me, Ivned: We are an innocent people, we Cock-Crows; we have retired up into these hills which are beyond the reach of the Nodlanders, and we intend to retain our purity. We want no brawling demagogues here; we have no politics, therefore we want no politicians. If you cannot live in peace, and must have excitement and dissension, return to Nodland or to your native island. Your speeches here will not be listened to, and your appeals against tyranny will go for nothing, for every one is free. But if you are content to settle down as one of us; to hunt the deer, instead of pursuing popular opinion; to cultivate muscle instead of cunning, and to change your political baton into a huntsman's spear, then we will give you the welcome of a man, and you shall be honored among us."

"You are very kind," said Ivned bitterly, "but I will not trespass upon the hospitality of a country that prescribes rules to its guest. I will return to Nodland, where a scaffold or a throne awaits me: either is preferable to your pastoral obscurity."

So saying, Ivned arose, and shaking the dust from off his feet, passed out of the house. Zoy made no effort to detain him, but turning to Lereena, he kissed her, and said, "I am sorry, but perhaps it is as well. He could not live in peace,

and our country is better without him. He is a dangerous man."

And the husband and wife again embraced; and Pina waved her tail gently, until she found that she was waving it into the fire and burning it, when she got up and went growling to the other end of the room; and the deer hung from the rafters; and the noise of the waterfall at the back stole soothingly in through the half-opened window; and all was still and peaceful; and amid this peace, with the hope that it never was disturbed, we leave Zoy and Lereena.

"There is nothing new under the sun." Inventions that burst upon the world every day as astounding novelties, turn out to have lived, died, and been buried in the times of the Phœnicians or Carthaginians. Tailors issue new garments, the models of which have been drawn from the apparel of the Greeks and Romans. Theories are developed, which on examination are found to be mere fragments of Plato or Socrates, rehashed and garnished with a little modern cant. Mesmerism and its operations are found sculptured on the walls of the Great Pyramid, and there are traditions of the existence of gunpowder and steam, that cast the names of Friar Bacon and Captain Savary into apparent insignificance. Our poetry is in many instances a faint echo of Homer, Theocritus, Horace, and the Mantuan bard. And even in some cases these echoes form new ones, that again generate new, until the reverberations die away among the ravines of time. Literary plagiarisms have always been a fertile topic for the magazine writer. It is pleasant to hunt and burrow among antiquities of thought, and ferreting out some old idea, haul it forth to the confusion of some young author who has been strutting before the world as a man of note upon its authority. In some cases, like that of Chatterton and Ireland, the reverse is attempted, and the author strives to antiquate his originalities. This is of course the most culpable of the two, as there is a recognized license to steal from an old author, but there is none which permits us to clothe venerable names in the thread-bare attire which we spin ourselves. These remarks are consequent on a curious discovery which we made the other day, on looking over the third volume of the Unpublished Magazine. We there discovered a poem, which we will present to the reader, that bears traces of having suggested some of the most striking peculiarities of a modern

American poet. It is well known that Edgar A. Poe was not very scrupulous as to the source from which he drew his inspiration. His very powerful sketch of "The Pit and the Pendulum," is a direct plagiarism from an article which appeared in Blackwood about a year previous to the publication of Mr. Poe's tale, and we have now for the first time discovered that he did not think it beneath him to take hints from others as to the mechanical construction of his poetry. The poem which we are about to submit to the reader is exceedingly defective and unintelligible in some parts, but the rhythm and swing of the verse, and the monotonous repetition of the last line of each stanza, recall Poe's artifices so powerfully, that we cannot avoid the conclusion that he must have seen it some where. How he ever got hold of the Unpublished Magazine, is a matter which we cannot hope to solve. There is a probability, however, that in some of his wanderings through New-England, he lit upon this very volume, but was either too indolent, or otherwise unable to bring it away with him. That he read and studied this rough poem we have not the slightest doubt, and we must in justice say that he has immeasurably surpassed his original.

OINEA.

In the slow and the wearying wane of the day,
Ere the surge of the night was forerun by the
spray
Of a twilight refreshing the scene with repose,
From the fane of the banquet, the girl goddess
rose,
And swept like a spirit of beauty and truth,
To the shade of a grove in the valley of youth—
OINEA, queen of the revel of youth.

Where the shadows of tulip and cypress combine
With the swaying and pendulous leaves of the
vine,
As they fall o'er the marge, and are lost in the
lake,
Like the curtain of dreams, that we burst as we
wake;
It was there she reposed till aroused by the light
Of the red rising moon on the vapors of night—
Roused by the breath of the queen of the night.

Ah! her thoughts were as sad and as strange as
the lue
Of the feverish crimson that clung to the view,
Yet her pulse was as high as the beat of the heart,
In a temple of reason, or palace of art,
While she mused till the red and the ominous rays
Of the moon, at her noon, dimly shone through the
haze—
High in the heaven in an ocean of haze.

Then the stars—then the moon, seemed to wither
and pale,

And the vale grew to vapor, that swayed with the
gale;

While her heart was in time with the tremulous
tread

Of a mourner in passing the graves of the dead,
As she saw, o'er the moon, stars, and dark valley
fall,

The shadow of slumber, engulfing them all—
Surging in silence like Fate, over all.

This strange poem is intended, we suppose,
to typify the confusion of ideas, resulting
from an over-indulgence with the bottle.
Oineas, the goddess of wine, apparently a
sort of female Bacchus, gets decidedly inebriated
in the last stanza. But with all its
defects, there are some beauties in the verses.
The lines,

"Her heart was in time with the tremulous tread
Of a mourner in passing the graves of the dead,"

are very fine, and quite equal to Poe's finest
alliterative lines. There is also in the second
stanza an expression,

"The swaying and pendulous leaves of the vine,"

which is perfect word-melody, and expresses
the idea in sound as perfectly as syllables
can do. If, after the examples we have
pointed out, our readers do not see the similarity
between our unknown poet and the
author of *Annabel Lee*, we pity their want
of discrimination.

Our readers may remember that, some
numbers back, we gave a strange egotistical
letter addressed to Adam Eagle, by a man
named Toggs. On looking over the packet
in which we found it, we discovered what
may be called a sequel to it, in the following
epistle, which is quite as singular in its way.
Adam had apparently an extensive correspondence
with England, and seems to have
been considered fair game by every Grub
street adventurer who could write intelligible
English. The sufferings of Mr. Mawkins
are ludicrous enough, but there is an air of
dark reality running through the story, that
indicates some catastrophe. We should not
be at all surprised if Mawkins put his threat
into execution and killed Toggs.

THE WOES OF A LITERARY PARTNER.

DEAR SIR:—I am a literary gentleman. I have
written several tales, romances, epigrams, and im-
promptus; and I may say without vanity, that my
name is not unknown in the literary hemisphere.
Up to the period of the disasters which I am about
to relate, I occupied a respectable position in
society; was blessed in all the relations of life,

and—I say it again without vanity—was as es-
teemed by my friends as I was apparently secure
in my contentment. But in a moment of weakness
I yielded to a tempter, by whose bellish arts I was
completely undone. I consented to write a novel
jointly with a miscreant named Toggs—Theophilus
Toggs, author by profession! I wish that I could
print the name upon the vault of heaven, and
punctuate the sentence with stars, so that mankind
would have ever before them the example of the
vilest wretch that ever used or abused the sacred
pen of an author. You will pardon my excite-
ment; but I know not what I write. Mr. Toggs,
one evening, perceiving that I was under the in-
fluence of cider—to which he had offered to treat
me at the Red Lion, no doubt for his own sinister
purposes—proposed that we should jointly write
a novel to be published weekly in the columns of
the *Executioner's Chronicle*, a paper chiefly devoted
to the interests of the Old Bailey, and much read
in consequence of the accuracy of its criminal in-
formation. Not foreseeing any difficulty, I fell in
with the proposal, and it was finally decided that
the romance was to be named "The Mysterious
Hangman." We drew out the plot that evening, but
as it was rather long and confused, I will not
trouble you with the details. It was agreed be-
tween us that we should write each an alternate
chapter, and be guided in our general design by
the plot which was already sketched, leaving of
course a certain amount of license to each, to in-
sure freedom of style and thought, without which
no successful result could be attained. How little
did I imagine to what base uses this mutual con-
fidence might be turned! The first two or three
chapters of our novel went off smoothly enough,
and the sale of the *Executioner's Chronicle* rose
considerably in consequence of their publication.
The editor professed great satisfaction, and already
visions of large emoluments and lasting fame arose
before my dazzled fancy. My wife insisted upon
having that lovely bonnet which had adorned the
head of a dummy in Cheapside for the last month,
and on which her heart had been set ever since
she read the label, stating that it was the Princess
Amelia's pattern; my eldest son became clamorous
for the ostrich in the Zoological Gardens, which he
wished me to purchase for a pet; and every one of
my small family got new shoes, in consequence
of the anticipated rise in our funds. My wife indulged
in several luxuries on week days, which were
before reserved for the Sabbath; and in short, we
launched out into a system of extravagance, which
was as useless as it was ruinous. I had arrived at
the fifth chapter of our novel, and had just begun
to awaken sympathy for the distressed heroine in
the reader's breast, when I quarrelled with my
partner. Our dispute was of a serious nature. The
miscreant Toggs had sought to take advantage of
his intimacy with me, and destroy the honor of my
wife. But that angelic creature sought me out,
and with her curl-papers trembling with agitation,
told me of the villain's attempt. In a paroxysm
of fury I kicked the ruffian from the house, and in
doing so, was the cause of confining him to his bed
for a considerable period, having torn an indispen-
sable portion of his attire, without which he could
not very well appear in society.

But the fellow had his revenge. According to our contract with the editor of the *Executioner's Chronicle*, we were bound to finish the novel, and although mortal enemies, we felt it to be necessary to adhere to the agreement. I little thought how the fellow was going to serve me. I had left, in my last chapter, the heroine Sophonisba in the hands of robbers, and captive in a dismal cavern underneath Putney Heath. The quarrel intervened, and what was my horror to find that the wretch Toggs, in his next chapter, had not alone, in perfect defiance of our previous plot, released Sophonisba from the cavern, but actually made her go as maid of all work to a butcher on Tower-Hill. Utterly disgusted at such treachery, I immediately retaliated in my next chapter, by introducing a villain of the most depraved character, whom I named Toggs; I also placed the hero of the novel in a position which I trusted it would be difficult for Toggs to get him out of. My partner, however, was not to be defeated. The next chapter found Sophonisba on her way to the Cape of Good Hope, at the very moment when I wanted her to elope with the Hangman to Gretna Green, where she was to find out her mistake, and beg her way back to London. This blow nearly prostrated me, and I despaired of my being ever able to get my heroine home in a natural manner. Besides, I felt the necessity of accomplishing this at once, as I feared that the wretch Toggs would in his next chapter marry her to some Caffre chief, or have her roasted alive in the bush, or something equally horrid. I managed, however, to wreck her, and get her back on a raft, and so fall in with my plot. Determined to be in some way revenged, even though it should cost me the life of the novel, I deliberately put to death every person with whom it was necessary that Toggs should deal in the ensuing chapter. He appeared, however, prepared for any emergency, and next week he had by some wonderful means resuscitated them all, and had them playing their parts as well as ever. The novel, sir, is still going on, but every week brings me some new difficulty

to be surmounted. My plot has been altered at least twenty times already. The heroine has, since the commencement of the tale, gone three times round the world; jumped down the crater of Vesuvius and been returned, committed suicide on several occasions, and was twice buried. She is still alive, but Heaven only knows where the miscreant Toggs will send her to in the next chapter. He is now writing it, and I am anxiously waiting for the proof. I expect to find her on the top of an iceberg at the North Pole. Now, sir, is not this the very height of literary depravity? Would you, sir, suffer it for a moment? You would not, sir, I am convinced, and I do not either intend to stand it any longer. I shall horsewhip Toggs if he places Sophonisba in another improper position. The editor is already becoming dissatisfied with the inconsistencies of our story, but it is in vain that I tell him it is Toggs. The wretch, I think, has bribed him with a dozen of 24s. sherry, and he sticks by him on every occasion.

I have written you this account, sir, because I understood from Toggs that he had some dealings with you; and although the Atlantic Ocean divides us, I have too much sympathy for my fellow creatures not to warn you against the machinations of the villain. Trust him not, for the man who would endeavor to destroy a friend, would not hesitate to betray the confidence of a benefactor.

I take this opportunity of inclosing you a little MS. of my own, and venture to hint, in case of acceptance, that a *speedy* acknowledgment would be not unacceptable.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,
London, 18—.

JOB MAWKINS.

P. S.—The proof of Toggs' chapter has just come in. Oh! distraction, distraction! the wretch shall die! Sophonisba has fallen into a sausage-machine, been chopped into pieces, and sold in sausage form at sixpence a pound to a hungry mechanic with a large family. I can never get her together again, never!

J. M.

A POLITICAL LETTER TO A FRIEND IN THE COUNTRY;

OR, WHAT SHALL WE DO?

DEAR SIR:—Your letter, dated on the 10th of November, at which time it seems the election returns of most of the States had reached you, has been safely received, and read with much interest and care. I will endeavor to answer the brief and significant question with which it ends; and as we have it on the best authority that “in a multitude of counsellors there is safety,” I hope that from the fusing of my opinions with those of other correspondents, many of them undoubtedly much wiser than myself, you will be able, at least for yourself, to decide upon some course proper to be pursued by you, as an adherent to the main doctrines of that party to which we belong.

You say that “our defeat is entirely unprecedented,” but you have not ventured to call it unexpected. In truth, Sir, the basis of our hopes during this momentous campaign was of constantly shifting proportions, and oftener diminishing than expanding. Our enemies will not deny that we have worked well and faithfully. We have circulated documents till the mail bags of the Government have been ready to cry out against us. Throughout the States, and especially throughout the Western States, there are few houses in which our tracts have not been distributed with lavish profusion. Our meetings have been large. Many of the speeches of our orators have been masterly examples of stump eloquence. We have done all we could. We have meant well, and have labored well. But has it not occurred to you often during this canvass, that our political position was not of precisely that nature to command the sympathies and the votes of non-party electors? Beneath our sanguine professions of hope, has not something rung hollow and deficient? Have not our brightest moments been darkened by the great shadow of the coming November? Now that the canvass is over, and the worst is on us, let us not fear to answer these questions frankly. Let us face the music of the band that has drum-

med us to the place of execution; and whether as ghostly apparitions, or as survivors of the political guillotine, let us ascertain the extent of our punishment, and take counsel how we shall soonest escape its deadly atmosphere.

Four States only out of Thirty-One have voted for our candidate. The rest have declared very plainly against us. New-York proclaims a majority against us of twenty-five thousand. In Pennsylvania our defeat is relatively worse, though perhaps a trifle more tolerable. In Ohio we are left in a fearful minority. Our orators had talked of Michigan, Iowa, and Wisconsin; but where are they? The tornado has passed upon us in Indiana and Illinois. Louisiana, Georgia, North Carolina,—what is their verdict? In hopeless but honorable conspicuousness, *rari nantes in gurgite vasto*, stray wrecks upon a boundless sea, the colors of Kentucky, Tennessee, Vermont, and Massachusetts still fly from Whig hulks. Shall these battered keels, strained and oarless, be the convoys of a new fleet, or have they escaped the storm only to be foundered by the slow process of leakage and decay?

Your question, Sir, again recurs with an importunity that will not be denied. That “a great conservative party must always exist, and does at this moment exist,” is perfectly true. It has consoled you amid the bitterness of defeat; it has consoled me; it has consoled the thousands of right-minded men who think in common with ourselves. The election of Franklin Pierce has not changed the sentiment of the country. That sentiment is nearly the same that it was six months—a year ago. We are at this moment the same men who eight years ago contended in unsuccessful but honorable battle against the lead of South Carolina in the matter of the annexation of Texas. We are the men who spoke of territorial conquest, of war for the sake of land, of violation of international rights to feed our own selfishness—who spoke of these things

in strong and bold words, that found ready echoes in Georgia and Louisiana, as in Ohio and Massachusetts. By whatever name we style ourselves, "we still live," and from the nature of our institutions and of ourselves, must continue to exist as an organization that will be always powerful, and that need not despair of an honorable share of success.

But in the first place, it is all-important that we understand one another. There are certain great questions of finance and politics on which our education has taught us to think alike. We believe in raising national revenue, and protecting our native workmen, by duties on foreign goods. We believe in extending to our great waters the wise care of the General Government. But a common sympathy in these matters is not of itself sufficient to unite us in steady and successful action. It does not sufficiently satisfy our notions of the Great Policy which every conspicuous political organization is bound to defend; and as a natural consequence of not living up to our political privilege, of not doing enough to give our muscles their legitimate play, we have become the beaten part of the nation, and our enemies at present regard us with so little fear, that they do not take the trouble to guess at our future movements, and load us with a complacent pity, which is infinitely more shameful and odious than the usual insults practised by political victors.

"The integrity of our Constitution," you say, "has been sanctioned; and the treacherous crutch on which one arm of the party has been tempted to lean, has been happily knocked away." It is refreshing, Sir, to hear words like these. I have heard many such since the second of November, and they have confirmed me in the belief that the great regulating wheel of our political engine is recovering from its temporary disturbance, and will soon again begin its ponderous and majestic movement. Its motions have indeed been sadly broken in upon of late; on that fatal day, hereafter memorable as the most gloomy hour of our political fortunes, it stood still. Counter impulses stopped its accustomed revolutions. Unless I am greatly mistaken, Sir, the impulse from one side has ceased. The axle has once more begun to turn; the power once more begins to make itself felt.

Whether the war upon the Constitution

has ceased or not, it will no more find soldiers among that body of men to which we, from the present month, belong. We are represented in every State of the Union, and we have seen that no good can come from attempted alterations of the compact by which we are socially and politically united. We have agreed, as States, to take each other for better or worse, to do each other all the good we can, and to defend our common rights and liberties when outside dangers shall threaten us. We respect the grand and simple code, hardly longer than the briefest document of the common law, which explains our duties and relations; and into which there seems to have been fused by some wonderful process the sublimest ethics of Christianity and Law. We are satisfied with its "Apology," recorded in the words—"We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." We are very well satisfied with such a declaration; and having found the articles of which it is the preface, of great and signal value during seventy years of national existence, and feeling that we can all agree to preserve them in their integrity, while we cannot all agree to alter any one part; conscious, also, that to remodel any part of it would open the way for interminable, vexatious, not to say dangerous, discussions—in view of these things let us be contented with the privileges which it guarantees to each and all of us.

It is simply better for us, as citizens of the several States, and possessed of many various interests, to respect our mutual rights as they are guaranteed by the present Constitution, than to break it up, and frame another. Do you not agree with me, Sir, looking at the matter dispassionately as one of pure theory, that if a violent set was made on any particular clause, or clauses of the Constitution, bearing on the rights and property of States, and if it appeared that the inroad must be successful—do you not think, I say, that both houses of Congress would go in with one unanimous rush for a new Constitution? And then, Sir, how long before we should have this new Constitution? For myself, I do not care to see the experiment made.

The men or the party who make it, are not necessarily impious, or dastards, or traitors; but they ought to have the very best reasons for what they attempt to do. Neither you nor I want to belong, just now, to any such party. When we think it necessary to adopt their doctrines, it will be time enough to join our fortunes with theirs.

And now, Sir, I come to the most difficult of all present political questions; and yet, may I say, the most easy to be answered. Its difficulty lies in the fogs by which it is surrounded, and in the prejudices which have been formed relative to it in recent times. Regarding its own merits only, it is easy and simple. "What shall we do with our Free-soilers?" Your question, Sir, has been asked by many an anxious, honest man of us, since the second of November. "What shall we do with our Free-soilers?" And the inquiry most righteously deserves an answer.

Now, Sir, I submit that this term "Free-soiler" has been very sadly perverted. A Free-soiler is a man who desires that the extension of the United States shall be accomplished by the introduction of free territory. The great Whig party of 1844 was one vast Free-soil party, headed by a Free-soiler whose memory is regarded with a reverence such as can be paid to no memory not truly National, and possessed of warm adherents throughout the length and breadth of the slaveholding States. But the great Free-soil Whig party of 1844 was very different from the so-called Free-soil party who have just voted for Hale and Julian. This party is made up of two different sets of men, one portion Whigs who have unlearned the moderation of '44, but are in a much better state of mind to be taught it again than they were two months ago; the other portion abolitionists of the school of Garrison and Pillsbury. The latter portion have covered the entire party with the odium of their own furious and demoralizing doctrines, and have brought the term Free Soil into a disrepute which does not fairly belong to it. Free institutions are the genius of our government, and our brightest future is read in the acquisition of free territory. Desiring such acquisitions, you and I, Sir, are Free-soilers, and we are such in common with all those men who voted for Clay in 1844. It may not suit us to adopt the name, for it means too little, and it has been blown upon by Giddings and Garrison and their follow-

ers; but Free-soilism must necessarily be a feature of our creed, as it always has been.

Once more, as in 1844, Time and Destiny press the issue upon us. Shall we open a fresh field for the furious inroads of Southern Democracy? Shall we conquer and then admit a new foreign and slave State, to awaken old agitations in Congress, and in every village of the country, and to strengthen the colonial Locofocoism of South Carolina? A great body at the North, and a body at the South, hardly less large, when considered relatively to the population of the Southern States, consider acquisitions made in this way most inexpedient and undesirable; and they regard them as inexpedient and undesirable, not from any fear of foreign powers; not from any dread of the dissolution of our confederacy, a calamity sometimes augured from the extension of our territory; not from any timid or narrow policy, but because of the moral and political sins which spring from and accompany all such measures of aggression and conquest. The genius of the American Republic does not naturally lead its citizens to such violence. It is a bastard growth, a noxious weed upon our rich soil, and we should not fear to cut it down because there are many who wish it to live. Let us have no more wars of conquest. Let us not drain our treasury, and sacrifice our young men, to conquer a territory which is not yet ready to become peaceably our own, and which is no more desired by the conservative slave-owners and planters of the South than by the people of the North. If we judge the Southern people rightly, they are not represented by the furious oligarchists of South Carolina. Flibustierism has no attractions for them. They are not all anxious for the growth of slavery. They wish slavery to be let alone in the States where it exists; and the new party now rising up have no intention of opposing this rational and just desire. They wish the North to respect their rights; and when time shall have matured the remedy for the admitted evil that exists among them, they will be the first to apply it. The present slave States are at last assured by a popular vote, too large to be cavilled at or misunderstood, that their rights are as secure as if they were backed by a slave territory reaching to the Isthmus. They have, therefore, no further cause to ask for an increase of slave States, which can do them

no good, and which there is every reason to believe would lower the price of their own products. What profit does the Louisiana or Mississippi planter expect from the acquisition of Cuba? Protected by a thirty per cent. duty, his own sugar barely competes with Cuban sugar in the home market; and if this duty were removed by the entrance of Cuba as a State, it is not difficult to tell what would become of his sugar mills and his negroes.

Nothing will be more easy for us, Sir, than to return to the position where we stood in 1840 and '44. We have passed through stormy and exciting times since then, but, if I mistake not, we are ready to meet once more, and to stand together in defense of those righteous and plain measures about which there can be no dispute, and out of which can grow no dissensions. We are left leaderless. We are not in danger, therefore, of being drawn apart by personal idolatries or clannish predilections. Never has there been a time so favorable for the complete and harmonious organization of a great national, regulating party. Never has there been a time so apt for a right selection of principles, and for a sagacious determination of future policy. The party, Sir, of which you and I must be members, will naturally advocate the protection of American industry and the improvement of the shores and beds of our great waters. They will oppose wars of conquest. They will advocate by honest and temperate argument the freedom of the territories of the United States. Such a party cannot fail to be an economical party. They will wage no costly wars of conquest. By their care to create a home market they will increase the national wealth. By improving our great national channels of intercommunication, they will mitigate sectional feelings, which exist in proportion as different parts of a country are removed from and made independent of each other. Does not this party exist? Do not you and I and millions of Americans believe in these doctrines? Do we need anything more than that we shall definitely organize in their defense, that we shall come together from every part of the Union by the representation of trusted, able men, and inscribe our unanimous faith on a chart which shall be submitted to the sober sense of the American people? And can we not do this now, as well as at any future time?

Let us call ourselves, too, by some name that shall satisfy ourselves and the world. We owe it to ourselves to possess such a name as shall not repel those honest and simple men who come to us from other countries, knowing little of our institutions, but anxious to be republicans and progressive citizens. There is nothing in the name Whig to attract them; there is every thing in the name Democrat to allure them. Now we do not want these men to be influenced by titles. We want them to examine principles, to compare the doctrines of the several parties who solicit their votes, and to decide as their reason, not their fancy, prompts. But we cannot expect this, so long as we are eclipsed by the name of "Democracy." It is an act of injustice to ourselves, and injustice to them, not to neutralize the effect of this name, and not to bring our opinions into a fair competition and comparison with those of other parties.

Let us not suffer our veneration to override our reason. As wise men we must act as if we believed it to be our first duty to succeed. We cannot cling to an unprofitable and unpopular name, and hope that our attachment will be generously allowed for by the mass of the people. Does not our admitted minority in a popular vote suggest to us its cause? Why is it that *the American Party*, the Party advocating the protection of American workmen, and the best market to American farmers; the Party advocating generous Internal Improvements, the Party advocating honorable peace in preference to dishonorable war; why is it that this Party should be a minority Party? It is not because the nation have a particular friendship for foreign manufactures, not because our farmers prefer selling grain to England rather than to their neighbors, not because Internal Improvements are unpopular, but because the name of our opponents enables them to control the balance of power in the shape of voters who honestly believe that nothing bearing the name of Democracy can be wrong. We cannot blame these men. We cannot expect them to think differently, as things now stand. But we ought to blame ourselves for not eradicating the causes of our minority. We have fallen very far short of that serpentine wisdom which Holy Writ commands us to exercise. We neglect means, and wonder that we do not prosper. The mountain will not come to

us. It is a simple question for us whether we shall stand still, or whether we shall go to the mountain.

A citizen of New-York gave us the title of "Whig." The party have religiously preserved and venerated it, up to the third of November. But the vision of Constantine was wanting to Mr. Philip Hone. No bright image appeared to him, inscribed with the legend, "*In hoc signo vinces.*" The word was not suggested to him by inspiration. We have supported it manfully, but it has not supported us. The word in itself is meaningless. Many of the great men with whose glory it was associated, and in whose life it would have been a sore trial to abandon it, have gone. They have left us their memory; but they can no longer give us their labors and their strength. Meantime new emergencies have arisen. Great duties press themselves upon us; we need the co-operation of all classes of citizens; every vote is of value, and dearly to be prized. Why should we endure the slightest disability of which it is in our power to rid ourselves? Why should we fear a change of title, when a change can be made so much for the better?

These considerations, Sir, are well worthy our attention. They are being pondered deeply by thousands upon thousands of influential men, and have not escaped the attention of any one of that body of our citizens who found themselves in so humiliating a minority on the third of November last.

They cannot rest till they have been fairly dealt with, and I cannot believe, Sir, that when they have been thus dealt with things will be as we now find them.

I will even venture, Sir, to suggest to you that it would be both timely and wise were a convention of men in favor of the doctrines of the Clay Party of '44 called in some central city of the United States, there to discuss the propriety of a new name for a fresh and vigorous and popular party of American and of naturalized citizens. Such a convention would be of singular interest, and its transactions would at once command the deep attention of the entire nation. I am mistaken if sectional jealousies would find encouragement in such a body. I think the men who would be therein assembled would feel the moral weight of their actions too sensibly to indulge in political follies or meannesses. Meeting in new relations, they would forget past differences. Old names being cast aside, bitter and unlovely associations would be cast aside with them. The high purpose of their convocation would encourage lofty sympathies and patriotic resolutions. Whether known as the Cincinnati Convention, or the Louisville Convention, or that of any other of those great central towns of which we are so justly proud, it would mark a signal epoch in our history, and would be recurred to with pleasure and exultation by each one of those who now look forward to it with a hope which will not consent to be disappointed.

OUR GENERAL REVIEW.

AN ABSTRACT AND BRIEF CHRONICLE OF THE TIME.

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

WE are again obliged to compress our review of foreign intelligence into a much smaller space than its importance demands.

IN ENGLAND, the assembling of Parliament is the most important event we have to chronicle. Both houses met on Thursday, the 4th of November. The Hon. C. Shaw Lefevre was elected Speaker. The policy of the Ministry is, of course, the subject of much speculation; and although Lord Derby has not definitely abandoned his advocacy of Protection, the Free Traders express no fear as to the successful continuance of their own measures.

Perhaps the best hint as to the course of the English Parliament during the present season may be obtained from the speech of Mr. Macaulay, who was returned to the House last July by the electors of Edinburgh. We find his speech delivered at Edinburgh, November 2d, reported in the *London Times* of the 4th. It is a concise, pointed, and strong argument against the Tory Ministry, and places Mr. Macaulay at once in the front rank of the Opposition.

After alluding with deep sensibility to the death of many of his old associates in Parliament, and comparing the revolutions and misfortunes of the continent with the stability and peace of the British empire, secured by its incomparable constitution, Mr. Macaulay comes to the measures which he intends to advocate:

"And, gentlemen, preëminent among the pacific victories of reason and public opinion, the recollection of which chiefly, I believe, carried us safe through the year of revolutions, and through the year of counter-revolutions, I would place two great reforms, inseparably associated, the one with the memory of an illustrious man, who is now beyond the reach of envy; the other as closely associated with the name of another illustrious man, who is still, and I hope long will be, living to be the mark for detraction. I speak of the great commercial reform of 1846, the work of Sir R. Peel, and of the Reform Bill of 1832, which was brought in by Lord J. Russell. (Loud cheers.) I particularly call your attention to those two great reforms, because it will, in my opinion, be the especial duty of that House of Commons in which, by your distinguished favor, I shall have a seat, to defend the commercial reform of Sir R. Peel, and to perfect and extend the Parliamentary reform of Lord J. Russell." (Applause.)

Mr. Macaulay also advocated "Parliamentary Reform," which, we take it, is about as desirable and about as difficult to be accomplished as "Congressional Reform" on our side the water; and

religious equality, with especial reference to the present movements in Ireland.

The English papers unanimously predict serious difficulties, and even war, in case of any attempt on the part of the United States to get possession of Cuba, otherwise than by purchase. These remarks were all made before the news of the Crescent City affair could have reached England. Anticipating an honorable settlement of the present jar between ourselves and Cuba, and the pacification of our turbulent but good-natured filibusteros, the criticisms of foreign journals upon our movements are perhaps more amusing than instructive.

— The Restoration of the Empire in FRANCE is looked for with the arrival of every steamer. The authority for its establishment must proceed from the former edicts of Napoleon Bonaparte, whose son, it is well known, was to have been declared Napoleon the Second, and not from any previous regulations of the monarchy. The method by which Louis Napoleon, who will be declared Napoleon the Third, has arrived at his present security in power will form one of the most interesting chapters of modern history.

The pacific professions announced by Louis Napoleon at Bordeaux do not prevent him from making active preparations for war. Besides the enormous additions making to the steam navy, the fortifications on the coast are every where being extended and repaired. Enormous works are going on at Cherbourg, and a decree was published during Louis Napoleon's visit to Toulon, for an increase to the fortifications of that already important place. It is now the turn of Havre. The *Constitutionnel* announces great improvements about to be made in the harbor of that place, with a view to the improvement of the entry, and the increase of the accommodation.

— It is questioned whether AUSTRIA intends to recognize the title of Napoleon III. A tacit acquiescence, as was said before, will be given to the choice of the French people, and the Empire, as such, will be tolerated; but in the question of succession and pedigree the Northern Powers are likely to be more susceptible. To assume the title of Napoleon III would be, in the eyes of the Austrian organ, to set openly at defiance the treaties of Vienna. When Napoleon first abdicated, small note was taken of the feeble plea he put in on behalf of his son, and after the catastrophe at Waterloo the Bourbons retook possession of the throne they had forfeited, and nothing was heard of a second Bonaparte. Even the revolution of July passed over without a murmur respecting the claims of the son of Napoleon, who had then attained his majority under the watchful eye of the Austrian Francis. Whatever the secret thoughts

of that unfortunate prince may have been, he well knew that it would be a piece of folly to utter them, and it is not without reason that an Austrian newspaper loudly proclaims that the Duke of Reichstadt never even pretended to the throne of France. It would be therefore wilful ignorance of the lessons of forty years were the French President to assume the title of Napoleon III.

AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE.

We had intended to give in this number the result of the late Presidential election, by the official returns from the several States, but the slowness with which the records are made up renders this impossible. An incomplete table would of course be useless, and would require correction in subsequent numbers. We shall therefore defer giving the details of the vote till our January issue, at which time the official vote of each State will probably be declared. We shall include with the Presidential vote of the present year, the votes of several elections previous. The vote of California is not yet known. It has probably been thrown for Pierce, thus leaving the Whigs only Vermont, Massachusetts, Tennessee and Kentucky.

— It is hardly necessary to do more than mention, in this place, the death of Daniel Webster; as his life and death have been made the subject of an article in the present number. Mr. Webster died at Marshfield, on Sunday morning, Oct. 24th, at twenty-two minutes before three o'clock. His last moments were tranquil, and unaccompanied with pain.

— The Hon. Edward Everett has been appointed Secretary of State, in the place of Mr. Webster, deceased. Mr. Everett has been long and honorably known in his own country and abroad. He brings to his post a clear and manly intellect; a reputation without stain or suspicion; much experience in diplomacy; and a measure of industry such as the people have a right to expect from a public officer. Mr. Everett's term of office will necessarily be short, but we are confident that his Secretaryship will be remembered hereafter with satisfaction by the nation and himself.

— Judge Sharkey, U. S. Consul at Havana, sailed for that port after a brief stay at New-Orleans, on Tuesday, the 26th of October. The disturbed state of feeling existing at present between the Spaniards of Cuba, and the American nation, demands the constant presence of an active and firm American officer at Havana.

Indeed, the position of the Cuban Spaniards is not at all satisfactory. The Governor of the island is a headstrong and quarrelsome man, who seems disposed to act before he receives instructions from the mother country, and perhaps does not intend to regard orders after they have reached him. The Government of Spain, unless more foolish and rash than we are willing to believe it, can hardly be said to be fairly "represented" by an officer whose diplomacy is of the aggressive nature of the present Governor of Cuba.

Our readers probably recollect that on the 3d of November, an order was issued by the Spanish

authorities of Cuba against the entrance of the U. S. Mail steamship *Crescent City* into the port of Havana. The alleged cause was the publication of certain articles in the United States newspapers by Mr. Smith, the purser of the *Crescent City*. The *Crescent City* was finally permitted to land her mails and passengers. It is, however, threatened that the vessel will not again be allowed to land in case Mr. Smith is on board. Mr. George Law, President of the Mail Steamship Company to which the *Crescent City* belongs, has published his correspondence with the Department of State on this subject, in full. It would appear, from the facts disclosed by this correspondence, that the force and dignity of the United States Government should be maintained at this time with peculiar care. It is not a new thing for our nation to have a share in difficulties to the full as vexatious as this, but the circumstances of this case make it one of great interest to every class of the community. Aside from the question of the maintenance of our commercial honor, and the rights of travellers, our Government must manage this affair so as to satisfy the national feeling of the people, or the aggressive and annexation-favoring radicalism of the present hour will inevitably be strengthened by this proceeding of the Cuban Spaniards. It is a matter of gratification to us that the President has made so wise a selection of a Secretary of State.

— A very interesting and important legal decision has recently been pronounced in the Superior Court of New-York, in the matter of the liberation of eight slaves, who had been landed in the city of New-York, their owners being on their way from Virginia to Texas. We cannot give the decision in full, but shall aim to present it in a condensed form as fairly as possible. The decision was delivered in the City Hall, New-York, Nov. 13th, by Judge Paine of the Superior Court.

Judge Paine remarked that the case came before him upon a writ of *habeas corpus*, issued to the respondent, Mr. Lemmon, requiring him to have the bodies of eight colored persons, lately taken from the steamer *City of Richmond*, and now confined in a house in this city, before him, together with the cause of their imprisonment and detention.

The respondent has returned to this writ, that said eight colored persons are the property of his wife, Juliet Lemmon, who has been their owner for several years past, she being a resident of Virginia, a slaveholding State, and that by the Constitution and laws of that State, they have been and still are bound to her service as slaves; that she is now, with her said slaves or property, *in transitu* from Virginia to Texas, another slaveholding State, and by the Constitution and laws of which she would be entitled to said slaves, and to their service; that she never had any intention of bringing, and did not bring them into this State to remain or reside, but was passing through the harbor of New-York, on her way from Virginia to Texas, when she was compelled by necessity to touch, or land, without intending to remain longer than was necessary. And she insists that said persons are not free, but are slaves as aforesaid, and that she is entitled to their possession and custody.

To this return, the relator has put in a general demurrer.

Having disposed of several cases urged as being parallel with this, in which the slaves had been returned to their owners, the Judge proceeded to examine the laws of nations on the subject of the transmission of property from one State or territory into another. These laws, as presented by the best writers, did not acknowledge so complete and arbitrary a possession in slaves as in inanimate objects of use or merchandise.

The Judge considered how the local law of New-York affected this case.

"To go back first to the right of transit with slaves, as it is claimed to exist by the natural law: It appears to be settled in the law of nations, that a right to transit with property not only exists, but that, where such right grows out of a necessity created by the *vis major*, it is a perfect right, and cannot be lawfully refused to a stranger. (Vattel, B. 2, ch. 9, s. 123. *Ib.*, Preliminaries, s. 17. Puffendorf, B. 3, ch. 3, s. 9.) In this case, it is insisted that the respondent came here with his slaves from necessity, the return being so stated, and the demurrer admitting that statement. It is perfectly true that the demurrer admits whatever is well pleaded in the return. But if the return intended to state a necessity created by the *vis major*, it has pleaded it badly; for it only alleges a necessity, without saying what kind of necessity; and, as it does not allege a necessity created by the *vis major*, the demurrer has not admitted any such necessity. Where the right of transit does not spring from the *vis major*, the same writers agree that it may be lawfully refused. (*Ib.*)

"But, however this may be, it is well settled in this country, and, so far as I know, has not heretofore been disputed, that a State may rightfully pass laws, if it chooses to do so, forbidding the entrance or bringing of slaves into its territory. This is so held even by each of the three cases upon which the respondent's counsel relies. (*Commonwealth vs. Ayres*, 18 Pick. R. 221. *Willard vs. the People*, 4 Scammon's Rep., 471. *Case of Sewall's Slaves*, 3 Am. Jurist, 404.)

"The laws of the State of New-York upon this subject appear to me to be entirely free from any uncertainty. In my opinion they not only do not uphold or legalize a property in slaves within the limits of the State, but they render it impossible that such property should exist within those limits, except in the single instance of fugitives from labor under the Constitution of the United States.

"The Revised Statutes (vol. I. 656, 1st. Ed.) re-enacting the law of 1817, provide that 'No person held as a slave shall be imported, introduced, or brought into this State, on any pretense whatever, except in the cases hereinafter specified. Every such person shall be free. Every person held as a slave who hath been introduced or brought into this State contrary to the laws in force at the time, shall be free.' S. 1.

"The cases excepted by this section are provided for in the six succeeding sections. The second section excepts fugitives under the Constitution of the United States; the third, fourth and fifth sections except certain slaves belonging to immigrants who may continue to be held as apprentices; the seventh section provides that families coming

here to reside temporarily may bring with them and take away their slaves; and the sixth section contains the following provisions:

"Any person not being an inhabitant of this State, who shall be travelling to or from, or passing through this State, may bring with him any person lawfully held by him in slavery, and may take such person with him from this State; but the person so held in slavery shall not reside or continue in this State more than nine months; and if such residence be continued beyond that time, such person shall be free."

"Such was and had always been the law of this State, down to the year 1841. The Legislature of that year passed an act amending the Revised Statutes, in the following words, viz: 'The third, fourth, fifth, sixth and seventh sections of title 7, chapter 20, of the first part of the Revised Statutes, are hereby repealed.'

"The sixth section of the Revised Statutes, and that alone, contained an exception which would have saved the slaves of the respondent from the operation of the first section. The Legislature, by repealing that section, and leaving the first in full force, have, as regards the rights of these people and of their master, made them absolutely free; and that not merely by the legal effect of the repealing statute, but by the clear and deliberate intention of the Legislature. It is impossible to make this more clear than it is by the mere language and evident objects of the two acts.

"It was, however, insisted on the argument that the words 'imported, introduced, or brought into this State,' in the first section of the Revised Statutes, meant only 'introduced or brought' for the purpose of remaining here. So they did, undoubtedly, when the Revised Statutes were passed, for an express exception followed in the sixth section, giving that meaning to the first. And when the Legislature afterward repealed the sixth section, they entirely removed that meaning, leaving the first section, and intending to leave it, to mean what its own explicit and unreserved and unqualified language imports.

"Not thinking myself called upon to treat this case as a casuist or legislator, I have endeavored simply to discharge my duty as a Judge, in interpreting and applying the laws as I find them. Did not the law seem to me so clear, I might feel greater regret that I have been obliged to dispose so hastily of a case involving such important consequences.

"My judgment is, that the eight colored persons mentioned in the writ be discharged."

— COLONEL BENTON'S PROGRAMME.—Such is the title of Mr. Benton's late speech at Jackson, Missouri, as we find it reported. Mr. Benton has always adopted an eclectic system of politics, and in the present instance he has affirmed his creed with great eloquence and force.

Reform in our government is, of course, one of Mr. Benton's great measures. Speaking of the administration, he, however, does it the credit to say, "Party warfare throws the blame of these sixty millions (the yearly expenditure) on the present Whig administration. Inexorable history will have to qualify that reproach, and to tell that

Democratic majorities were in both houses of Congress when that appalling sum was voted."

Mr. Benton condemns the Collins appropriation, and lets in a good deal of light upon the corruptions practised at Washington. Turning from the waste of the public money, to what, in common with himself, we regard as a legitimate use of it he says:

"Quitting this distant view, and coming nearer home, and looking into our own wants and interests, the first great want that we feel is *that of a Western spirit in our public men*—the want of personal devotion, unity of feeling, and concert of action, in relation to Western interests. The Great West, like a huge and helpless hulk tugged by a little steamer, dangles at the tail of Eastern projects, no matter how wild! neglecting her own, no matter how legitimate. How mortifying to see this mighty Valley become an appurtenance, and an obsequious follower in deplorable Eastern schemes—ocean steam lines, for example—instead of giving a lead, and commanding a support for her own great measures. We have such measures; and nature has pointed them out with an unerring hand, and an imperious voice—marked them out with a clearness which admits of no mistake, and with a precision which tolerates no oversight.

"Here are our great rivers, to us so many arms of the sea; and on which we have a right to safe as well as to free navigation. They are kingly rivers, requiring each a greater extent in which to unfold its enormous length than European kingdoms present; and the smallest of which would disdain a comparison with that majestic Po which Virgil saluted as *Rex Fluviorum*. Rising on a vast circumference, collecting in the centre, draining an area as large as the Roman world in the time of the Cæsars, connecting with the seas by the heads and the mouths, interlocking with Atlantic and Pacific streams, and uniting the waters of the torrid Mexican Gulf and the frigid Hudson's Bay; they constitute a system of navigation whose aggregate is thrice the breadth of the Atlantic ocean; and of which steam power is the development, and railways the supplement. These rivers, though the noblest on earth in a state of nature, yet need some help from the hand of man. They need improvements which the National Government alone can give—some rocks blown

out, some snags pulled out. Yet, no sooner is an appropriation for them proposed, than they are clogged with the company of most unequal companions. Obscure streams—canoe-paddling creeks—coon-hunting branches—mere streaks of water in a corner, their names unknown to the general map—are brought forward in juxtaposition, demand the same national countenance, and embargo the appropriation unless they are included. Unity in the West would put an end to this interference. It would say to these infantile streams, Stand back! wait till you have grown as big as the Mississippi, or at least as big as the smallest of his tributaries! and then come forward with your pretensions to equality. An equal among equals is what is wanted—a peer among peers!—and we cannot be damned ourselves for the sake of saving you. The united voice of the West would give authority to that answer, and save our legitimate river appropriations from the incubrance of small companions on one hand, and the danger of a Presidential veto on the other."

Mr. Benton is justly severe on National Conventions; advocates the choice of Presidents by the people, and disclaims all selfishness or ambition on his own part in the following words:

"For myself, I feel the gravity and responsibility of my position. Time and events give admonitions which cannot be disregarded—time, which hurries us along to that 'bourne from which no traveller returns;' and *events* which thin the ranks of our contemporaries, and leave solitude where associates stood. Four times in the short space of two years (to go no further back) I have seen the departure of some one of those with whom I have long been associated, often matched in fierce political contest, never in malice or envy. Calhoun, Woodbury, Clay, Webster, have all gone! leaving voids where they stood, and the reflex of a light which shines through the world, and will be seen by after ages to the latest posterity. In the presence of such impressive events and on the verge of such a time, I can have no feelings but those of good-will to the departed, good wishes for the living, solicitude for the national honor and prosperity, and an anxious desire to save for myself the good opinion, valuable beyond all price with which my countrymen have honored me."

CRITICAL NOTICES.

MUSIC.

In our review of the musical season of New-York, during the last two months, we have had occasion to mention with more than usual prominence, the names of M^{mes} Sontag and Alboni, who have indeed so entirely filled the popular ear that other artists have produced but little sensation. We have waited till the present month before expressing any opinion as to the comparative merits of these two famous singers, not because we contemplated receiving any bias in our own decision from the judgment of the public, but because we deem such comparisons unfair until time and place have fully tested the excellence of rival artists. It was easy from the first to predict a much larger measure of success for Madame Sontag than for her younger competitor, but it would not have been in the power of anyone to say that the latter would have neglected the accessories of her concerts as she has done, and would have suffered the sight of declining audiences without taking measures to remedy the evils that occasioned them.

Notwithstanding the advice of her friends, and the constant strictures of the Press, Madame Alboni has neither enlarged her orchestra, nor made any alteration in her troupe. Her orchestra is an indifferent one, and she knows it. Signor *Rovere* is absolutely distasteful to most hearers, and she cannot be ignorant of so very manifest a fact. With a better basso, *Sangiovanni*, who is a meritorious and modest artist, would appear to much better advantage than he does; and in fact his powers are well nigh thrown away in his present company. But we do not like to enlarge on this subject, since the truth of what we have said is perfectly apparent to those of our readers who have attended Madame Alboni's concerts, and the public too are sufficiently aware of it.

Madame Sontag has displayed greater sagacity. She has gone on from good to better. Like a skilful merchant, she has, with increasing success, increased her expenditures. Since her third appearance there literally has not been a spare seat at any of her concerts. In Philadelphia and Boston her prices were higher than in New-York, and even at these rates were largely resold by speculators. Her course thus far has been one continued success. This has been accomplished mainly by her own merits, but much is also due to the tact and sagacity with which her concerts have been managed.

Madame Sontag has even better things in store for us. She repays the favors of the public with usury. Her last series of concerts will commence at Metropolitan Hall about the 25th of November, and will exceed in richness and effect any thing yet witnessed in America. Preparations and rehearsals have been proceeding during the last six weeks, to give to these concerts that character of grandeur and completeness for which the Triennial Musical Festivals of England and Germany are so justly famed; and from the selection of the masterpieces to be produced, and the liberality of all the arrangements, they will form an era in the musical annals of America. The new series will be divided into classical, brilliant, sacred and choral concerts, in which all the solos, and even secondary parts, will be performed by the eminent artists of Madame Sontag's company. The orchestral, choral and chorus departments will consist of six

hundred performers, and will be led by Carl Eckert, under whose direction the principal German Festivals have been conducted. To afford the required accommodation, the orchestral portion of the Hall will be entirely remodelled, on the plan of Exeter Hall, London, forming a spacious amphitheatre occupying one third of Metropolitan Hall, and greatly facilitating the acoustic effect of the music.

To be present at one of these concerts will richly repay the expenses of a trip to New-York from any reasonable distance; and those of our readers who have travelled hundreds of miles to hear Jenny Lind, may well repeat the journey to attend a concert of Madame Sontag.

—AT NIBLO'S, Madam Anna Bishop, supported by an excellent company, is giving a series of operas in English. Martha, the most celebrated composition of Flotow, a German master, of whom, in this country, we have as yet heard little, was the first of the series, and enjoyed a very successful run. The plot of the opera is very slender and amusing, while the music is of every shade—sometimes as light as the lightest comicalities of Auber, and sometimes so sombre as to remind us of Mozart and Bellini. The comic parts of the composition, however, very much overbalance the serious fragments which it contains, and evening after evening, as the audience have shown their evident preference for fun, the comedy has been more broadly developed, and its accompanying gravities pushed into the background. The tragic muse, we venture to say, never took up her abode at Niblo's.

This opera of Flotow's deserves to be made a classic; and if a few of its faults can be got rid of, it will be. The "Last Rose of Summer" is a very pleasing and well-known air no doubt, but this is no reason why it should be introduced into a musical composition so as to stamp its character on the entire work. An appropriated melody, especially, should be but sparingly introduced. But in "Martha," the "Last Rose of Summer" is made a great "point." It opens an act. The heroine sings it to her lover; and here, let us say, it is not at all inappropriate. It appears in nearly every scene, sometimes in scraps, and sometimes in all its fair proportions. The curtain falls while the entire tableau of characters are chanting its melodies. We submit that this is giving us entirely too much of a good thing. People can see too much even of an old and popular acquaintance.

We will not enlarge upon the occasional inconsistencies of the plot, because these are of less consequence. The opera contains so much good music that we hope our managers will hereafter include it among their stock pieces.

Madam Bishop's company have an engagement of some weeks' duration at Niblo's, and we have been glad to see a succession of full houses.

—MR. WM. HENRY FRY, formerly the proprietor of the Astor Place Opera House, will commence a series of lectures on music, at Metropolitan Hall, on the 1st of December. He will illustrate his theories and conceptions by the aid of a large orchestra and chorus. His project has been a long time in contemplation, and the present winter is a favorable season for its accomplishment.

The tickets for Mr. Fry's entire course of ten lectures are but five dollars, and we learn that they are nearly all taken up.

NOTE.—Our Book Notices are crowded out. We shall give our publishing friends ample "scope and scope" next month.

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